

THE
POËTICAL WORKS
OF
THOMAS 'CAMPBELL,
AND
SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.)
WITH LIVES.

Eight Engravings on Steel.

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WITH LIFE.

LIFE OF THOMAS CAMPBELL, LL.D.

THOMAS CAMPBELL, the poet, was born in his father's house, High Street, Glasgow, on the 27th July 1777. He was the eighth son, the eleventh and last child of Alexander and Margaret Campbell, both of the same clan and name, although not of the same kin. By the father's side he was descended from the Campbells of Kirnan, Argyllshire, an ancestry of which the poet was justly, but not foolishly, proud, as appears from his address to the family crest:—

“Crest of my sires! whose blood it sealed
With glory, in the strife of swords,
Ne'er may the scroll that bears it yield
Degenerate thoughts, or faithless words!
Yet little might I prize the stone,
If it but typed the feudal tree
From whence, a scattered leaf, I'm blown
In fortune's mutability.”

The “Lines written on visiting a Scene in Argyllshire,” p. 72, were sketched during a visit to the paternal mansion of Kirnan in 1798, and finished in Hamburgh two years afterwards.

The poet's father had been educated for a commercial life, and, after spending some years in Falmouth, Virginia, had established himself as a merchant in Glasgow, where he was very prosperous at the time of his marriage in 1756. In 1775, however, nearly all the fruits of a life-long industry perished in the commercial crisis which followed the outbreak of war between Great Britain and her American colonies: and old Campbell, being then 65 years of age, instead of tempting fortune again, preferred to husband the moderate means which he was able to save from the

general wreck ; so that, when the poet was born to him, he was living as a retired, and, in means, a broken-down merchant. This family reverse, and the spectacle of his father surviving it for six and twenty years, with dignity and cheerfulness, must have had a powerful effect upon the poet's youthful mind, and doubtless contributed not a little to the development of that sympathy with misfortune, and that defiant hope when things are at the worst, which are the chief moral characteristics of his poetry, and made him the true expression of an age whose calamities and aspirations were alike gigantic.

The poet's father, notwithstanding his reverse, remained on terms of intimacy with Adam Smith, and was the confidential friend of his successor, Dr Thomas Reid, after whom, indeed, the poet was named. When that philosopher published his "Inquiry into the Human Mind," he gave a copy to Mr Campbell ; and when the latter expressed the pleasure and edification he had derived from its perusal, Dr Reid is said to have replied : "I am glad to hear you are pleased with it. There are now at least two men who understand my work, and these are Alexander Campbell and myself." He who received such a compliment from Dr Reid must have been a man of superior parts : yet he is styled "a good easy man," in distinction from his wife, who is designated "an admirable manager, and clever woman." It is evident from these traditional characteristics that the contemplative element was more largely developed in the poet's father than became the man of action, or even the mere man of business, while in the mother, a lively, not to say passionate, nature, was under the guidance simply of a practical understanding.

An anecdote told at large by Dr Beattie, Campbell's biographer (Vol. I., pp. 49-51), illustrates the difference between the parents, and represents the future poet in a truly boyish predicament. Either Thomas or his brother Daniel was sent every morning a distance of about two miles, to inquire for a cousin of their mother's, a bedridden old lady, and the performance of this commission sometimes interfered with an intended blackberry-gathering, or other similar play. At length Thomas learned from Daniel the perilous art of deception, and, having gathered his blackberries, was in the habit of returning with a fictitious message to this effect :

"Mrs Simpson's kind compliments to mamma; has had a better night, and is going on very nicely." In the course of time, however, the boys were caught in their own trap, for, after a long succession of these satisfactory bulletins, there came suddenly an announcement of the old lady's death. All were speechless at first—the culprits from the sense of suddenly discovered guilt, and the parents from grief and astonishment. "At last," says the poet, in recounting the circumstance, "my mother's grief for her respected cousin vented itself in cuffing our ears. But I was far less pained by her blows, than by a few words from my father. He never raised a hand to us; and I would advise all fathers, who would have their children love their memory, to follow his example." Campbell was, however, indebted to his mother for his introduction to music and song. "My Poor Dog Tray" was one of her favourites, and from Campbell's afterwards writing "The Harper," (p. 77) to the tune of this song, it appears that his infant memories, responsive to the echo of his mother's voice, survived all the cuffings which his boyish misdemeanours no doubt richly deserved. In mental constitution the poet inherited from both parents, the sprightliness of his mother being toned in him by the contemplative nature of the father. By the latter he could not only look at stern and mysterious realities in the face,—which his mother might have done,—but *feel* all the sternness and mystery which was in them; while by the former he was saved from sinking under the pressure. The one furnished him with much to hope against, the other with much to hope for.

After distinguishing himself at the grammar school of Glasgow by a precocious talent for versification, which he employed even then most happily in metrical translations from the classic poets, Campbell entered the university of that city at the age of fourteen. Here he passed through the usual curriculum of four years, mingling his studies—as Scotch students generally do, with great disadvantage to their scholarship, though not to their development as men—with miscellaneous reading, newspapers not certainly excepted, attendance on debating societies, flute playing, and social meetings, and eking out his subsistence by private tuition. Whenever a prize was offered for a metrical translation or an original poem,

1791-1796

Campbell was sure to carry it off; and he seems to have paid considerable attention to the languages, particularly Greek; but he made a poor figure in mathematics. Poetry was his element, whatever was or should have been his work; and accordingly, we find him writing verses even in the mathematical classroom. A too-confident youth having one day retreated from before the *Pons Asinorum* with a confusion of face, which excited only the risibility of his fellows, Campbell penned on the spot a few mock-heroics on Miller's Hussars, as he called the students of that professor, charging this redoubtable *tête de pont*. The dashing spirit, which gallops triumphantly in Campbell's great national lyrics, may be clearly discerned in the opening stanzas:—

“As Millers Hussars marched up to the wars,
With their captain in person before 'em,
It happened one day that they met on their way
With the dangerous *Pons Asinorum*.

Now see the bold band, each a sword in his hand,
And his Euclid for target before him;
Not a soul of them all could the dangers appal
Of the hazardous *Pons Asinorum*.”

Of all which happened during Campbell's university career, that which produced the most lasting impression upon his mind was his presence at the trial of the Scottish Reformer, Gerald, in Edinburgh, 1794. How he obtained this gratification is so well told by himself, and the narrative presents so true and beautiful a picture of middle-class life in Scotland, half a century ago, that it deserves to be given in his own words:—“I watched my mother's *molliora tempora fandit*,*—for she had them, good woman;—and, eagerly catching the propitious moment, I said, ‘Oh! mamma, how I long to see Edinburgh! If I had but three shillings I could walk there in one day, sleep two nights, and be two days at my aunt Campbell's, and walk back in another day.’ To my delightful surprise she answered: ‘No, my bairn: I will give you what will carry you to Edinburgh, and bring you back; but you must promise me not to walk more than half the way in any one day,’—that was twenty-two miles.—‘Here,’ said she, ‘are five shillings for you in all; two shillings will serve you to go, and two to return; for a bed at the half-way-house costs but sixpence.’ She

* Moments of good humour.

then gave me,—I shall never forget the beautiful coin!—a King William and Mary crown piece. I was dumb with gratitude; but, sallying out to the streets, I saw, at the first bookseller's shop, a print of Elijah fed by the Ravens. Now, I had often heard my poor mother saying confidentially to our worthy neighbour, Mrs Hamilton,—whose strawberries I had pilfered,—that, in case of my father's death,—and he was a very old man,—she knew not what would become of her.' 'But,' she used to add, 'let me not despair, for Elijah was fed by the ravens.' When I presented her with the picture, I said nothing of its tacit allusion to the possibility of my being one day her supporter; but she was much affected, and evidently felt a strong presentiment." Young Campbell did indeed afterwards become his mother's support: meanwhile he trudged off to Edinburgh, with four and sixpence in his pocket.

Gerald's trial and his transportation to Botany Bay produced no change in Campbell's political principles, which remained, as before, extremely liberal, and were perhaps prevented from becoming republican, only by the atrocities of the French Revolution. He had shed tears at the news of Marie Antoinette's execution; and "Verses on the Queen of France" had appeared with his signature in a Glasgow paper. But in Gerald he saw a man of talent and accomplishments, whose intentions were known to be intensely patriotic and humane, arraigned and condemned for deeds which, "in the opinion of sound English lawyers, fell short of sedition;" and this spectacle brought him into near contact with the earnestness of life, and the mystery of Providence. Formerly he was notable among his fellow-students for sportive sallies, but now the gravity of his speech and manner exposed him to the raillery of his companions, and attracted the observation even of the professors. He was doubtless passing through a process of reconciliation with what he had seen and heard, such as every open-eyed and sensitive nature must pass through, sooner or later, if any true human development is to take place; for there is a class of events which, when realized, do fill the ingenuous soul with infinite wonderment, and indeed consternation; and Gerald's condemnation was one of these. The child walks by sight; the lad, especially at a Scotch university, by logic; and Campbell

was particularly happy in being introduced thus early and easily into the higher life of faith and hope.

The circumstances of Campbell's father became still more straitened, during the poet's university career, by the loss of a suit in Chancery; but, by taking in students as boarders, the family managed to live on in their own station. The diminution of his father's means made the choice of a profession more necessary, but also more difficult than ever to the poet. At the close of his second session, he entered a lawyer's office on trial, but left it after a few weeks, as too uncongenial. Then he thought of entering the church; and, towards the close of his university career, he says himself that he would have studied for the bar, had he only had a few hundred pounds to subsist upon in the meantime.

Twice during the long summer recess of the Scotch universities, Campbell acted as tutor in the Highlands, first at the solitary house of Sunipol, on the northern coast of Mull, and then at Downie in Cantyre, on the south of Jura. A gentle but commanding height near the latter place is still called, from his having almost daily ascended it, "The Poet's Hill;" and the former is remarkable, because there, first of all, the title at least of his great poem "The Pleasures of Hope," occurs in his correspondence, though not in a letter of his own. He had found the solitude of Sunipol oppressive, and Hamilton Paul, one of his fellow students, to whom he had unbosomed himself by letter, sent him a few stanzas entitled "The Pleasures of Solitude," by way of consolation, and added banteringly "We have now three 'Pleasures,' by first-rate men of genius, viz., 'The Pleasures of Imagination,'—'The Pleasures of Memory,' and the 'Pleasures of Solitude!' Let us cherish 'The Pleasures of Hope,' that we may soon meet in Alma Mater!" "The Pleasures of Hope" were really commenced not long afterwards. During these retreats he translated largely and carefully from the Greek dramatists into English verse, and threw off a number of amatory pieces; for, like all poets, or rather like all men, he had his youthful attachments, to one of which he refers in the "Lines written on visiting a Scene in Argyllshire," where he sings somewhat defiantly,

"Yea! even the *name*, I have worshipped in vain,
Shall awake not the sigh of remembrance again." p. 73.

Above all, his fancy was stored with the wild scenery of the Highlands, which he has so grandly sketched in his latest poem "The Pilgrim of Glencoe."

When his university career was finished, Campbell found himself without a profession,* and without distinct prospects of any kind, with only his genius, his education, and the name of being "The Pope of Glasgow." Pope's works were indeed among the earliest read by him, and no one can peruse his poetical essay on "The origin of Evil" (Beattie's Life, Vol. I., p. 95), given in as an exercise in the Moral Philosophy Class, and certainly a most remarkable production for a lad of sixteen, without being reminded of Pope's "Essay on Man."

In May 1797 he went to Edinburgh to work his way, as best he might, by means of the pandects and poetry. He accepted the drudgery of a copying clerk, and endured it for two months, when he was accidentally introduced to Dr Anderson, author of "Lives of the British Poets." This gentleman, on seeing an Elegy written during his melancholy in Mull, predicted Campbell's success as a poet, and immediately became his patron, introducing him to Mundell the publisher, who offered him £20 for an abridged edition of Bryan Edwards' "West Indies." With this engagement he returned to Glasgow. Here Miss Stirling of Courdale induced him to compose various lyrics to favourite airs, one of which, "The Wounded Hussar" (p. 78), became universally popular, and was sung even in the streets of Glasgow, though this last circumstance seems to have been more annoying than gratifying to Campbell himself. On completing his abridgement, he returned to Edinburgh, and was engaged in other hackwork for the booksellers, when an invitation from certain of his brothers to join them in Virginia took him back to Glasgow. This invitation, however, was withdrawn before it could be acted on, and so he returned to Edinburgh, where private tuition became his chief dependence for support. "Gertrude of Wyoming" (p. 31) is a monument of the affectionate interest with which he at one time regarded America as his probable home.

Campbell now worked hard at "The Pleasures of Hope," in a dusky lodging in Rose Street, lauding that noble and most necessary passion all the more fervently, because despondency sometimes

quenched it in himself. Somerville, the landscape-painter, then a young man like Campbell, and whose lodging adjoined the poet's, has borne explicit testimony to Campbell's dark hours, even when "The Pleasures of Hope" were passing through the press. One of his gloomy outbursts is as follows: "Supposing they should all find out one day, as I did this morning, that the thing is neither more nor less than mere *trash*, would not the author's predicament be tenfold worse than if he had never written a line?—I assure you that to-day I could not endure to look at my own work. 'Twas an absolute punishment, and there are days, Somerville, when I can't abide to walk in the sunshine, and when I would almost rather be shot, than come within the sight of any man, or be spoken to by any mortal! This has been one of these days How heartily I wished for night!" It may be observed in general that whenever Campbell's mind was actively engaged on any new theme, languor and lassitude are subjects of frequent complaint in his letters.

On the 27th April 1799, just three years after the death of Burns, the publication of the "New Poem" was announced, and its success was immediate and complete. In his own reminiscences Campbell says, "The Pleasures of Hope appeared exactly when I was 21 years and 9 months old. It gave me a general acquaintance in Edinburgh. Dr Gregory, Henry Mackenzie, the author of the 'Man of Feeling,' Dugald Stewart, the Rev. Archibald Alison, the 'Man of Taste,' and Thomas Telford the engineer, became my immediate patrons." The mature strength and beauty of Campbell's chief poem, as the production of a youth, will ever be remarkable; but it needs not that consideration to enhance its merits. The French Revolution, the partition of Poland, and the abolition of negro slavery, were then the reigning topics of the day, and the enthusiasm with which the poem was received, arose no doubt in part from the noble expression which it gave to public feeling on these matters. But the true humanity of the sentiments pervading it was then, and ever will be, its most potent charm. As long as men remain imperfect, and heavy-laden, yet struggling and hopeful creatures, their hearts will be won by a poem, which is distinguished by the frank acknowledgement of human ills, and the bold utterance of eternal Hope. The short

lyric "Gilderoy," (p 76) was composed during the autumn of the same year.

The copyright of the "Pleasures of Hope" had been sold for £60, and the author was presented with other £50 in con- sideration of a second edition of 2000 copies. With 1799-1803 these moderate means, Campbell gratified a desire, which he had long entertained, of visiting the Continent, and, in June 1800, he set sail from Leith for Hamburgh. His fame had preceded him, and he received a poet's welcome from the English residents in Hamburgh. His movements were hampered, however, by the disturbed state of Germany; and, until he fixed himself in Altona for the winter, his headquarters were at Ratisbon, in Bavaria, where was a Scotch monastery for the education of young Scotsmen as priests, for their native country. Here he was witness of a battle which gave the French possession of Ratisbon, and the deep impression which the terrible scene made upon his mind explains the awful solemnity of his "Hohenlinden." He himself says of it, "This formed the most important epoch of my life, in point of impressions. . . . At times, when I have been fevered and ill, I have awaked from nightmare dreams about these dreadful images."

The following pieces were either composed at Ratisbon and Altona, or at least sent thence to England for publication. The "Exile of Erin" (p. 70), which was suggested by meeting Anthony M'Cann, one of the Irish exiles of 1798, walking lonely and pensive one evening on the banks of the Elbe. "The Beech-Tree's Petition," which refers to a noble beech-tree in the garden of Ardwell, that was to have been cut down at the gardener's request. Certain ladies, who greatly admired the tree, applied to Campbell's sister, Mary, with whom they were acquainted, and at her request, Campbell wrote the "Petition," which would, no doubt, have had the merit of saving the tree, had not the intercession of the ladies themselves already prevailed. The "Ode to Winter" (p. 79), the concluding lines of which allude to the scenes of bloodshed then going on, and one of which he had witnessed at Ratisbon. "Ye Mariners of England," the subject of which was first suggested by hearing the air played in Edinburgh. Campbell entitled it, "Alteration of the old Ballad

of 'Ye Gentlemen of England,' composed on the prospect of a Russian war;" and the fortification at that time of every assailable point along the straits of Dover with Martello towers, is alluded to in the line,

"No towers along the steep."

"Lines on the Grave of a Suicide," which were written on seeing the unclaimed corpse exposed on the banks of a river.

In March 1801, when hostilities broke out between Britain and Denmark, Altona was no longer a safe residence for Campbell. He, like many others, took timely warning, and embarked for Leith before the British squadron sailed for the Sound. The vessel, however, was chased by a Danish privateer, and forced to take refuge in Yarmouth, where Campbell took the mail for London. Here the news of his father's death reached him, and he hastened to Edinburgh to console his widowed mother. He found her seriously alarmed by rumours of high treason that were current against him, and he immediately repaired to the Sheriff for the purpose of clearing himself, in which he succeeded without much difficulty. It appears that some Hamburg spy had reported him as "conspiring with General Moreau in Austria, and with the Irish at Hamburg, to get a French army landed in Ireland;" and it was thought a suspicious circumstance that he had returned to Britain in the same vessel with Donovan, who commanded a regiment of the rebels at Vinegar-hill. A box, full of Campbell's papers, which he had ordered to be forwarded from Yarmouth to Edinburgh, was seized at Leith, on the supposition of its containing proofs of his treason. Its contents were examined by Campbell and the Sheriff over a bottle of wine; and among them was found a copy of "Ye Mariners of England!" So far from having become a traitor, Campbell's liberalism in politics was rather moderated by his nine months' residence abroad.

From this time forth Campbell was truly Elijah's raven to his mother and sisters. His earnings were the reward of literary task-work, so that they were neither large nor easily won; but, such as they were, he shared them with his family. His circle of friends was now as wide as he chose to make it. Roscoe and Dr Currie induced him to visit Liverpool twice in these years; and,

whenever he went to London, he was noticed with distinction, both by literati and men of rank. There, in 1802, he completed "*Hohenlinden*" (p. 69), and "*Lochiel's Warning*" (p. 62). The history of the oft-quoted line in the latter,

"And coming events cast their shadows before," is exceedingly interesting. In the summer of 1801, having already composed part of "*Lochiel's Warning*," he one evening went early to bed at Minto, and, meditating on the subject, fell sound asleep. During the night he suddenly awoke, repeating "*Events to come cast their shadows before ;*" and, recognising this as the very thought for which he had been hunting a whole week, rang the bell till a servant came, from whom he requested a candle and a cup of tea. Over this cup of tea, at 2 A.M., at Minto, he completed the first sketch of "*Lochiel's Warning*," changing the words "*Events to come*" into "*And coming events*," as they now stand.

Notwithstanding his attachment to Edinburgh, Campbell was gradually gravitating towards the great centre of London ; and all the more so, as an attachment sprang up between him and a cousin of his own, Matilda Sinclair, whose father had been a wealthy merchant in Greenock, and Provost of that town : but, through commercial reverses, had been led to transfer his counting-house to Trinity Square, in the city of London. She was "a beautiful, lively, and ladylike woman ;" and the father's only objection to the poet's suit was the inadequacy, and, above all, the uncertainty of his means. At length, however, he yielded, and on the 10th September 1803, the marriage was celebrated in St Margaret's Church, Westminster.

Neither was disappointed in the other ; and, Campbell's reputation being now fairly established, numerous offers of handsomely remunerated literary work promised external security to their conjugal happiness. Their first home was in apartments in Pimlico ; but, within a year after his marriage, Campbell removed to a cottage on Sydenham Common, where he passed 17 years—the most laborious, and the most harassed, though, for all that, the happiest of his life. His neighbours were Tories ; and Campbell gives a fine testimony to the truth, that human dislikes, in so far as they are personal, arise

to a great extent from mutual ignorance, when he says, that acquaintance with them "ripening into friendship, called forth a new liberalism in his mind, and possibly also in theirs."

In this suburban retreat were elaborated, in 1804, "Lord Ullin's Daughter," "The Soldier's Dream," and "The Turkish Lady," which had all been sketched long before, among the scenes to which they refer; the first in the island of Mull, and the two others at Ratisbon. A little later was produced "The Battle of the Baltic," to which his attention had been particularly called by its following so closely upon his own departure from Altona.

In 1805, his Majesty, under Fox's administration, bestowed an annual pension of £200 upon Campbell, which, however, diminished by office-fees, duties, &c., never amounted to more than £168. He had so many friends in a position to help him, that he never knew to whom in particular he was indebted for this boon, the greater part of which he generously divided between his mother and sisters. The very certainty, however, with which it enabled him to provide for them, must have relieved his mind somewhat from that financial despondency which so often unfitted him for work, especially for original composition in poetry.

In 1807, Campbell published "Annals of Great Britain, from the Accession of George III. to the Peace of Amiens," in 3 vols., a work on which he had been long engaged; and in 1809, "Gertrude of Wyoming" (p. 31). It not only supported his reputation in Britain, but procured for him a whole nation of enthusiastic admirers in America. Some years afterwards, Campbell met with a son of "the monster Brandt" (p. 49) in England, and became so well convinced that the Mohawk chief, so named, instead of being a "monster," was one of nature's noblemen, that he publicly retracted the infamous epithet, and, in allowing the name to remain for the sake of the rhyme, declared the character to be a pure fiction. Towards the close of this same year, he finished the exquisite story of "O'Connor's Child" (p. 55), which was suggested by seeing, in his own garden at Sydenham, the flower called "Love-lies-bleeding."

In 1812, Campbell appeared for the first time before the Royal Institution in London as a lecturer on poetry, adding thereby to both his reputation and his means. He never was indeed in

want, though often in the fear of it; and this fear, as well as his superabundant labours, to many of which, as mere task-work, and unworthy of his genius, he declined appending his name, preyed upon his health. Of all his prose works, the best is his "Specimens of British Poets," in 7 vols., published in 1819; the plan of it had been conceived so early as 1805, and he was now labouring at it *con amore*. His other, and still later prose works, viz., the Lives of Mrs Siddons, of Petrarch, and of Frederick the Great, bear the marks of hasty compilation.

In 1815, on the death of his Highland cousin, MacArthur Stewart of Ascog, he inherited a legacy of nearly £5000, which, together with his pension, might have formed an ample foundation for that independence and leisure which he coveted so much, had he been either as close-fisted as Scotsmen are generally reputed to be, or gifted with ordinary prudence in pecuniary matters. What he had he spent generously, and never thought of providing for an exigency till it actually arrived. It is told of him that, on one occasion, when travelling, he suddenly found himself with only a few shillings in his purse, and wrote in the greatest trepidation to one of his friends for a supply. His servant, however, on searching his clothes, brought forth from a coat-pocket a roll of notes, which covered all his expenses for several months! It is pleasing to regard the above legacy as the reward of Campbell's filial piety; for old Stewart, in giving instructions for his settlement, had observed, that "Little Tommy," the poet, ought to have a legacy, because he had been so kind as to give his mother £60 yearly out of his pension."

Already, in 1814, Campbell had sought change of scene in Paris, where he spent two months, being attracted to that city in particular, by the desire of surveying the theatre of so many great coteremporaneous events. In 1820, he undertook a more extensive tour on the Continent, accompanied by his wife. He ascended the Rhine, and went as far as Vienna, dwelling with peculiar satisfaction on the scenes which had been endeared to him by his residence at Ratisbon, twenty years before.

On returning to London, he entered on the editorship of the *New Monthly Magazine*, with a salary of £600 a-year. He held it for ten years, giving it up in 1830, because, according to him-

self, "it was utterly impossible to continue editor without interminable scrapes, together with a lawsuit now and then!" To the period of this editorship belong the highest honours and the severest afflictions of Campbell's life. In 1821, his son Thomas, the first-born of his children, and the only one who survived childhood, fell a victim to a mild and intermittent form of mental derangement, which necessitated his transference to an asylum, and defied all human skill; and in 1828 death took away from him his wife. How solemn to him was the bereavement may be judged from these lines, written to a friend within a week after:—"I am alone, and I feel that I shall need to be some time alone—prostrated in heart before that Great Being, who can alone forgive my errors; and in addressing whom alone I can frame resolutions in my heart, to make my remaining life as pure as nature's infirmities may permit a soul to be, that believes in His existence, and goodness, and mercy." These were his severest afflictions; and what he reckoned the crowning honour of his life, was his election as Lord Rector of Glasgow University, in 1826, and the two following years. It was, indeed, a proud position for one to occupy, who, little more than thirty years before, had left its halls with the reputation, indeed, of a College poet, but unable to obtain any more congenial or better remunerated employment than that of a Highland tutorship, and who had been indebted for his rise only to native genius and untiring industry. To these years, also, belong Campbell's greatest activity as a public-spirited citizen. He took the liveliest interest in the establishment of London university; and in 1825, went to Berlin, expressly to examine the University buildings and system there, if haply he might bring back some useful suggestions. His generous sympathy with the Poles, too, must not be passed over. In his great poem, at a time when he hardly hoped for himself, much less that he should one day be able to succour the exiles, it had burst out in the memorable line (p. 17),

"And Freedom shriek'd—as Kosciuszko fell!"

and now he devoted his eloquence, his interest, and his money to the relief of the Polish patriots who were stranded on the British shore. Greece also found him an enthusiastic Philhellen.

It was not easy for Campbell to make up, by miscellaneous literary labour, for the loss of the annual £600 attached to the editorship of the *New Monthly*. In 1831, he became editor of the *Metropolitan Magazine*, but soon relinquished it. Later still, he published "Letters from the South," recounting his travels in France and Algeria, in the winter of 1834-5. But amidst all this labour his health declined; and, as his health declined, so his longing augmented for a quiet independence. In 1841, he went to Wiesbaden, for the sake of the waters; and in 1842, he made a hurried trip to Dinan, to see if living were really as cheap there as report represented. At length, however, in 1843, he settled in Boulogne, with a niece whom he had brought up, and to whom he bequeathed his all, for his only companion; and there he died on the 15th June of the following year, aged 67. His remains were brought to London, and on the 3d July interred in Poet's Corner, Westminster Abbey, close by the tomb of Addison. The most touching incident in these last sad rites was the throwing of some earth from Kosciusko's grave at Cracow, by the Polish Colonel Szyrma, upon Campbell's bier. It was a tribute to the eternal charm of Campbell's character and poetry, viz., that he had a heart to feel another's woe, and a tongue to denounce another's wrong.

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THE PLEASURES OF HOPE.

ANALYSIS OF PART I.

The Poem opens with a comparison between the beauty of remote objects in a landscape, and those ideal scenes of felicity which the imagination delights to contemplate—the influence of anticipation upon the other passions is next delineated—an allusion is made to the well-known fiction in Pagan tradition, that, when all the guardian deities of mankind abandoned the world, Hope alone was left behind—the consolations of this passion in situations of danger and distress—the seaman on his watch—the soldier marching into battle—allusion to the interesting adventures of Byron.

The inspiration of Hope, as it actuates the efforts of genius, whether in the department of science, or of taste—domestic felicity, how intimately connected with views of future happiness—picture of a mother watching her infant when asleep—pictures of the prisoner, the maniac, and the wanderer.

From the consolations of individual misery, a transition is made to prospects of political improvement in the future state of society—the wide field that is yet open for the progress of humanizing arts among uncivilized nations—from these views of amelioration of society, and the extension of liberty and truth over despotic and barbarous countries, by a melancholy contrast of ideas, we are led to reflect upon the hard fate of a brave people recently conspicuous in their struggles for independence—description of the capture of Warsaw, of the last contest of the oppressors and the oppressed, and the massacre of the Polish patriots at the bridge of Prague—apostrophe to the self-interested enemies of human improvement—the wrongs of Africa—the barbarous policy of Europeans in India—prophecy in the Hindoo mythology of the expected descent of the Deity to redress the miseries of their race, and to take vengeance on the violators of justice and mercy.



THE PLEASURES OF HOPE.

PART I.

At summer eve, when Heaven's ethereal bow
Spans with bright arch the glittering hills below,
Why to yon mountain turns the musing eye,
Whose sunbright summit mingles with the sky?
Why do those cliffs of shadowy tint appear
More sweet than all the landscape smiling near?—
'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,
And robes the mountain in its azure hue.
Thus, with delight, we linger to survey
The promised joys of life's unmeasured way;
Thus, from afar, each dim-discovered scene
More pleasing seems than all the past hath been,
And every form, that Fancy can repair
From dark oblivion, glows divinely there.

What potent spirit guides the raptured eye
To pierce the shades of dim futurity?
Can Wisdom lend, with all her heavenly power,
The pledge of Joy's anticipated hour?
Ah, no! she darkly sees the fate of man—
Her dim horizon bounded to a span;
Or, if she hold an image to the view,
'Tis Nature pictured too severely true.
With thee, sweet HOPE! resides the heavenly light,
That pours remotest rapture on the sight:
Thine is the charm of life's bewildered way,
That calls each slumbering passion into play.
Waked by thy touch, I see the sister band,
On tiptoe watching, start at thy command,
And fly where'er thy mandate bids them steer,
To Pleasure's path, or Glory's bright career.

Primeval HOPE, the Aonian Muses say,

When ~~Man~~ and Nature mourn'd their first decay ;
 When every form of death, and every woe,
 Shot from malignant stars to earth below ;
 When Murder bared her arm, and rampant War
 Yoked the red dragons of her iron car ;
 When Peace and Mercy, banish'd from the plain.
 Sprung on the viewless winds to Heaven again ;
 All, all forsook the friendless, guilty mind,
 But HOPE, the charmer, linger'd still behind.

Thus, while Elijah's burning wheels prepare
 From Carmel's heights to sweep the fields of air.
 The prophet's mantle, ere his flight began,
 Dropt on the world—a sacred gift to man.

Auspicious HOPE ! in thy sweet garden grow
 Wreaths for each toil, a charm for every woe ;
 Won by their sweets, in Nature's languid hour,
 The way-worn pilgrim seeks thy summer bower ;
 There, as the wild bee murmurs on the wing,
 What peaceful dreams thy handmaid spirits bring !
 What viewless forms th' Æolian organ play,
 And sweep the furrow'd lines of anxious thought away.

Angel of life ! thy glittering wings explore
 Earth's loneliest bounds, and Ocean's wildest shore.
 Lo ! to the wintry winds the pilot yields
 His bark careering o'er unfathom'd fields ;
 Now on Atlantic waves he rides afar,
 There Andes, giant of the western star,
 With meteor-standard to the winds unfurl'd,
 Looks from his throne of clouds o'er half the world !

Now far he sweeps, where scarce a summer smiles,
 On Behring's rocks, or Greenland's naked isles :
 Cold on his midnight watch the breezes blow,
 From wastes that slumber in eternal snow ;
 And waft, across the waves' tumultuous roar,
 The wolf's long howl from Oonalaska's shore.

Poor child of danger, nursling of the storm,
 Sad are the woes that wreck thy manly form !
 Rocks, waves, and winds, the shattered bark delay ;
 Thy heart is sad, thy home is far away.

But HOPE can here her moonlight vigils keep,
 And sing to charm the spirit of the deep :
 Swift as yon streamer lights the starry pole,
 Her visions warm the watchman's pensive soul ;



And then, at last, the door of the chamber,
 Wipe from her cheek the raptures sparkling tear,
 And whisper, with many a sigh, his "beloved dear."

The end of Hope, p. 5

His native hills that rise in happier climes,
The grot that heard his song of other times,
His cottage home, his bark of slender sail,
His glassy lake, and broomwood-blossom'd vale,
Rush on his thought, he sweeps before the wind,
Treads the loved shore he sigh'd to leave behind;
Meets at each step a friend's familiar face,
And flies at last to Helen's long embrace;
Wipes from her cheek the rapture-speaking tear!
And clasps, with many a sigh, his children dear!
While, long neglected, but at length caress'd,
His faithful dog salutes the smiling guest,
Points to the master's eyes (where'er they roam)
His wistful face, and whines a welcome home

Friend of the brave ' in peril's darkest hour,
Intrepid Virtue looks to thee for power;
To thee the heart its trembling homage yields,
On stormy floods, and carnage-cover'd fields,
When front to front the bann'd hosts combine,
Halt ere they close, and form the dreadful line
When all is still on Death's devoted soil,
The march-worn soldier mingles for the toil!
As rings his glittering tube, he lifts on high
The dauntless brow, and spout-speaking eye,
Hails in his heart the triumph yet to come,
And hears thy stormy music in the drum!

And such thy strength-inspiring aid that bore
The hardy Byron to his native shore—
In horrid climes, where Chiloe's tempests sweep
Tumultuous murmurs o'er the troubled deep,
'Twas his to mourn Misfortune's rudest shock,
Scourged by the winds, and cradled on the rock,
To wake each joyless morn and search again
The famish'd haunts of solitary men,
Whose race, unyielding as their native storm,
Know not a trace of Nature but the form,
Yet, at thy call, the hardy tar pursued,
Pale, but interpid, sad, but unsubdued,
Pierced the deep woods, and, hailing from afar
The moon's pale planet and the northern star,
Paused at each dreary cry, unheard before,
Ilyssæas in the wild, and mermaids on the shore,
Till, led by thee o'er many a cliff sublime,
He found a warmer world, a milder clime,

A home to rest, a shelter to defend,
Peace and repose, a Briton and a friend ! ✓

Congenial HOPE ! thy passion-kindling power,
How bright, how strong, in youth's untroubled hour !
On yon proud height, with Genius hand in hand,
I see thee 'light, and wave thy golden wand.

" Go, child of Heaven ! (thy winged words proclaim)
'Tis thine to search the boundless fields of fame !.
Lo ! Newton, priest of Nature, shines afar,
Scans the wide world, and numbers every star !
Wilt thou, with him, mysterious rites apply,
And watch the shrine with wonder-beaming eye !
Yes, thou shalt mark, with magic art profound,
The speed of light, the circling march of sound ;
With Franklin grasp the lightning's fiery wing,
Or yield the lyre of Heaven another string.

" The Swedish sage admires, in yonder bowers,
His winged insects, and his rosy flowers ;
Calls from their woodland haunts the savage train,
With sounding horn, and counts them on the plain—
So once, at Heaven's command, the wanderers came
To Eden's shade, and heard their various name.

" Far from the world, in yon sequester'd clime,
Slow pass the sons of Wisdom, more sublime ;
Calm as the fields of Heaven, his sapient eye
The loved Athenian lifts to realms on high,
Admiring Plato, on his spotless page
Stamps the bright dictates of the Father sage :
' Shall Nature bound to Earth's diurnal span
The fire of God, th' immortal soul of man ?

" Turn, child of Heaven, thy rapture-lighten'd eye
To Wisdom's walks, the sacred Nine are nigh :
Hark ! from bright spires that gild the Delphian height,
From streams that wander in eternal light,
Ranged on their hill, Harmonia's daughters swell
The mingling tones of horn, and harp, and shell ;
Deep from his vaults the Loxian murmurs flow,
And Pythia's awful organ peals below.

" Beloved of Heaven ! the smiling Muse shall shed
Her moonlight halo on thy beauteous head ;
Shall swell thy heart to rapture unconfined,
And breathe a holy madness o'er thy mind.
I see thee roam her guardian power beneath,

And talk with spirits on the midnight heath ;
Enquire of guilty wanderers whence they came,
And ask each blood-stain'd form his earthly name ;
Then weave in rapid verse the deeds they tell,
And read the trembling world the tales of hell.

“ When Venus, throned in clouds of rosy hue,
Flings from her golden urn the vesper dew,
And bids fond man her glimmering noon employ,
Sacred to love, and walks of tender joy ;
A milder mood the goddess shall recal,
And soft as dew thy tones of music fall ;
While Beauty's deeply-pictured smiles impart
A pang more dear than pleasure to the heart—
Warm as thy sighs shall flow the Lesbian strain,
And plead in Beauty's ear, nor plead in vain.

“ Or wilt thou Orphean hymns more sacred deem,
And steep thy song in Mercy's mellow stream ;
To pensive drops the radiant eye beguile—
For Beauty's tears are lovelier than her smile ;—
On Nature's throbbing anguish pour relief,
And teach impassion'd souls the joy of grief ?

“ Yes ; to thy tongue shall seraph words be given,
And power on earth to plead the cause of Heaven ;
The proud, the cold untroubled heart of stone,
That never mused on sorrow but its own,
Unlocks a generous store at thy command,
Like Horeb's rocks beneath the prophet's hand.
The living lumber of his kindred earth,
Charm'd into soul, receives a second birth,
Feels thy dread power another heart afford,
Whose passion-touch'd harmonious strings accord
True as the circling spheres to Nature's plan ;
And man, the brother, lives the friend of man.

“ Bright as the pillar rose at Heaven's command,
When Israel march'd along the desert land,
Blazed through the night on lonely wilds afar,
And told the path—a never-setting star :
So, heavenly Genius, in thy course divine,
HOPE is thy star, her light is ever thine.”

Propitious power ! when rankling cares annoy
The sacred home of Hymenean joy ;
When doom'd to Poverty's sequester'd dell,
The wedded pair of love and virtue dwell,

Unpitied by the world, unknown to fame,
Their woes, their wishes, and their hearts the same—
Oh, there, prophetic HOPE! thy smile bestow,
And chase the pangs that worth should never know—
There, as the parent deals his scanty store
To friendless babes, and weeps to give no more,
Tell, that his manly race shall yet assuage
Their father's wrongs, and shield his latter age.
What though for him no Hlybla sweets distil,
Nor bloomy vines wave purple on the hill;
Tell, that when silent years have pass'd away,
That when his eye grows dim, his tresses grey,
These busy hands a lovelier cot shall build,
And deck with fairer flowers his little field,
And call from Heaven propitious dews to breathe
Arcadian beauty on the barren heath;
Tell, that while Love's spontaneous smile endears
The days of peace, the sabbath of his years,
Health shall prolong to many a festive hour
The social pleasures of his humble bower.

Lo! at the couch where infant beauty sleeps,
Her silent watch the mournful mother keeps;
She, while the lovely babe unconscious lies,
Smiles on her slumbering child with pensive eyes,
And weaves a song of melancholy joy—
"Sleep, image of thy father, sleep, my boy;
No lingering hour of sorrow shall be thine:
No sigh that rends thy father's heart and mine;
Bright as his manly sire the son shall be
In form and soul; but, ah! more blest than he!
Thy fame, thy worth, thy filial love at last,
Shall soothe his aching heart for all the past—
With many a smile my solitude repay,
And chase the world's ungenerous scorn away.

"And say, when summon'd from the world and thee,
I lay my head beneath the willow tree,
Wilt thou, sweet mourner! at my stone appear,
And soothe my parted spirit lingering near?
Oh, wilt thou come at evening hour to shed
The tears of Memory o'er my narrow bed;
With aching temples on thy hand reclined,
Mute on the last farewell I leave behind,
Breathe a deep sigh to winds that murmur low,
And think on all my love, and all my woe?"

So speaks affection, ere the infant eye
Can look regard or brighten in reply ;
But when the cherub lip hath learnt to claim
A mother's ear by that endearing name ;
Soon as the playful innocent can prove
A tear of pity, or a smile of love,
Or cons his murmuring task beneath her care,
Or lips with holy look his evening prayer,
Or gazing, mutely pensive, sits to hear
The mournful ballad warbled in his ear ;
How fondly looks admiring HOPE the while,
At every artless tear, and every smile ;
How glows the joyous parent to descry
A guileless bosom, true to sympathy !

Where is the troubled heart consign'd to share
Tumultuous toils, or solitary care,
Unblest by visionary thoughts that stray
To count the joys of Fortune's better day !
Lo, nature, life, and liberty relume
The dim-eyed tenant of the dungeon gloom,
A long-lost friend, or hapless child restored,
Smiles at his blazing hearth and social board ;
Warm from his heart the tears of rapture flow,
And virtue triumphs o'er remember'd woe.

Chide not his peace, proud Reason ! nor destroy
The shadowy forms of uncreated joy,
That urge the lingering tide of life, and pour
Spontaneous slumber on his midnight hour.
Hark ! the wild maniac sings, to chide the gale
That wafts so slow her lover's distant sail ;
She, sad spectatress, on the wintry shore,
Watch'd the rude surge his shroudless corse that bore,
Knew the pale form, and, shrieking in amaze,
Clasp'd her cold hands, and fix'd her maddening gaze :
Poor widow'd wretch ! 'twas there she wept in vain,
Till Memory fled her agonizing brain ;—
But Mercy gave, to charm the sense of woe,
Ideal peace, that Truth could ne'er bestow ;
Warm on her heart the joys of Fancy beam,
And aimless HOPE delights her darkest dream.

Oft when yon moon has climbed the midnight sky,
And the lone sea-bird wakes its wildest cry,
Piled on the steep, her blazing faggots burn
To hail the bark that never can return ;

And still she waits, but scarce forbears to weep
That constant love can linger on the deep.

And, mark the wretch, whose wanderings never knew
The world's regard, that soothes, though half untrue ;
Whose erring heart the lash of sorrow bore,
But found not pity when it err'd no more.
Yon friendless man, at whose dejected eye
Th' unfeeling proud one looks—and passes by,
Condemn'd on Penury's barren path to roam,
Scorn'd by the world, and left without a home—
Even he, at evening, should he chance to stray
Down by the hamlet's hawthorn-scented way,
Where, round the cot's romantic glade, are seen
The blossom'd bean-field, and the sloping green,
Leans o'er its humble gate, and thinks the while—
Oh ! that for me some home like this would smile,
Some hamlet shade, to yield my sickly form
Health in the breeze, and shelter in the storm !
There should my hand no stinted boon assign
To wretched hearts with sorrow such as mine !
That generous wish can soothe unpitied care,
And HOPE half mingles with the poor man's prayer.

HOPE ! when I mourn, with sympathizing mind,
The wrongs of fate, the woes of human kind,
Thy blissful omens bid my spirit see
The boundless fields of rapture yet to be ;
I watch the wheels of Nature's mazy plan,
And learn the future by the past of man.

Come, bright Improvement ! on the car of Time,
And rule the spacious world from clime to clime ;
Thy handmaid arts shall every wild explore,
Trace every wave, and culture every shore.
On Frie's banks, where tigers steal along,
And the dread Indian chants a dismal song,
Where human fiends on midnight errands walk,
And bathe in brains their murderous tomahawk,
There shall the flocks on thymy pasture stray,
And shepherds dance at Summer's opening day ;
Each wandering genius of the lonely glen
Shall start to view the glittering haunts of men,
And silent watch, on woodland heights around,
The village curfew as it tolls profound.

In Libyan groves, where damned rites are done,

That bathe the rocks in blood, and veil the sun,
Truth shall arrest the murderous arm profane,
Wild *Obi* flies—the veil is rent in twain.

Where barbarous hordes on Scythian mountains roam,
Truth, Mercy, Freedom, yet shall find a home;
Where'er degraded Nature bleeds and pines,
From Guinea's coast to Sibir's dreary mines,
Truth shall pervade th' unfathom'd darkness there,
And light the dreadful features of despair.—
Hark! the stern captive spurns his heavy load, *
And asks the image back that Heaven bestow'd!
Fierce in his eye the fire of valour burns,
And, as the slave departs, the man returns.

Oh! sacred Truth! thy triumph ceased a while,
And HOPE, thy sister, ceased with thee to smile,
When leagued Oppression pour'd to Northern wars,
Her whisker'd pandours and her fierce hussars,
Waved her dread standard to the breeze of morn,
Peal'd her loud drum, and twang'd her trumpet horn;
Tumultuous horror brooded o'er her van,
Presaging wrath to Poland—and to man!

Warsaw's last champion from her height survey'd,
Wide o'er the fields, a waste of ruin laid,—
Oh! Heaven! he cried, my bleeding country save!
Is there no hand on high to shield the brave?
Yet, though destruction sweep those lovely plains,
Rise, fellow-men! our country yet remains!
By that dread name, we wave the sword on high!
And swear for her to live!—with her to die!

He said, and on the rampart-heights array'd
His trusty warriors, few, but undismay'd;
Firm-pac'd and slow, a horrid front they form,
Still as the breeze, but dreadful as the storm;
Low murmuring sounds along their banners fly,
Revenge, or death,—the watch-word and reply;
Then peal'd the notes, omnipotent to charm,
And the loud tocsin toll'd their last alarm!—

In vain, alas! in vain, ye gallant few!
From rank to rank your volley'd thunder flew:—
Oh, bloodiest picture in the book of Time,
Sarmatia fell, unwept, without a crime;
Found not a generous friend, a pitying foe,
Strength in her arm, nor mercy in her woe!

Dropp'd from her nerveless grasp the shatter'd spear,
Closed her bright eye, and curb'd her high career ;—
HOPE, for a season, bade the world farewell,
And Freedom shriek'd—as KOSCIUSKO fell !

The sun went down, nor ceased the carnage there,
Tumultuous Murder shook the midnight air—
On Prague's proud arch the fires of ruin glow,
His blood-dyed waters murmuring far below ;
The storm prevails, the rampart yields away,
Bursts the wild cry of horror and dismay !
Hark, as the smouldering piles with thunder fall,
A thousand shrieks for hopeless mercy call !
Earth shook—red meteors flash'd along the sky,
And conscious Nature shudder'd at the cry !

Oh ! righteous Heaven ; ere Freedom found a grave,
Why slept the sword omnipotent to save ?
Where was thine arm, O Vengeance ! where thy rod,
That smote the foes of Zion and of God ;
That crush'd proud Ammon, when his iron car
Was yoked in wrath, and thunder'd from afar ?
Where was the storm that slumber'd till the host
Of blood-stain'd Pharaoh left their trembling coast ;
Then bade the deep in wild commotion flow,
And heaved an ocean on their march below ?

Departed spirits of the mighty dead !
Ye that at Marathon and Leuctra bled !
Friends of the world ! restore your swords to man,
Fight in his sacred cause, and lead the van !
Yet for Sarmatia's tears of blood atone,
And make her arm puissant as your own !
Oh ! once again to Freedom's cause return
The patriot TELL—the BRUCE OF BANNOCKBURN !

Yes ! thy proud lords, unpitied land ! shall see
That man hath yet a soul—and dare be free !
A little while, along thy saddening plains,
The starless night of Desolation reigns ;
Truth shall restore the light by Nature given,
And, like Prometheus, bring the fire of Heaven !
Prone to the dust Oppression shall be hurl'd,
Her name, her nature wither'd from the world !

Ye that the rising morn invidious mark,
And hate the light—because your deeds are dark ;
Ye that expanding truth invidious view,

And think, or wish, the song of HOPE untrue ;
Perhaps your little hands presume to span
The march of Genius and the powers of man ;
Perhaps ye watch, at Pride's unhallow'd shrine,
Her victims, newly slain, and thus divine :—
“ Hore shall thy triumph, Genius, cease, and here
Truth, Science, Virtue, close your short career.”

Tyrants ! in vain ye trace the wizard ring ;
In vain ye limit Mind's unwearied spring :
What ! can ye lull the winged winds asleep,
Arrest the rolling world, or chain the deep ?
No !—the wild wave contemns your sceptred hand ;
It roll'd not back when Canute gave command !

Man ! can thy doom no brighter soul allow ?
Still must thou live a blot on Nature's brow ?
Shall War's polluted banner ne'er be furled ?
Shall crimes and tyrants cease but with the world ?
What ! are thy triumphs, sacred Truth, belied ?
Why then hath Plato lived—or Sidney died ?

Ye fond adorers of departed fame,
Who warm at Scipio's worth, or Tully's name !
Ye that, in fancied vision, can admire
The sword of Brutus, and the Theban lyre !
Rapt in historic ardour, who adore
Each classic haunt, and well-remember'd shore,
Where Valour tuned, amidst her chosen throng,
The Thracian trumpet, and the Spartan song ;
Or, wandering thence, behold the later charms
Of England's glory, and Helvetia's arms !
See Roman fire in Hampden's bosom swell,
And fate and freedom in the shaft of Tell !
Say, ye fond zealots to the worth of yore,
Hath valour left the world—to live no more ?
No more shall Brutus bid a tyrant die,
And sternly smile with vengeance in his eye ?
Hampden no more, when suffering Freedom calls,
Encounter Fate, and triumph as he falls ?
Nor Tell disclose, through peril and alarm,
The might that slumbers in a peasant's arm ?

Yes ! in that generous cause, for ever strong,
The patriot's virtue and the poet's song,
Still, as the tide of ages rolls away,
Shall charm the world, unconscious of decay.

Yes! there are hearts, prophetic HOPE may trust,
 That slumber yet in uncreated dust,
 Ordain'd to fire th' adoring sons of earth,
 With every charm of wisdom and of worth;
 Ordain'd to light, with intellectual day,
 The mazy wheels of nature as they play,
 Or, warm with Fancy's energy, to glow,
 And rival all but Shakspeare's name below.

And say, supernal Powers! who deeply scan
 Heaven's dark decrees, unfathom'd yet by man,
 When shall the world call down, to cleanse her shame,
 That embryo spirit, yet without a name,—
 That friend of Nature, whose avenging hands
 Shall burst the Libyan's adamantine bands?
 Who, sternly marking on his native soil
 The blood, the tears, the anguish, and the toil,
 Shall bid each righteous heart exult, to see
 Peace to the slave, and vengeance on the free!

Yet, yet, degraded men! th' expected day
 That breaks your bitter cup, is far away;
 Trade, wealth, and fashion, ask you still to bleed,
 And holy men give Scripture for the deed;
 Scourged, and debased, no Briton stoops to save
 A wretch, a coward; yes, because a slave!—

Eternal Nature! when thy giant hand
 Had heaved the floods, and fixed the trembling land,
 When life sprang startling at thy plastic call,
 Endless her forms, and man the lord of all!
 Say, was that lordly form inspired by thee,
 To wear eternal chains and bow the knee?
 Was man ordain'd the slave of man to toil,
 Yoked with the brutes, and fetter'd to the soil;
 Weighed in a tyrant's balance with his gold?
 No!—Nature stamp'd us in a heavenly mould!
 She bade no wretch his thankless labour urge,
 Nor, trembling, take the pittance and the scourge!
 No homeless Libyan, on the stormy deep,
 To call upon his country's name, and weep!—

Lo! once in triumph, on his boundless plain,
 The quivered chief of Congo loved to reign;
 With fires proportioned to his native sky,
 Strength in his arm, and lightning in his eye;
 Scour'd with wild feet his sun-illumined zone,

The spear, the lion, and the woods, his own !
Or led the combat, bold without a plan,
An artless savage, but a fearless man !

The plunderer came !—alas ! no glory smiles
For Congo's chief, on yonder Indian isles ;
For ever fall'n ! no son of Nature now,
With Freedom charter'd on his manly brow !
Faint, bleeding, bound, he weeps the night away,
And when the sea-wind wafts the dewless day,
Starts, with a bursting heart, for evermore
To curse the sun that lights their guilty shore !

The shrill horn blew ; at that alarum knell
His guardian angel too a last farewell !
That funeral dirge to darkness hath resign'd
The fiery grandeur of a generous mind !
Poor fetter'd man ! I hear thee whispering low
Unhallow'd vows to Guilt, the child of Woe,
Friendless thy heart ; and canst thou harbour there
A wish but death—a passion but despair ?

The widow'd Indian, when her lord expires,
Mounts the dread pile, and braves the funeral fires
So falls the heart at Thraldom's bitter sigh !
So Virtue dies, the spouse of Liberty !

But not to Lybia's barren climes alone,
To Chili, or the wild Siberian zone,
Belong the wretched heart and haggard eye,
Degraded worth, and poor misfortune's sigh !—
Ye orient realms, where Ganges' waters run !
Prolific fields ! dominions of the sun !
How long your tribes have trembled and obey'd !
How long was Timour's iron sceptre sway'd,
Whose marshall'd hosts, the lions of the plain,
From Scythia's northern mountains to the main,
Raged o'er your plunder'd shrines and altars bare,
With blazing torch and gory scimitar,—
Stunn'd with the cries of death each gentle gale,
And bathed in blood the verdure of the vale !
Yet could no pangs the immortal spirit tame,
When Brama's children perish'd for his name ;
The martyr smiled beneath avenging power,
And braved the tyrant in his torturing hour !

When Europe sought your subject realms to gain,
And stretch'd her giant sceptre o'er the main.

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Taught her proud barks the winding way to shape,
And braved the stormy Spirit of the Cape ;
Children of Brama ! then was Mercy nigh
To wash the stain of blood's eternal dye ?
Did Peace descend, to triumph and to save,
When freeborn Britons crossed the Indian wave ?
Ah, no !—to more than Rome's ambition true,
The Nurse of Freedom gave it not to you !
She the bold route of Europe's guilt began,
And, in the march of nations, led the van !

Rich in the gems of India's gaudy zone,
And plunder piled from kingdoms not their own,
Degenerate trade ! thy minions could despise
The heart-born anguish of a thousand cries ;
Could lock, with impious hands, their teeming store,
While famish'd nations died along the shore :
Could mock the groans of fellow-men, and bear
The curse of kingdoms peopled with despair ;
Could stamp disgrace on man's polluted name,
And barter, with their gold, eternal shame !

But hark ! as bow'd to earth the Bramin kneels,
From heavenly climes propitious thunder peals !
Of India's fate her guardian spirits tell,
Prophetic murmurs breathing on the shell,
And solemn sounds that awe the listening mind,
Roll on the azure paths of every wind.

" Foes of mankind (her guardian spirits say) !
Revolving ages bring the bitter day,
When Heaven's unerring arm shall fall on you,
And blood for blood these Indian plains bedew ;
Nine times have Brama's wheels of lightning hurl'd
His awful presence o'er the alarmed world ;
Nine times hath Guilt, through all his giant frame,
Convulsive trembled, as the Mighty came ;
Nine times hath suffering Mercy spared in vain—
But Heaven shall burst her starry gates again !
He comes ! dread Brama shakes the sunless sky,
With murmuring wrath, and thunders from on high,
Heaven's fiery horse, beneath his warrior form,
Paws the light clouds, and gallops on the storm !
Wide waves his flickering sword ; his bright arms glow
Like summer suns, and light the world below !
Earth, and her trembling isles in Ocean's bed,

Are shook ; and Nature rocks beneath his tread !

“ To pour redress on India’s injured realm,
The oppressor to dethrone, the proud to whelm ;
To chase destruction from her plunder’d shore
With arts and arms that triumph’d once before,
The tenth Avatar comes ! at Heaven’s command
Shall Seriswatee wave her hallow’d wand !
And Camdeo bright, and Ganesa sublime,
Shall bless with joy their own propitious clime !—
Come, Heavenly Powers ! primæval peace restore !
Love !—Mercy !—Wisdom !—rule for evermore !”

ANALYSIS OF PART II.

Apostrophe to the power of Love—its intimate connection with generous and social Sensibility—allusion to that beautiful passage in the beginning of the book of Genesis, which represents the happiness of Paradise itself incomplete, till love was superadded to its other blessings—the dreams of future felicity which a lively imagination is apt to cherish, when Hope is animated by a refined attachment—this disposition to combine, in one imaginary scene of residence, all that is pleasing in our estimate of happiness, compared to the skill of the great artist who personified perfect beauty, in the picture of Venus, by an assemblage of the most beautiful features he could find—a summer and winter evening described, as they may be supposed to arise in the mind of one who wishes, with enthusiasm, for the union of friendship and retirement.

Hope and Imagination inseparable agents—even in those contemplative moments when our imagination wanders beyond the boundaries of this world, our minds are not unattended with an impression that we shall some day have a wider and more distinct prospect of the universe, instead of the partial glimpse we now enjoy.

The last and most sublime influence of Hope is the concluding topic of the Poem—the predominance of a belief in a future state over the terrors attendant on dissolution—the baneful influence of that sceptical philosophy which bars us from such comforts—allusion to the fate of a suicide—episode of Conrad and Ellenore—conclusion.

PART II.

IN joyous youth, what soul hath never known
Thought, feeling, taste, harmonious to its own ?
Who hath not paused while Beauty's pensive eye
Ask'd from his heart the homage of a sigh ?
Who hath not own'd, with rapture-smitten frame,
The power of grace, the magic of a name ?

There be, perhaps, who barren hearts avow,
Cold as the rocks on Torneo's hoary brow ;
There be, whose loveless wisdom never fail'd,
In self-adoring pride securely mail'd :—
But, triumph not, ye peace-enamour'd few,
Fire, Nature, Genius, never dwelt with you !
For you no fancy consecrates the scene
Where rapture utter'd vows, and wept between ;
'Tis yours, unmoved, to sever and to meet ;
No pledge is sacred, and no home is sweet !

Who that would ask a heart to dulness wed,
The waveless calm, the slumber of the dead ?
No ; the wild bliss of Nature needs alloy,
And fear and sorrow fan the fire of joy !
And say, without our hopes, without our fears,
Without the home that plighted love endears,
Without the smile from partial beauty won,
O ! what were man ?—a world without a sun.

Till Hymen brought his love-delighted hour,
There dwelt no joy in Eden's tosy bower !
In vain the viewless seraph lingering there,
At starry midnight charmed the silent air ;
In vain the wild-bird caroll'd on the steep,
To hail the sun, slow wheeling from the deep ;
In vain, to soothe the solitary shade,
Aërial notes in mingling measure play'd ;
The summer wind that shook the spangled tree,
The whispering wave, the murmur of the bee ;—
Still slowly passed the melancholy day,
And still the stranger wist not where to stray.
The world was sad !—the garden was a wild !
And man, the hermit, sigh'd—till woman smiled !

True, the sad power to generous hearts may bring
 Delirious anguish on his fiery wing,
 Barred from delight by Fate's untimely hand,
 By wealthless lot, or pitiless command,
 Or doom'd to gaze on beauties that adorn
 The smile of triumph or the frown of scorn,
 While Memory watches o'er the sad review
 Of joys that faded like the morning dew,
 Peace may depart—and life and nature seem
 A barren path, a wilderness, and a dream'

But can the noble mind for ever bleed,
 The willing victim of a weary mood,
 On heartless cares that squander life away
 And cloud young Genius brightening into day?—
 Shame to the coward thought that e'er betray'd
 The noon of manhood to a myrtle shade —
 If HOPKINS' creative spirit cannot raise
 One trophy sacred to thy future days,
 Scorn the dull crowd that haunt the gloomy shrine,
 Of hopeless love to murmur and repine!
 But, should a sigh of milder mood express
 Thy heart-warm wishes, true to happiness,
 Should Heaven's fair harbinger delight to pour
 Her blissful visions on thy pensive hour,
 No tear to blot thy memory's pictured page
 No fears but such as fancy can assuage,
 Though thy wild heart some hapless hour may miss
 The peaceful tenor of unvaried bliss
 (For love pursues an ever-distant race,
 True to the winding lineaments of grace)
 Yet still may HOPKINS her tall man employ
 To snatch from Heaven anticipated joy
 And all her kindred energies impart
 That burn the brightest in the purest heart

When first the Rhodian's mimic art array'd
 The queen of Beauty in her Cyprian shade,
 The happy master mingled on his piece
 Each look that charm'd him in the fair of Greece.
 To faultless Nature true he stole a grace
 From every finer form and sweeter face,
 And as he sojourn'd on the Ægean isles,
 Woe'd all their love, and treasured all their smiles,
 Then glow'd the tints, pure, precious, and refined,
 And mortal charms seem'd heavenly when combined!



The village home from towns and cities
 Where love and lore may bloom alternate
 With trees embosomed in Italian towers

Theatres of Hope 21

Love on the picture smiled ! Expression pour'd
Her mingling spirit there—and Greece adored.

So thy fair hand, enamour'd Fancy ! gleans
The treasured pictures of a thousand scenes ;
Thy pencil traces on the lover's thought
Some cottage-home, from towns and toil remote,
Where love and lore may claim alternate hours,
With Peace embosom'd in Idalian bowers !
Remote from busy Life's bewilder'd way,
O'er all his heart shall Taste and Beauty sway !
Free on the sunny slope, or winding shore,
With hermit steps to wander and adore !
There shall he love, when genial morn appears,
Like pensive Beauty smiling in her tears,
To watch the brightening roses of the sky,
And muse on Nature with a poet's eye !—
And when the sun's last splendour lights the deep,
The woods and waves, and murmuring winds asleep,
When fairy harps th' Hesperian planet hall,
And the lone cuckoo sighs along the vale,
His path shall be where streamy mountains swell
Their shadowy grandeur o'er the narrow dell,
Where mouldering piles and forests intervene,
Mingling with darker tints the living green ;
No circling hills his ravish'd eye to bound,
Heaven, Earth, and Ocean, blazing all around.

The moon is up—the watch-tower dimly burns—
And down the vale his sober step returns ;
But pauses oft, as winding rocks convey
The still sweet fall of music far away ;
And oft he lingers from his home awhile
To watch the dying notes !—and start, and smile !

Let Winter come ! let polar spirits sweep
The darkening world, and tempest-troubled deep !
Though boundless snows the wither'd heath deform,
And the dim sun scarce wanders through the storm,
Yet shall the smile of social love repay,
With mental light, the melancholy day !
And, when its short and sullen noon is o'er,
The ice-chain'd waters clambering on the shore,
How bright the tapers in his little hall
Blaze on the hearth, and warm the pictured wall !

How blest he names, in Love's familiar tone,

The kind fair friend, by nature mark'd his own ;
And, in the waveless mirror of his mind,
Views the fleet years of pleasure left behind,
Since when her empire o'er his heart began !
Since first he call'd her his before the holy man !

Trim the gay taper in his rustic dome,
And light the wintry paradise of home ;
And let the half-uncurtain'd window hail
Some way-worn man benighted in the vale !
Now, while the moaning night-wind rages high,
As sweep the shot-stars down the troubled sky,
While fiery hosts in Heaven's wide circle play,
And bathe in lurid light the milky-way,
Safe from the storm, the meteor, and the shower,
Some pleasing page shall charm the solemn hour—
With pathos shall command, with wit beguile,
A generous tear of anguish, or a smile—
Thy woes, Arion ! and thy simple tale,
O'er all the heart shall triumph and prevail !
Charm'd as they read the verse too sadly true,
How gallant Albert, and his weary crew,
Heaved all their guns, their foundering bark to save,
And toil'd—and shriek'd—and perish'd on the wave.

Yes, at the dead of night, by Lonna's steep,
The seaman's cry was heard along the deep ;
There on his funeral waters, dark and wild,
The dying father bless'd his darling child !
Oh ! Mercy, shield her innocence, he cried,
Spent on the prayer his bursting heart, and died !

Or they will learn how generous worth sublimes
The robber Moor, and pleads for all his crimes !
How poor Amelia kiss'd, with many a tear,
His hand, blood-stain'd, but ever, ever dear !
Hung on the tortured bosom of her lord,
And wept and pray'd perdition from his sword !
Nor sought in vain ! at that heart-piercing cry
The strings of Nature crack'd with agony !
He, with delirious laugh, the dagger hurl'd,
And burst the ties that bound him to the world !
Turn from his dying words, that smite with steel
The shuddering thoughts, or wind them on the wheel—
Turn to the gentler melodies that suit
Thalia's harp, or Pan's Arcadian lute ;

Or, down the stream of Truth's historic page,
From clime to clime descend from age to age !

Yet there, perhaps, may darker scenes obtrude
Than Fancy fashions in her wildest mood ;
There shall he pause with horrent brow, to rate
What millions died—that Cæsar might be great !
Or learn the fate that bleeding thousands bore,
March'd by their Charles to Dnieper's swampy shore ;
Faint in his wounds, and shivering in the blast,
The Swedish soldier sunk—and groan'd his last !
File after file the stormy showers benumb,
Freeze every standard-sheet, and hush the drum !
Horseman and horse confess'd the bitter pang,
And arms and warriors fell with hollow clang !
Yet, ere he sunk in Nature's last repose,
Ere life's warm torrent to the fountain froze,
The dying man to Sweden turn'd his eye,
Thought of his home, and closed it with a sigh !
Imperial Pride look'd sullen on his plight,
And Charles behold—nor shudder'd at the sight !

Above, below, in Ocean, Earth, and Sky,
Thy fairy worlds, Imagination, lie,
And HOPE attends, companion of the way,
Thy dream by night, thy visions of the day !
In yonder pensile orb, and every sphere
That gems the starry girdle of the year ;
In those unmeasured worlds, she bids thee tell,
Pure from their God, created millions dwell,
Whose names and natures, unreveal'd below,
We yet shall learn, and wonder as we know ;
For, as Iona's saint, a giant form,
Throned on her towers, conversing with the storm
(When o'er each Runic altar, weed-entwined,
The vesper clock tolls mournful to the wind),
Counts every wave-worn isle, and mountain hoar,
From Kilda to the green Ierne's shore ;
So, when thy pure and renovated mind
This perishable dust hath left behind,
Thy seraph eye shall count the starry train,
Like distant isles embosom'd in the main ;
Rapt to the shrine where motion first began,
And light and life in mingling torrent ran ;
From whence each bright rotundity was hurl'd,
The throne of God,—the centre of the world !

Oh ! vainly wise, the moral Muse hath sung
 That suasive HOPE hath but a Siren tongue !
 True ; she may sport with life's untutor'd day,
 Nor heed the solace of its last decay,
 The guileless heart her happy mansion spurn,
 And part, like Ajut—never to return !

But yet, methinks, when Wisdom shall assuage
 The grief and passions of our greener age,
 Though dull the close of life, and far away
 Each flower that hail'd the dawning of the day ;
 Yet o'er her lovely hopes, that once were dear,
 The time-taught spirit pensive, not severe,
 With milder griefs her aged eye shall fill,
 And weep their falsehood, though she loves them still !

Thus, with forgiving tears, and reconciled,
 The king of Judah mourn'd his rebel child !
 Musing on days, when yet the guiltless boy
 Smiled on his sire, and fill'd his heart with joy !
 My Absalom ! the voice of Nature cried,
 Oh ! that for thee thy father could have died !
 For bloody was the deed, and rashly done,
 That slew my Absalom !—my son !—my son !

Unfading HOPE ! when life's last embers burn,
 When soul to soul, and dust to dust return !
 Heaven to thy charge resigns the awful hour !
 Oh ! then, thy kingdom comes ! Immortal Power !
 What though each spark of earth-born rapture fly
 The quivering lip, pale cheek, and closing eye !
 Bright to the soul thy seraph hands convey
 The morning dream of life's eternal day—
 Then, then, the triumph and the trance begin,
 And all the phoenix spirit burns within !

Oh ! deep-enchanting prelude to repose,
 The dawn of bliss, the twilight of our woes !
 Yet half I hear the panting spirit sigh,
 It is a dread and awful thing to die !
 Mysterious worlds, untravell'd by the sun !
 Where Time's far wandering tide has never run,
 From your unfathom'd shades, and viewless spheres,
 A warning comes, unheard by other ears.
 'Tis Heaven's commanding trumpet, long and loud,
 Like Sinai's thunder, pealing from the cloud !
 While Nature hears, with terror-mingled trust,

The shock that hurls her fabric to the dust ;
And, like the trembling Hebrew, when he trod
The roaring waves, and call'd upon his God,
With mortal terrors clouds immortal bliss,
And shrieks, and hovers o'er the dark abyss !

Daughter of Faith, awake, arise, illumine
The dread unknown, the chaos of the tomb ;
Melt, and dispel, ye spectre-doubts, that roll
Cimmerian darkness o'er the parting soul !
Fly, like the moon-eyed herald of Disney,
Chased on his night-steed by the star of day !
The strife is o'er—the pangs of Nature close,
And life's last rapture triumphs o'er her woes.
Hark ! as the spirit eyes, with eagle gaze,
The noon of Heaven undazzled by the blaze,
On heavenly winds that waft her to the sky,
Float the sweet tones of star-born melody ;
Wild as that hallow'd anthem sent to hail
Bethlehem's shepherds in the lonely vale,
When Jordan hush'd his waves, and midnight still
Watch'd on the holy towers of Zion hill !

Soul of the just ! companion of the dead !
Where is thy home, and whither art thou fled ?
Back to its heavenly source thy being goes,
Swift as the comet wheels to whence he rose ;
Doom'd on his airy path a while to burn,
And doom'd, like thee, to travel, and return.—
Hark ! from the world's exploding centre driven,
With sounds that shook the firmament of Heaven,
Careers the fiery giant, fast and far,
On bickering wheels, and adamant car ;
From planet whirl'd to planet more remote,
He visits realms beyond the reach of thought ;
But wheeling homeward, when his course is run,
Curbs the red yoke, and mingles with the sun !
So hath the traveller of earth unfurl'd
Her trembling wings, emerging from the world ;
And o'er the path by mortal never trod,
Sprung to her source, the bosom of her God !

Oh ! lives there, Heaven, beneath thy dread expanse,
One hopeless dark idolater of Chance,
Content to feed, with pleasures unrefined,
The lukewarm passions of a lowly mind ;
Who, mouldering earthward, 'reft of every trust.

In joyless union wedded to the dust,
 Could all his parting energy dismiss,
 And call this barren world sufficient bliss?—
 There live, alas! of heaven-directed mien,
 Of cultured soul, and sapient eye serene,
 Who hail thee, Man! the pilgrim of a day,
 Spouse of the worm, and brother of the clay,
 Frail as the leaf in Autumn's yellow bower,
 Dust in the wind, or dew upon the flower;
 A friendless slave, a child without a sire,
 Whose mortal life and momentary fire,
 Light to the grave his chance-created form,
 As ocean-wrecks illuminate the storm;
 And, when the gun's tremendous flash is o'er,
 To night and silence sink for ever more!—

Are these the pompous tidings ye proclaim,
 Lights of the world, and demi-gods of Fame?
 Is this your triumph—this your proud applause,
 Children of Truth, and champions of her cause?
 For this hath Science search'd, on weary wing,
 By shore and sea—each mute and living thing!
 Launch'd with Iberia's pilot from the steep,
 To worlds unknown, and isles beyond the deep?
 Or round the cope her living chariot driven,
 And wheel'd in triumph through the signs of Heaven?
 Oh! star-eyed Science, hast thou wander'd there,
 To waft us home the message of despair?
 Then bind the palm, thy sage's brow to suit,
 Of blasted leaf, and death-distilling fruit!
 Ah me! the laurell'd wreath that Murder rears,
 Blood-nursed, and water'd by the widow's tears,
 Seems not so foul, so tainted, and so dread,
 As waves the nightshade round the sceptic head.
 What is the bigot's torch, the tyrant's chain?
 I smile on death, if Heaven-ward HOPE remain!
 But, if the warring winds of Nature's strife
 Be all the faithless charter of my life,
 If Chance awaked, inexorable power,
 This frail and feverish being of an hour;
 Doom'd o'er the world's precarious scene to sweep,
 Swift as the tempest travels on the deep,
 To know Delight but by her parting smile,
 And toil, and wish, and weep a little while;
 Then melt, ye elements, that form'd in vain

This troubled pulse, and visionary brain !
Fade, ye wild flowers, memorials of my doom,
And sink, ye stars, that light me to the tomb !
Truth, ever lovely,—since the world began,
The foe of tyrants, and the friend of man,—
How can thy words from balmy slumber start
Reposing Virtue, pillow'd on the heart !
Yet, if thy voice the note of thunder roll'd,
And that were true which Nature never told,
Let Wisdom smile not on her conquer'd field ;
No rapture dawns, no treasure is reveal'd !
Oh ! let her read, nor loudly, nor elate,
The doom that bars us from a better fate ;
But, sad as angels for the good man's sin,
Weep to record, and blush to give it in !

And well may Doubt, the mother of Dismay,
Pause at her martyr's tomb, and read the lay.
Down by the wilds of yon deserted vale,
It darkly hints a melancholy tale !
There as the homeless madman sits alone,
In hollow winds he hears a spirit moan !
And there, they say, a wizard orgie crowds,
When the Moon lights her watch-tower in the clouds.
Poor lost Alonzo ! Fate's neglected child !
Mild be the doom of Heaven—as thou wert mild !
For oh ! thy heart in holy mould was cast,
And all thy deeds were blameless, but the last.
Poor lost Alonzo ! still I seem to hear
The clod that struck thy hollow-sounding bier !
When Friendship paid, in speechless sorrow drown'd,
Thy midnight rites, but not on hallow'd ground !

Cease, every joy, to glimmer on my mind,
But leave—oh ! leave the light of HOPE behind !
What though my winged hours of bliss have been,
Like angel visits, few and far between,
Her musing mood shall every pang appease,
And charm—when pleasures lose the power to please !
Yes ; let each rapture, dear to Nature, flee :
Close not the light of Fortune's stormy sea—
Mirth, Music, Friendship, Love's propitious smile,
Chase every care, and charm a little while,
Ecstatic throbs the fluttering heart employ,
And all her strings are harmonised to joy !—
But why so short is Love's delighted hour ?

Why fades the dew on Beauty's sweetest flower ?
Why can no hymned charm of music heal
The sleepless woes impassion'd spirits feel ?
Can Fancy's fairy hand no veil create,
To hide the sad realities of fate ?—

No ! not the quaint remark, the sapient rule,
Nor all the pride of Wisdom's worldly school,
Have power to soothe, unaided and alone,
The heart that vibrates to a feeling tone !
When stepdame Nature every bliss recalls,
Fleet as the meteor o'er the desert falls ;
When, 'rest of all, yon widow'd sire appears
A lonely hermit in the vale of years ;
Say, can the world one joyous thought bestow
To Friendship, weeping at the couch of Woo ?
No ! but a brighter soothes the last adieu,—
Souls of impassion'd mould, she speaks to you !
Weep not, she says, at Nature's transient pain,
Congenial spirits part to meet again !

What plaintive sobs thy filial spirit drew,
What sorrow choked thy long and last adieu !
Daughter of Conrad ? when he heard his knell,
And bade his country and his child farewell !
Doom'd the long isles of Sydney-cove to see,
The martyr of his crimes, but true to thee ?
Thrice the sad father tore thee from his heart,
And thrice return'd, to bless thee, and to part ;
Thrice from his trembling lips he murmur'd low
The plaint that own'd unutterable woo ;
Till Faith, prevailing o'er his sullen doom,
As bursts the morn on night's unfathom'd gloom,
Lured his dim eye to deathless hopes sublime,
Beyond the realms of Nature and of Time !

"And weep not thus," he cried, "young Ellenore.
My bosom bleeds, but soon shall bleed no more !
Short shall this half-extinguish'd spirit burn,
And soon these limbs to kindred dust return !
But not, my child, with life's precarious fire.
The immortal ties of Nature shall expire ;
These shall resist the triumph of decay,
When time is o'er, and worlds have pass'd away !
Cold in the dust this perish'd heart may lie,
But that which warm'd it once shall never die !
That spark unburied in its mortal frame,

With living light, eternal, and the same,
Shall beam on Joy's interminable years,
Unveil'd by darkness—unassuaged by tears !

“ Yet, on the barren shore and stormy deep,
One tedious watch is Conrad doom'd to weep ;
But when I gain the home without a friend,
And press the uneasy couch where none attend,
This last embrace, still cherish'd in my heart,
Shall calm the struggling spirit ere it part !
Thy darling form shall seem to hover nigh,
And hush the groan of life's last agony !

“ Farewell ! when strangers lift thy father's bier,
And place my nameless stone without a tear ;
When each returning pledge hath told my child
That Conrad's tomb is on the desert piled ;
And when the dream of troubled Fancy sees
Its lonely rank grass waving in the breeze ;
Who then will soothe thy grief, when mine is o'er ?
Who will protect thee, helpless Ellenore ?
Shall secret scenes thy filial sorrows hide,
Scorn'd by the world, to furtive guilt allied ?
Ah ! no ; methinks the generous and the good
Will woo thee from the shades of solitude !
O'er friendless grief Compassion shall awake,
And smile on innocence, for Mercy's sake !”

Inspiring thought of rapture yet to be,
The tears of Love were hopeless, but for thee ?
If in that frame no deathless spirit dwell,
If that faint murmur be the last farewell,
If Fate unite the faithful but to part,
Why is their memory sacred to the heart ?
Why does the brother of my childhood seem
Restored a while in every pleasing dream ?
Why do I joy the lonely spot to view,
By artless friendship bless'd when life was new ?

Eternal HOPE ! when yonder spheres sublime
Peal'd their first notes to sound the march of Time,
Thy joyous youth began—but not to fade.—
When all the sister planets have decay'd ;
When rapt in fire the realms of ether glow,
And Heaven's last thunder shakes the world below ;
Thou, undismay'd, shalt o'er the ruins smile,
And light thy torch at Nature's funeral pile.

GERTRUDE OF WYOMING.

ADVERTISEMENT

Most of the popular histories of England, as well as of the American war, give an authentic account of the desolation of Wyoming, in Pennsylvania, which took place in 1778, by an incursion of the Indians. The Scenery and Incidents of the following Poem are connected with that event. The testimonies of historians and travellers concur in describing the infant colony as one of the happiest spots of human existence, for the hospitable and innocent manners of the inhabitants, the beauty of the country, and the luxuriant fertility of the soil and climate. In an evil hour, the junction of European with Indian arms converted this terrestrial paradise into a frightful waste. MR ISAAC WELD informs us, that the ruins of many of the villages, perforated with balls, and bearing marks of conflagration, were still preserved by the recent inhabitants, when he travelled through America in 1796.

GERTRUDE OF WYOMING.

PART I.

I.

ON Susquehanna's side, fair Wyoming !
Although the wild-flower on thy ruin'd wall,
And roofless homes, a sad remembrance bring
Of what thy gentle people did befall ;
Yet thou wert once the loveliest land of all
That see the Atlantic wave their morn restore.
Sweet land ! may I thy lost delights recal,
And paint thy Gertrude in her bowers of yore,
Whose beauty was the love of Pennsylvania's shore !

II.

Delightful Wyoming ! beneath thy skies,
The happy shepherd swains had nought to do
But feed their flocks on green declivities,
Or skim perchance thy lake with light canoe,
From morn till evening's sweeter pastime grew,
With timbrel, when beneath the forests brown,
Thy lovely maidens would the dance renew ;
And aye those sunny mountains half-way down
Would echo flagelet from some romantic town.

III.

Then, where of Indian hills the daylight takes
His leave, how might you the flamingo see
Disporting like a meteor on the lakes—
And playful squirrel on his nut-grown tree :
And every sound of life was full of glee,
From merry mock-bird's song, or hum of men ;

While harkening, fearing nought their revelry,
The wild deer arch'd his neck from glades, and then,
Unhunted, sought his woods and wilderness again.

IV.

And scarce had Wyoming of war or crime
Heard, but in transatlantic story rung,
For here the exile met from every clime,
And spoke in friendship every distant tongue :
Men from the blood of warring Europe sprung
Were but divided by the running brook ;
And happy where no Rhenish trumpet sung,
On plain's no sieging mine's volcano shook,
The blue-eyed German changed his sword to pruning-hook.

V.

Nor far some Andalusian saraband
Would sound to many a native roundelay—
But who is he that yet a dearer land
Remembers, over hills and far away ?
Green Albin* ! what though he no more survey
Thy ships at anchor on the quiet shore,
Thy pellochs† rolling from the mountain bay,
Thy lone sepulchral cairn upon the moor,
And distant isles that hear the loud Corbrechtan ‡ roar !

VI.

Alas ! poor Caledonia's mountaineer,
That want's stern edict e'er, and feudal grief,
Had forced him from a home he loved so dear !
Yet found he here a home and glad relief,
And plied the beverage from his own fair sheaf,
That fired his Highland blood with mickle glee :
And England sent her men, of men the chief,
Who taught those sires of Empire yet to be,
To plant the tree of life,—to plant fair Freedom's tree !

VII.

Here was not mingled in the city's pomp
Of life's extremes the grandeur and the gloom ;
Judgment awoke not here her dismal tromp,
Nor sealed in blood a fellow-creature's doom,
Nor mourn'd the captive in a living tomb.

* Scotland.

† The Gaelic appellation for the porpoise.

‡ The great whirlpool of the Western Hebrides.

One venerable man, beloved of all,
Sufficed, where innocence was yet in bloom,
To sway the strife, that seldom might befall:
And Albert was their judge, in patriarchal hall.

VIII.

How reverend was the look, serenely aged,
He bore, this gentle Pennsylvanian sire,
Where all but kindly fervours were assuaged,
Undimm'd by weakness' shade, or turbid ire!
And though, amidst the calm of thought entire,
Some high and haughty features might betray
A soul impetuous once, 'twas earthly fire
That fled composure's intellectual ray,
As *Ætna's* fires grow dim before the rising day.

IX.

I boast no song in magic wonders rife,
But yet, oh Nature! is there nought to prize,
Familiar in thy bosom scenes of life?
And dwells in daylight truth's salubrious skies
No form with which the soul may sympathise?—
Young, innocent, on whose sweet forehead mild
The parted ringlet shone in simplest guise,
An inmate in the home of Albert smiled,
Or blessed his noonday walk—she was his only child.

X.

The rose of England bloom'd on Gertrude's cheek—
What though these shades had seen her birth, her sire
A Briton's independence taught to seek
Far western worlds; and there his household fire
The light of social love did long inspire,
And many a halcyon day he lived to see
Unbroken but by one misfortune dire,
When fate had reft his mutual heart—but she
Was gone—and Gertrude climb'd a widow'd father's knee.

XI.

A loved bequest,—and I may half impart—
To them that feel the strong paternal tie,
How like a new existence to his heart
That living flower uprose beneath his eye,
Dear as she was from cherub infancy,

From hours when she would round his garden play,
To time when as the ripening years went by,
Her lovely mind could culture well repay,
And more engaging grew, from pleasing day to day.

XII.

I may not paint those thousand infant charms :
✓ (Unconscious fascination, undesign'd !)
The orison repeated in his arms,
For God to bless her sire and all mankind ;
The book, the bosom on his knee reclined,
Or how sweet fairy-lore he heard her con,
(The playmate ere the teacher of her mind :)
All uncompanion'd else her heart had gone
Till now, in Gertrude's eyes, their ninth blue summer shone.

XIII.

And summer was the tide, and sweet the hour,
When sire and daughter saw, with fleet descent,
An Indian from his bark approach their bower,
Of buskin'd limb, and swarthy lineament ;
The red wild feathers on his brow were blent,
And bracelets bound the arm that help'd to light
A boy, who seem'd, as he beside him went,
Of Christian vesture, and complexion bright,
✓ Led by his dusky guide, like morning brought by night.

XIV.

Yet pensive seem'd the boy for one so young—
The dimple from his polish'd cheek had fled ;
When, leaning on his forest-bow unstrung,
Th' Oneyda warrior to the planter said,
And laid his hand upon the stripling's head,
“ Peace be to thee ! my words this belt approve ;
The paths of peace my steps have hither led :
This little nurling, take him to thy love,
And shield the bird unfledged, since gone the parent dove.

XV.

“ Christian ! I am the foeman of thy foe ;
Our wampum league thy brethren did embrace :
Upon the Michigan, three moons ago,
We launch'd our pirogues for the bison chase,
And with the Hurons planted for a space,

With true and faithful hands, the olive-stalk ;
But snakes are in the bosoms of their race,
And though they held with us a friendly talk,
The hollow peace-tree fell beneath their tomahawk !

XVI.

" It was encamping on the lake's far port,
A cry of Areonski* broke our sleep,
Where storm'd an ambush'd foe thy nation's fort,
And rapid, rapid whoops came o'er the deep ;
But long thy country's war-sign on the steep
Appear'd through ghastly intervals of light,
And deathfully their thunders seem'd to sweep,
Till utter darkness swallow'd up the sight,
As if a shower of blood had quench'd the fiery light !

XVII.

" It slept—it rose again—on high their tower
Sprung upwards like a torch to light the skies,
Then down again it rain'd an ember shower,
And louder lamentations heard we rise :
As when the evil Manitou† that dries
Th' Ohio woods, consumes them in his ire,
In vain the desolated panther flies,
And howls amidst his wilderness of fire :
Alas ! too late, we reach'd and smote those Hurons dire !

XVIII.

" But as the fox beneath the nobler hound,
So died their warriors by our battle-brand ;
And from the tree we, with her child, unbound
A lonely mother of the Christian land :—
Her lord—the captain of the British band—
Amidst the slaughter of his soldiers lay.
Scarce knew the widow our delivering hand ;
Upon her child she sobb'd, and swoon'd away,
Or shriek'd unto the God to whom the Christians pray.

XIX.

" Our virgins fed her with their kindly bowls
Of fever-balm and sweet sagamité :
But she was journeying to the land of souls,
And lifted up her dying head to pray

* The Indian God of War.

† Spirit or Deltty.

That we should bid an ancient friend convey
Her orphan to his home of England's shore ;
And take, she said, this token far away,
To one that will remember us of yore,
When he beholds the ring that Waldegrave's Julia wore.

XX.

"And I, the eagle of my tribe, have rush'd
With this lorn dove."—A sage's self-command
Had quell'd the tears from Albert's heart that gush'd
But yet his cheek—his agitated hand—
That shower'd upon the stranger of the land
No common boon, in grief but ill beguiled
A soul that was not wont to be unmann'd ;
"And stay," he cried, "dear pilgrim of the wild,
Preserver of my old, my boon companion's child !

XXI.

"Child of a race whose name my bosom warms,
On earth's remotest bounds how welcome here !
Whose mother oft, a child, has fill'd these arms,
Young as thyself, and innocently dear,
Whose grandsire was my early life's compeer.
Ah, happiest home of England's happy clime !
How beautiful ev'n now thy scenes appear,
As in the noon and sunshine of my prime !
How gone like yesterday these thrice ten years of time !

XXII.

"And Julia ! when thou wert like Gertrude now,
Can I forget thee, favourite child of yore ?
Or thought I, in thy father's house, when thou
Wert lightest-hearted on his festive floor,
And first of all his hospitable door
To meet and kiss me at my journey's end ?
But where was I when Waldegrave was no more ?
And thou didst pale thy gentle head extend
In woes, that ev'n the tribe of deserts was thy friend !"

XXIII.

He said—and strain'd unto his heart the boy ;—
Far differently, the mute Oneyda took
His calumet of peace, and cup of joy ;
As monumental bronze unchanged his look ;
A soul that pity touch'd, but never shook ;

Train'd from his tree-rock'd cradle to his bier
The fierce extreme of good and ill to brook
Impassive—fearing but the shame of fear—
A stoic of the woods—a man without a tear.

XXIV.

Yet deem not goodness on the savage stock
Of Outalissi's heart disdain'd to grow ;
As lives the oak unwither'd on the rock
By storms above, and barrenness below ;
He scorned his own, who felt another's woe :
And ere the wolf-skin on his back he flung,
Or laced his mocasins, in act to go,
A song of parting to the boy he sung,
Who slept on Albert's couch, nor heard his friendly tongue.

XXV.

" Sleep, wearied one ! and in the dreaming land
Shouldst thou to-morrow with thy mother meet,
Oh ! tell her spirit that the white man's hand
Hath pluck'd the thorns of sorrow from thy feet ;
While I in lonely wilderness shall greet
Thy little foot-prints—or by traces know
The fountain, where at noon I thought it sweet
To feed thee with a quarry of my bow,
And pour'd the lotus-horn, or slew the mountain roe.

XXVI.

" Adieu ! sweet scion of the rising sun !
But should affliction's storms thy blossom mock,
Then come again—my own adopted one !
And I will graft thee on a noble stock :
The crocodile, the condor of the rock,
Shall be the pastime of thy sylvan wars ;
And I will teach thee in the battle's shock,
To pay with Huron blood thy father's scars,
And gratulate his soul rejoicing in the stars !"

XXVII.

So finish'd he the rhyme (howe'er uncouth)
That true to nature's fervid feelings ran ;
(And song is but the eloquence of truth :)
Then forth uprose that lone way-faring man ;
But dauntless he, nor chart, nor journey's plan

In woods required, whose trained eye was keen,
As eagle of the wilderness, to scan
His path by mountain, swamp, or deep ravine,
Or ken far friendly huts on good savannas green.

XXVIII.

Old Albert saw him from the valley's side—
His pirogue launch'd—his pilgrimage begun—
Far, like the red-bird's wing he seem'd to glide ;
Then dived, and vanish'd in the woodlands dun.
Oft, to that spot by tender memory won,
Would Albert climb the promontory's height,
If but a dim sail glimmer'd in the sun ;
But never more to bless his longing sight,
Was Outalissi hail'd, with bark and plumage bright.

PART II.

I.

A VALLEY from the river shore withdrawn
Was Albert's home, two quiet woods between,
Whose lofty verdure overlook'd his lawn ;
And waters to their resting-place serene
Came freshening, and reflecting all the scene.
(A mirror in the depth of flowery shelves ;)
So sweet a spot of earth, you might (I ween)
Have guess'd some congregation of the elves,
To sport by summer moons, had shaped it for themselves.

II.

Yet wanted not the eye far scope to muse,
Nor vistas open'd by the wandering stream ;
Both where at evening Alleghany views,
Through ridges burning in her western beam,
Lake after lake interminably gleam :
And past those settlers' haunts the eye might roam
Where earth's unliving silence all would seem ;

Save where on rocks the beaver built his dome,
Or buffalo remote low'd far from human home.

III.

But silent not that adverse eastern path,
Which saw Aurora's hills th' horizon crown :
There was the river heard, in bed of wrath,
(A precipice of foam from mountains brown,)
Like tumults heard from some far distant town ;
But softening in approach he left his gloom,
And murmur'd pleasantly, and laid him down
To kiss those easy curving banks of bloom,
That lent the windward air an exquisite perfume.

IV.

It seem'd as if those scenes sweet influence had
On Gertrude's soul, and kindness like their own
Inspired those eyes affectionate and glad,
That seem'd to love whate'er they looked upon ;
Whether with Hebe's mirth her features shone,
Or if a shade more pleasing them o'ercast,
(As if for heavenly musing meant alone ;)
Yet so becomingly th' expression past,
That each succeeding look was lovelier than the last.

V.

Nor guess I, was that Pennsylvanian homo,
With all its picturesque and balmy grace,
And fields that were a luxury to roam,
Lost on the soul that look'd from such a face !
Enthusiast of the woods ! when years apace
Had bound thy lovely waist with woman's zone,
The sunrise path, at morn, I see thee trace
To hills with high magnolia overgrown,
And joy to breathe the groves, romantic and alone.

VI.

The sunrise drew her thoughts to Europe forth,
That thus apostrophised its viewless scene :
" Land of my father's love, my mother's birth !
The home of kindred I have never seen !
We know not other—oceans are between :
Yet say, far friendly hearts ! from whence we came,
Of us does oft remembrance intervene ?

My mother sure—my sire a thought may claim ;—
But Gertrude is to you an unregarded name.

VII.

" And yet, loved England ! when thy name I trace
In many a pilgrim's tale and poet's song,
How can I choose but wish for one embrace
Of them, the dear unknown, to whom belong
My mother's looks,—perhaps her likeness strong ?
Oh, parent ! with what reverential awe,
From features of thy own related throng,
An image of thy face my soul could draw !
And see thee once again whom I too shortly saw !"

VIII.

Yet deem not Gertrude sigh'd for foreign joy ;
To soothe a father's couch her only care,
And keep his reverend head from all annoy :
For this, methinks, her homeward steps repair,
Soon as the morning wreath had bound her hair ;
While yet the wild deer trod in spangling dew,
While boatmen carrol'd to the fresh-blown air,
And woods a horizontal shadow threw,
And early fox appear'd in momentary view.

IX.

Apart there was a deep untrodden grot,
Where oft the reading hours sweet Gertrude wore ;
Tradition had not named its lonely spot ;
But here (methinks) might India's sons explore
Their fathers' dust, or lift, perchance of yore,
Their voice to the great Spirit :—rocks sublime
To human art a sportive semblance bore,
And yellow lichens colour'd all the clime,
Like moonlight battlements, and towers decay'd by time.

X.

But high in amphitheatre above,
Gay tinted woods their massy foliage threw :
Breathed but an air of heaven, and all the grove
As if instinct with living spirit grew,
Rolling its verdant gulfs of every hue ;
And now suspended was the pleasing din,
Now from a murmur faint it swell'd anew,

Like the first note of organ heard within
Cathedral aisles,—ere yet its symphony begin.

XI.

It was in this lone valley she would charm
The lingering noon, where flowers a couch had strown ;
Her cheek reclining, and her snowy arm
On hillock by the pine-tree half o'ergrown :
And aye that volume on her lap is thrown,
Which every heart of human mould endears ;
With Shakspeare's self she speaks and smiles alone,
And no intruding visitation fears,
To shame the unconscious laugh, or stop her sweetest tears.

XII.

And nought within the grove was seen or heard
But stock-doves plaining through its gloom profound,
Or winglet of the fairy humming-bird,
Like atoms of the rainbow fluttering round ;
When, lo ! there enter'd to its inmost ground
A youth, the stranger of a distant land ;
He was, to weet, for eastern mountains bound ;
But late th' equator suns his cheek had tann'd,
And California's gales his roving bosom fann'd.

XIII.

A steed, whose rein hung loosely o'er his arm,
He led dismounted ; ere his leisure pace,
Amid the brown leaves, could her ear alarm,
Close he had come, and worshipp'd for a space
Those downcast features :—she her lovely face
Uplift on one, whose lineaments and frame
Wore youth and manhood's intermingled grace :
Iberian seem'd his boot—his robe the same,
And well the Spanish plume his lofty looks became.

XIV.

For Albert's home he sought—her finger fair
Has pointed where the father's mansion stood.
Returning from the copse he soon was there ;
And soon has Gertrude hid from dark green wood ;
*Nor joyless, by the converse, understood
Between the man of age and pilgrim young,
That gay congeniality of mood,

And early liking from acquaintance sprung ;
Full fluently conversed their guest in England's tongue.

XV.

And well could he his pilgrimage of taste
Unfold,—and much they loved his fervid strain,
While he each fair variety retraced
Of climes, and manners, o'er the eastern main.
Now happy Switzer's hills—romantic Spain,—
Gay lily fields of France,—or, more refined,
The soft Ausonia's monumental reign ;
Nor less each rural image he design'd
Than all the city's pomp and home of human kind.

XVI.

Anon some wilder portraiture he draws ;
Of Nature's savage glories he would speak,—
The loneliness of earth that overawes,—
Where, resting by some tomb of old Cacique,
The llama-driver on Peruvia's peak
Nor living voice nor motion marks around ;
But storks that to the boundless forest shriek,
Or wild-cane arch high flung o'er gulf profound,
That fluctuates when the storms of El Dorado sound.

XVII.

Pleased with his guest, the good man still would ply
Each earnest question, and his converse court ;
But Gertrude, as she eyed him, knew not why
A strange and troubling wonder stopt her short.
“ In England thou hast been,—and, by report,
An orphan's name (quoth Albert) mayst have known.
Sad tale !—when latest fell our frontier fort,—
One innocent—one soldier's child—alone
Was spared, and brought to me, who loved him as my own.

XVIII.

“ Young Henry Waldegrave ! three delightful years
These very walls his infant sports did see,
But most I loved him when his parting tears
Alternately bedew'd my child and me :
His sorest parting, Gertrude, was from thee ;
Nor half its grief his little heart could hold ;
By hundred he was sent for o'er the sea,

They tore him from us when but twelve years old,
And scarcely for his loss have I been yet consoled !”

XIX.

His face the wanderer hid—but could not hide
A tear, a smile, upon his cheek that dwell ;
“ And speak ! mysterious stranger ! (Gertrude cried)
It is !—it is !—I knew—I knew him well !
’Tis Waldegrave’s self, of Waldegrave come to tell !”
A burst of joy the father’s lips declare !
But Gertrude speechless on his bosom fell ;
At once his open arms embraced the pair,
Was never group more blest in this wide world of care.

XX.

“ And will ye pardon then (replied the youth)
Your Waldegrave’s feigned name, and false attire ?
I durst not in the neighbourhood, in truth,
The very fortunes of your house enquire ;
Lest one that knew me might some tidings dire
Impart, and I my weakness all betray,
For had I lost my Gertrude and my sire,
I meant but o’er your tombs to weep a day,
Unknown I meant to weep, unknown to pass away.

XXI.

“ But here ye live, ye bloom,—in each dear face,
The changing hand of time I may not blame ;
For there, it hath but shed more reverend grace,
And here, of beauty perfected the frame :
And well I know your hearts are still the same—
They could not change—ye look the very way,
As when an orphan first to you I came.
And have ye heard of my poor guide, I pray ?
Nay, wherefore weep ye, friends, on such a joyous day ?”

XXII.

“ And art thou here ? or is it but a dream ?
And wilt thou, Waldegrave, wilt thou, leave us more ?”—
“ No, never ! thou that yet dost lovelier seem
Than aught on earth—than ev’n thyself of yore—
I will not part thee from thy father’s shore ;
But we shall cherish him with mutual arms,
And hand in hand again the path explore

Which every ray of young remembrance warms,
While thou shalt be my own, with all thy truth and charms!"

XXIII.

At morn, as if beneath a galaxy
Of over-arching groves in blossoms white,
Where all was odorous scent and harmony,
And gladness to the heart, nerve, ear, and sight :
There, if, O gentle Love ! I read aright
The utterance that seal'd thy sacred bond,
'Twas listening to these accents of delight,
She hid upon his breast those eyes, beyond
Expression's power to paint, all languishingly fond—

XXIV.

" Flower of my life, so lovely and so lone !
Whom I would rather in this desert meet,
Scorning, and scorn'd by fortune's power, than own
Her pomp and splendours lavish'd at my feet !
Turn not from me thy breath more exquisite
Than odours cast on heaven's own shrine—to please—
Give me thy love, than luxury more sweet,
And more than all the wealth that loads the breeze,
When Coromandel's ships return from Indian seas."

XXV.

Then would that home admit them—happier far
Than grandeur's most magnificent saloon,
While, here and there, a solitary star
Flush'd in the darkening firmament of June ;
And silence brought the soul-felt hour, full soon,
Ineffable, which I may not portray ;
For never did the hymenean moon
A paradise of hearts more sacred sway,
In all that slept beneath her soft voluptuous ray.

PART III.

I.

O LOVE! in such a wilderness as this,
Where transport and security entwine,
Here is the empire of thy perfect bliss,
And here thou art a god indeed divine.
Here shall no forms abridge, no hours confine,
The views, the walks, that boundless joy inspire!
Roll on, ye days of raptured influence, shine!
Nor, blind with ecstasy's celestial fire,
Shall love behold the spark of earth-born time expire.

II.

Three little moons, how short! amidst the grove
And pastoral savannas they consume!
While she, beside her buskin'd youth to rove,
Delights, in fancifully wild costume,
Her lovely brow to shade with Indian plume;
And forth in hunter-seeming vest they fare;
But not to chase the deer in forest gloom,
'Tis but the breath of heaven—the blessed air—
And interchange of hearts unknown, unseen to share.

III.

What though the sportive dog oft round them note,
Or fawn, or wild bird bursting on the wing;
Yet who, in Love's own presence, would devote
To death those gentle throats that wake the spring,
Or writhing from the brook its victim bring?
No!—nor let fear one little warbler rouse;
But, fed by Gertrude's hand, still let them sing,
Acquaintance of her path, amidst the boughs,
That shade ev'n now her love, and witness'd first her vows.

IV.

Now labyrinths, which but themselves can pierce,
Methinks, conduct them to some pleasant ground,
Where welcome hills shut out the universe,

And pines their lawny walk encompass round ;
 There, if a pause delicious converse found,
 'Twas but when o'er each heart th' idea stole,
 (Perchance a while in joy's oblivion drown'd)
 That come what may, while life's glad pulses roll,
 Indissolubly thus should soul be knit to soul.

V.

And in the visions of romantic youth,
 What years of endless bliss are yet to flow !
 But mortal pleasure, what art thou in truth ?
 The torrent's smoothness, ere it dash below !
 And must I change my song ? and must I show,
 Sweet Wyoming ! the day when thou wert doom'd,
 Guiltless, to mourn thy loveliest bowers laid low !
 When where of yesterday a garden bloom'd,
 Death overspread his pall, and blackening ashes gloom'd !

VI.

Sad was the year, by proud oppression driven,
 When Transatlantic Liberty arose,
 Not in the sunshine and the smile of heaven,
 But wrapt in whirlwinds, and begirt with woes,
 Amidst the strife of fratricidal foes ;
 Her birth-star was the light of burning plains,*
 Her baptism is the weight of blood that flows
 From kindred hearts—the blood of British veins—
 And famine tracks her steps, and pestilential pains.

VII.

Yet, ere the storm of death hath raged remote,
 Or siege unseen in heaven reflects its beams,
 Who now each dreadful circumstance shall note,
 That fills pale Gertrude's thoughts, and nightly dreams !
 Dismal to her the forge 'of battle gleams
 Portentous light ! and music's voice is dumb ;
 Save where the fife its shrill reveillé screams,
 Or midnight streets re-echo to the drum,
 That speaks of maddening strife, and bloodstain'd fields to come.

VIII.

It was in truth a momentary pang ;
 Yet how comprising myriad shapes of woe !

* Alluding to the miseries that attended the American civil war.

First when in Gertrude's ear the summons rang,
A husband to the battle doomed to go !
" Nay meet not thou (she cried) thy kindred foe !
But peaceful let us seek fair England's strand !"
" Ah, Gertrude, thy beloved heart, I know,
Would feel like mine the stigmatising brand !
Could I forsake the cause of Freedom's holy band !

IX.

" But shame—but flight—a recreant's name to prove,
To hide in exile ignominious fears ;
Say, ev'n if this I brook'd, the public love
Thy father's bosom to his home endears :
And how could I his few remaining years,
My Gertrude, sever from so dear a child ?"
So, day by day, her boding heart he cheers :
At last that heart to hope is half beguiled,
And, pale through tears suppress'd, the mournful beauty smiled.

X.

Night came,—and in their lighted bower, full late,
The joy of converse had endured—when, hark !
Abrupt and loud, a summons shook their gate !
And heedless of the dog's obstrep'rous bark,
A form had rush'd amidst them from the dark,
And spread his arms,—and fell upon the floor :
Of aged strength his limbs retain'd the mark ;
But desolate he look'd, and famish'd poor,
As ever shipwreck'd wretch lone left on desert shore.

XI.

Uprisen, each wondering brow is knit and arch'd :
A spirit from the dead they deem him first :
To speak he tries ; but quivering, pale, and parch'd,
From lips, as by some powerless dream accursed,
Emotions unintelligible burst ;
And long his filmed eye is red and dim ;
At length the pity-proffer'd cup his thirst
Had half assuaged, and nerved his shuddering limb,
When Albert's hand he grasp'd ;—but Albert knew not him—

XII.

" And hast thou then forgot," (he cried forlorn,
And eyed the group with half indignant air.)

" O ! hast thou, Christian chief, forgot the morn
When I with thee the cup of peace did share ?
Then stately was this head, and dark this hair,
That now is white as Appalachia's snow ;
But, if the weight of fifteen years' despair,
And age hath bow'd me, and the torturing foe,
Bring me my boy—and he will his deliverer know !"—

XIII.

It was not long, with eyes and heart of flame,
Ere Henry to his loved Oncoyda flew :
" Bless thee, my guide !"—but backward, as he came,
The chief his old bewilder'd head withdrew,
And grasp'd his arm, and look'd and looked him through.
'Twas strange—nor could the group a smile control—
The long, the doubtful scrutiny to view :
At last delight o'er all his features stole,
" It is—my own," he cried, and clasp'd him to his soul.

XIV.

" Yes ! thou recal'st my pride of years, for then
The bowstring of my spirit was not slack,
When, spite of woods, and floods, and ambush'd men,
I bore thee like the quiver on my back,
Fleet as the whirlwind hurries on the rack ;
Nor foemen then, nor cougar's crouch I fear'd,*
For I was strong as mountain cataract :
And dost thou not remember how we cheer'd,
Upon the last hill-top, when white men's huts appear'd ?

XV.

" Then welcome be my death-song, and my death !
Since I have seen thee, and again embraced."
And longer had he spent his toil-worn breath ;
But with affectionate and eager haste,
Was every arm outstretched around their guest,
To welcome and to bless his aged head.
Soon was the hospitable banquet placed ;
And Gertrude's lovely hands a balsam shed
On wounds with fever'd joy that more profusely bled.

XVI.

" But this is not a time,"—he started up,
And smote his breast with woe-denouncing hand—

* Cougar, the American tiger.

"This is no time to fill the joyous cup,
The Mammoth comes,—the foe,—the Monster Brandt,—
With all his howling desolating band ;—
These eyes have seen their blade and burning pine
Awake at once, and silence half your land.
Red is the cup they drink : but not with wine :
Awake, and watch to-night, or see no morning shine !

XVII.

"Scorning to wield the hatchet for his bribe,
'Gainst Brandt himself I went to battle forth :
Accursed Brandt ! he left of all my tribe
Nor man, nor child, nor thing of living birth :
No ! not the dog that watch'd my household hearth
Escaped that night of blood, upon our plains !
All perish'd !—I alone am left on earth !
To whom nor relative nor blood remains,
No !—not a kindred drop that runs in human veins !

XVIII.

"But go !—and rouse your warriors, for, if right
These old bewildered eyes could guess, by signs
Of striped and starred banners, on yon height
Of eastern cedars, o'er the creek of pines—
Some fort embattled by your country shines :
Deep roars th' innavigable gulf below
Its squared rock, and palisaded lines.
Go ! seek the light its warlike beacons show ;
Whilst I in ambush wait, for vengeance, and the foe !"

XIX.

Scarce had he utter'd—when Heaven's verge extreme
Reverberates the bomb's descending star,—
And sounds that mingled laugh,—and shout,—and scream,—
To freeze the blood, in one discordant jar,
Rung to the peeling thunderbolts of war.
Whoop after whoop with rack the ear assail'd ;
As if unearthly fiends had burst their bar ;
While rapidly the marksman's shot prevailed :
And aye, as if for death, some lonely trumpet wail'd.

XX.

Then look'd they to the hills, where fire o'erhung
The bandit groups, in one Vesuvian glare ;
Or swept, far seen, the tower, whose clock unring

Told legible that midnight of despair.
She faints,—she falters not,—th' heroic fair,—
As he the sword and plume in haste array'd.
One short embrace—he clasp'd his dearest care—
But hark ! what nearer war-drum shakes the glade ?
Joy, joy ! Columbia's friends are trampling through the shade'

XXI.

Then came of every race the mingled swarm,
Far rung the groves and gleam'd the midnight grass,
With flambeau, javelin, and naked arm ;
As warriors wheel'd their culverins of brass,
Sprung from the woods, a bold athletic mass,
Whom virtue fires, and liberty combines :
And first the wild Moravian yagers pass,
His plumed host the dark Iberian joins—
And Scotia's sword beneath the Highland thistle shines.

XXII.

And in the buskin'd hunters of the deer,
To Albert's home, with shout and cymbal throng :—
Roused by their warlike pomp, and mirth, and cheer,
Old Outalissi woke his battle-song,
And, beating with his war-club cadence strong,
Tells how his deep-stung indignation smarts,
Of them that wrapt his house in flames, ere long,
To whet a dagger on their stony hearts,
And smile avenged ere yet his eagle spirit parts.—

XXIII.

Calm, opposite the Christian father rose,
Pale on his venerable brow its rays
Of martyr light the conflagration throws ;
One hand upon his lovely child he lays,
And one the uncover'd crowd to silence sways ;
While, though the battle flash is faster driven,—
Unaw'd, with eye unstartled by the blaze,
He for his bleeding country prays to Heaven,—
Prays that the men of blood themselves may be forgiven.

XXIV.

Short time is now for gratulating speech :
And yet, beloved Gertrude, ere began
Thy country's flight, yon distant towers to reach,
Look'd not on thee the rudest partisan

With brow relax'd to love? And murmurs ran,
As round and round their willing ranks they drew,
From beauty's sight to shield the hostile van.
Grateful, on them a placid look she threw,
Nor wopt, but as she bade her mother's grave adieu!

XXV.

Past was the flight, and welcome seem'd the tower,
That like a giant standard-bearer frown'd
Defiance on the roving Indian power,
Beneath, each bold and promontory mound
With embrasure emboss'd, and armour crown'd,
And arrowy frize, and wedged ravelin,
Wove like a diadem its tracery round
The lofty summit of that mountain green;
Here stood secure the group, and eyed a distant scene.

XXVI.

A scene of death! where fires beneath the sun,
And blended arms, and white pavilions glow;
And for the business of destruction done,
Its requiem the war-horn seem'd to blow:
There, sad spectatress of her country's woe!
The lovely Gertrude, safe from present harm,
Had laid her cheek, and clasp'd her hands of snow
On Waldegrave's shoulder, half within his arm
Enclosed, that felt her heart, and hush'd its wild alarm!

XXVII.

But short that contemplation—sad and short
The pause to bid each much-loved scene adieu!
Beneath the very shadow of the fort,
Where friendly swords were drawn, and banners flew;
Ah! who could deem that foot of Indian crew
Was near?—yet there, with lust of murd'rous deeds,
Gleam'd like a basilisk, from woods in view,
The ambush'd foeman's eye—his volley speeds,
And Albert—Albert falls! the dear old father bleeds!

XXVIII.

And tranced in giddy horror Gertrude swoon'd;
Yet, while she clasps him lifeless to her zone,
Say, burst they, borrow'd from her father's wound,
These drops?—Oh, God! the life-blood is her own!
And faltering, on her Waldegrave's bosom thrown—

"Weep not, O Love!"—she cries, "to see me bleed—
Thee, Gertrude's sad survivor, thee alone
Heaven's peace commiserate; for scarce I heed
These wounds;—yet thee to leave is death, is death indeed!

XXIX.

"Clasp me a little longer on the brink
Of fate! while I can feel thy dear caress;
And when this heart hath ceased to beat—oh! think,
And let it mitigate thy woe's excess,
That thou hast been to me all tenderness,
And friend to more than human friendship just.
Oh! by that retrospect of happiness,
And by the hopes of an immortal trust,
God shall assuage thy pangs—when I am laid in dust!

XXX.

"Go, Henry, go not back, when I depart,
The scene thy bursting tears too deep will move,
Where my dear father took thee to his heart,
And Gertrude thought it ecstasy to rove
With thee, as with an angel, through the grove
Of peace, imagining her lot was cast
In heaven; for ours was not like earthly love.
And must this parting be our very last?
No! I shall love thee still, when death itself is past.—

XXXI.

"Half could I bear, methinks, to leave this earth,—
And thee, more loved than aught beneath the sun,
If I had lived to smile but on the birth
Of one dear pledge; but shall there then be none,
In future times—no gentle little one,
To clasp thy neck, and look, resembling me?
Yet seems it, ev'n while life's last pulses run,
A sweetness in the cup of death to be,
Lord of my bosom's love! to die beholding thee!"

XXXII.

Hush'd were his Gertrude's lips! but still their bland
And beautiful expression seem'd to melt
With love that could not die! and still his hand
She presses to the heart no more that felt.
Ah, heart! where once each fond affection dwelt,
And features yet that spoke a soul more fair.

Mute, gazing, agonising, as he knelt,—
Of them that stood encircling his despair,
He heard some friendly words;—but knew not what they were.

XXXIII.

For now, to mourn their judge and child, arrives
A faithful band. With solemn rites between
’Twas sung, how they were lovely in their lives,
And in their deaths had not divided been.
Touch’d by the music, and the melting scene,
Was scarce one tearless eye amidst the crowd :—
Storn warriors, resting on their swords, were seen
To veil their eyes, as pass’d each much-loved shroud—
While woman’s softer soul in woe dissolved aloud.

XXXIV.

Then mournfully the parting bugle bid
Its farewell, o’er the grave of worth and truth ;
Prone to the dust, afflicted Waldegrave hid
His face on earth ;—him watch’d, in gloomy ruth,
His woodland guide : but words had none to soothe
The grief that knew not consolation’s name :
Casting his Indian mantle o’er the youth,
He watch’d, beneath its folds, each burst that came
Convulsive, ague-like, across his shuddering frame !

XXXV.

“ And I could weep ; ”—th’ Oneyda chief
His descant wildly thus begun :
“ But that I may not stain with grief
The death-song of my father’s son,
Or bow this head in woe !
For by my wrongs, and by my wrath !
To-morrow Arcouski’s breath,
(That fires yon heaven with storms of death,)
Shall light us to the foe :
And we shall share, my Christian boy !
The foeman’s blood, the avenger’s joy !

XXXVI.

“ But thee, my flower, whose breath was given
By milder genii o’er the deep,
The spirits of the white man’s heaven
Forbid not thee to weep :—
Nor will the Christian host,

Nor will thy father's spirit grieve,
To see thee on the battle's eve,
Lamenting, take a mournful leave
Of her who loved thee most :
She was the rainbow to thy sight !
Thy sun—thy heaven—of lost delight !

XXXVII.

" To-morrow let us do or die !
But when the bolt of death is hurl'd,
Ah ! whither then with thee to fly,
Shall Outalissi roam the world ?
Seek we thy once-loved home ?
The hand is gone that cropt its flowers :
Unheard their clock repeats its hours !
Cold is the hearth within their bowers !
And should we thither roam,
Its echoes, and its empty tread,
Would sound like voices from the dead !

XXXVIII.

" Or shall we cross yon mountains blue,
Whose streams my kindred nation quaff'd,
And by my side, in battle true,
A thousand warriors drew the shaft ?
Ah ! there, in desolation cold,
The desert serpent dwells alone,
Where grass o'ergrows each mouldering bone,
And stones themselves to ruin grown,
Like me, are death-like old.
Then seek we not their camp,—for there—
The silence dwells of my despair !

XXXIX.

" But hark, the tramp !—to-morrow thou
In glory's fires shalt dry thy tears :
Even from the land of shadows now
My father's awful ghost appears,
Amidst the clouds that round us roll ;
He bids my soul for battle thirst—
He bids me dry the last—the first—
The only tears that ever burst
From Outalissi's soul ;
Because I may not stain with grief
The death-song of an Indian chief !"

MISCELLANEOUS.

O'CONNOR'S CHILD ;

OR

"THE FLOWER OF LOVE LIES BLEEDING."

I.

OH ! once the harp of Innisfail*
Was strung full high to notes of gladness ;
But yet it often told a tale
Of more prevailing sadness.
Sad was the note, and wild its fall,
As winds that moan at night forlorn
Along the isles of Fion-Gall,
When, for O'Connor's child to mourn,
The harper told, how lone, how far
From any mansion's twinkling star,
From any path of social men,
Or voice, but from the fox's den,
The lady in the desert dwelt ;
And yet no wrongs, no fears she felt :
Say, why should dwell in place so wild,
The lovely, pale, O'Connor's child ?

II.

Sweet lady ! she no more inspires
Green Erin's hearts with beauty's power,
As, in the palace of her sires,
She bloomed a peerless flower,

* Ireland.

Gone from her hand and bosom, gone,
 The royal broche, the jewell'd ring,
 That o'er her dazzling whiteness shone,
 Like dews on lilies of the spring.
 Yet why, though fall'n her brother's kerne,*
 Beneath De Bourgo's battle stern,
 While yet in Leinster unexplored,
 Her friends survive the English sword;
 Why lingers she from Erin's host,
 So far on Galway's shipwreck'd coast;
 Why wanders she a huntress wild—
 The lovely, pale, O'Connor's child?

III.

And fix'd on empty space, why burn
 Her eyes with momentary wildness;
 And wherfore do they then return
 To more than woman's mildness?
 Dishevell'd are her raven locks;
 On Connocht Moran's name she calls;
 And oft amidst the lonely rocks
 She sings sweet madrigals,
 Placed 'midst the fox-glove and the moss,
 Behold a parted warrior's cross!
 That is the spot where, evermore,
 The lady, at her shieling† door,
 Enjoys that, in communion sweet,
 The living and the dead can meet,
 For, lo! to love-lorn fantasy,
 The hero of her heart is nigh.

IV.

Bright as the bow that spans the storm,
 In Erin's yellow vesture clad,
 A son of light—a lovely form,
 He comes and makes her glad;
 Now on the grass-green turf he sits,
 His tassell'd horn beside him laid;
 Now o'er the hills in chase he fits,
 The hunter and the deer a shade!
 Sweet mourner! these are shadows vain
 That cross the twilight of her brain;
 Yet she will tell you, she is blest,

* Ancient Irish foot-soldiers.

† Cabin.

Of Connocht Moran's tomb possess'd
More richly than in Aghrim's bower,
When bards high praised her beauty's power,
And kneeling pages offer'd up
The mórat in a golden cup.

V.

"A hero's bride! this desert bower,
It ill befits thy gentle breeding:
And wherefore dost thou love this flower
To call—'My love lies bleeding?'"

"This purple flower my tears have nursed
A hero's blood supplied its bloom:
I love it, for it was the first
That grew on Connocht Moran's tomb.
Oh! hearken, stranger, to my voice!
This desert mansion is my choice!
And blest, though fatal, be the star
That led me to its wilds afar:
For here these pathless mountains free
Gave shelter to my love and me;
And every rock and every stone
Bore witness that he was my own.

VI.

"O'Connor's child, I was the bud
Of Erin's royal tree of glory;
But woe to them that wrapt in blood
The tissue of my story!

Still as I clasp my burning brain,
A death-scene rushes on my sight;
It rises o'er and o'er again,
The bloody feud—the fatal night,
When chafing Connocht Moran's scorn,
They call'd my hero basely born;
And bade him choose a meaner bride
Than from O'Connor's house of pride.
Their tribe, they said, their high degree,
Was sung in Tara's psaltery;
Witness their Eath's victorious brand,
And Cathal of the bloody hand,
Glory (they said) and power and honour
Were in the mansion of O'Connor:
But he, my loved one, bore in field
A humbler crest, a meaner shield.

VII.

" Ah, brothers ! what did it avail,
That fiercely and triumphantly
Ye fought the English of the Pale,
And stemm'd De Bourgo's chivalry !
And what was it to love and me,
That barons by your standard rode ;
Or beal-fires for your jubilee
Upon a hundred mountains glow'd ?
What though the lords of tower and dome
From Shannon to the North-Sea foam,—
Thought ye your iron hands of pride
Could break the knot that love had tied ?
No :—let the eagle change his plume,
The leaf its hue, the flower its bloom ;
But ties around this heart were spun,
That could not, would not, be undone !

VIII.

" At bleating of the wild watch-fold
Thus sang my love—' Oh, come with me :
Our bark is on the lake, behold
Our steeds are fastened to the tree.
Come far from Castle-Connor's clans :—
Come with thy belted forester,
And I, beside the lake of swans,
Shall hunt for thee the fallow-deer ;
And build thy hut, and bring thee home
The wild-fowl and the honey-comb ;
And berries from the wood provide,
And play my clarshech by thy side.
Then come, my love ! '—How could I stay ?
Our nimble stag-hounds track'd the way,
And I pursued, by moonless skies,
The light of Connocht Moran's eyes.

IX.

" And fast and far, before the star
Of day-spring, rush'd we through the glade,
And saw at dawn the lofty bawn
Of Castle-Connor fade.
Sweet was to us the hermitage
Of this unplough'd, untrodden shore ;
Like birds all joyous from the cage,

For man's neglect we lov'd it more,
And well he knew, my huntsman dear,
To search the game with hawk and spear ;
While I, his evening food to dress,
Would sing to him in happiness.
But, oh, that midnight of despair !
When I was doomed to rend my hair :
The night, to me, of shrieking sorrow !
The night, to him, that had no morrow !

X.

" When all was hush'd at even tide,
I heard the baying of their beagle :
Be hush'd ! my Connocht Moran cried,
'Tis but the screaming of the eagle.
Alas ; 'twas not the cyrie's sound ;
Their bloody bands had track'd us out ;
Up-listening starts our couchant hound—
And, hark ! again, that nearer shout
Brings faster on the murderers.
Spare—spare him—Brazil—Desmond fierce !
In vain—no voice the adder charms ;
Their weapons cross'd my sheltering arms :
Another's sword has laid him low--
Another's and another's ;
And every hand that dealt the blow—
Ah me ! it was a brother's !
Yes, when his moanings died away,
Their iron hands had dug the clay,
And o'er his burial turf they trod,
And I beheld—oh God ! oh God !—
His life-blood oozing from the sod.

XI.

" Warm in his death-wounds sepulchred,
Alas ! my warrior's spirit brave
Nor mass nor ulla-lulla heard,
Lamenting, soothe his grave.
Dragg'd to their hated mansion back,
How long in thralldom's grasp I lay
I knew not, for my soul was black,
And knew no change of night or day.
One night of horror round me grew ;
Or if I saw, or felt, or knew,
'Twas but when those grim visages,

The angry brothers of my race,
Glared on each eye-ball's aching throb
And check'd my bosom's power to sob,
Or when my heart with pulses drear
Beat like a death-watch to my ear.

XII.

" But Heaven, at last, my soul's eclipse
Did with a vision bright inspire ;
I woke and felt upon my lips
A prophetess's fire.
Thrice in the east a war-drum beat,
I heard the Saxon's trumpet sound,
And ranged, as to the judgment-seat,
My guilty, trembling brothers round.
Clad in the helm and shield they came ;
For now De Bourgo's sword and flame
Had ravaged Ulster's boundaries,
And lighted up the midnight skies.
The standard of O'Connor's sway
Was in the turret where I lay ;
That standard, with so dire a look,
As ghastly shone the moon and pale,
I gave,—that every bosom shook
Beneath its iron mail.

XIII.

" And go ! (I cried) the combat seek,
Ye hearts that unappalled bore
The anguish of a sister's shriek,
Go !—and return no more !
For sooner guilt the ordeal brand
Shall grasp unhurt, than ye shall hold
The banner with victorious hand,
Beneath a sister's curse unroll'd.
O stranger ! by my country's loss !
And by my love ! and by the cross !
I swear I never could have spoke
The curse that sever'd nature's yoke,
But that a spirit o'er me stood,
And fired me with the wrathful mood ;
And frenzy to my heart was given,
To speak the malison of heaven.

XIV.

" They would have cross'd themselves, all mute ;

They would have pray'd to burst the spell ;
But at the stamping of my foot
Each hand down powerless fell !
And go to Athunree ! (I cried)
High lift the banner of your pride !
But know that where its sheet unrolls,
The weight of blood is on your souls !
Go where the havoc of your kerne
Shall float as high as mountain fern !
Men shall no more your mansion know ;
The nettles on your hearth shall grow !
Dead, as the green oblivious flood
'That mantles by your walls, shall be
The glory of O'Connor's blood !
Away ! away to Athunree !
Where, downward when the sun shall fall,
The raven's wing shall be your pall !
And not a vassal shall unlace
The vizor from your dying face !

XV.

" A bolt that overhung our dome
Suspended till my curse was given,
Soon as it pass'd these lips of foam,
Peal'd in the blood-red heaven.
Dire was the look that o'er their backs
The angry parting brothers threw :
But now, behold ! like cataracts,
Come down the hills in view
O'Connor's plumed partisans ;
Thrice ten Innisfallian clans
Were marching to their doom :
A sudden storm their plumage toss'd,
A flash of lightning o'er them cross'd,
And all again was gloom !

XVI.

" Stranger ! I fled the home of grief,
At Connocht Moran's tomb to fall ;
I found the helmet of my chief,
His bow still hanging on our wall,
And took it down, and vow'd to rove
This desert place a huntress bold ;
Nor would I change my buried love
For any heart of living mould.

No ! for I am a hero's child ;
I'll hunt my quarry in the wild ;
And still my home this mansion make,
Of all unheeded and unheeding,
And cherish, for my warrior's sake—
' The flower of love lies bleeding.' ”

LOCHIEL'S WARNING.

WIZARD—LOCHIEL.

WIZARD.

LOCHIEL, Lochiel ! beware of the day
When the Lowlands shall meet thee in battle array !
For a field of the dead rushes red on my sight,
And the clans of Culloden are scatter'd in fight.
They rally, they bleed, for their kingdom and crown ;
Woe, woe to the riders that trample them down !
Proud Cumberland prances, insulting the slain,
And their hoof-beaten bosoms are trod to the plain.
But hark ! through the fast-flashing lightning of war,
What steed to the desert flies frantic and far ?
'Tis thine, oh Glenullin ! whose bride shall await,
Like a love-lighted watch-fire, all night at the gate.
A steed comes at morning : no rider is there ;
But its bridle is red with the sign of despair.
Weep, Albin ! to death and captivity led !
Oh weep ! but thy tears cannot number the dead :
For a merciless sword on Culloden shall wave,
Culloden ! that reeks with the blood of the brave.

LOCHIEL.

Go, preach to the coward, thou death-telling seer !
Or, if gory Culloden so dreadful appear,
Draw, dotard, around thy old wavering sight
This mantle, to cover the phantoms of fright.

WIZARD.

Ha ! laugh'st thou, Lochiel, my vision to scorn ?
Proud bird of the mountain, thy plume shall be torn !

Say, rush'd the bold eagle exultingly forth,
From his home, in the dark rolling clouds of the north ?
Lo ! the death-shot of foemen outspeeding, he rode
Companionless, bearing destruction abroad ;
But down let him stoop from his havoc on high !
Ah ! home let him speed,—for the spoiler is nigh.
Why flames the far summit ? Why shoot to the blast
Those embers, like stars from the firmament cast ?
'Tis the fire-shower of ruin, all dreadfully driven
From his eyrie, that beacons the darkness of heaven.
Oh, crested Lochiel ! the peerless in might,
Whose banners arise on the battlements' height,
Heaven's fire is around thee, to blast and to burn ;
Return to thy dwelling ! all lonely return !
For the blackness of ashes shall mark where it stood,
And a wild mother scream o'er her famishing brood.

LOCHIEL.

False Wizard, avaunt ! I have marshall'd my clan,
Their swords are a thousand, their bosoms are one !
They are true to the last of their blood and their breath,
And like reapers descend to the harvest of death.
Then welcome be Cumberland's steed to the shock !
Let him dash his proud foam like a wave on the rock !
But woe to his kindred, and woe to his cause,
When Albin her claymore indignantly draws ;
When her bonneted chieftains to victory crowd,
Clanronald the dauntless, and Moray the proud,
All plaided and plumed in their tartan array——

WIZARD.

——Lochiel, Lochiel ! beware of the day ;
For, dark and despairing, my sight I may seal,
But man cannot cover what God would reveal ;
'Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,
And coming events cast their shadows before.
I tell thee, Culloden's dread echoes shall ring
With the bloodhounds that bark for thy fugitive king.
Lo ! anointed by heaven with the vials of wrath,
Behold, where he flies on his desolate path !
Now in darkness and billows, he sweeps from my sight :
Rise, rise ! ye wild tempests, and cover his flight !
'Tis finish'd. Their thunders are hush'd on the moors :
Culloden is lost, and my country deplores.
But where is the iron-bound prisoner ? Where ?

For the red eye of battle is shut in despair.
 Say, mounts he the ocean-wave, banish'd, forlorn,
 Like a limb from his country east bleeding and torn?
 Ah no! for a darker departure is near;
 The war-drum is muffled, and black is the bier;
 His death-bell is tolling: oh! mercy, dispel
 Yon sight, that it freezes my spirit to tell!
 Life flutters convulsed in his quivering limbs,
 And his blood-streaming nostril in agony swims.
 Accursed be the faggots, that blaze at his feet,
 Where his heart shall be thrown, ere it ceases to beat,
 With the smoke of its ashes to poison the gale——

LOCHIEL.

——Down, soothless insulter! I trust not the tale:
 For never shall Albin a destiny meet,
 So black with dishonour, so foul with retreat.
 Tho' my perishing ranks should be strew'd in their gore,
 Like ocean-weeds heap'd on the surf-beaten shore,
 Lochiel, untainted by flight or by chains,
 While the kindling of life in his bosom remains,
 Shall victor exult, or in death be laid low,
 With his back to the field, and his feet to the foe!
 And leaving in battle no blot on his name,
 Look proudly to Heaven from the death-bed of fame.

YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND.

A NAVAL ODE.

I.

Ye Mariners of England!
 That guard our native seas;
 Whose flag has braved, a thousand years,
 The battle and the breeze!
 Your glorious standard launch again
 To match another foe!
 And sweep through the deep,
 While the stormy winds do blow;
 While the battle rages loud and long,
 And the stormy winds do blow.

II.

The spirits of your fathers
Shall start from every wave !—
For the deck it was their field of fame,
And Ocean was their grave :
Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell,
Your manly hearts shall glow,
As ye sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow,
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

III.

Britannia needs no bulwarks,
No towers along the steep ;
Her march is o'er the mountain-waves,
Her home is on the deep.
With thunders from her native oak,
She quells the floods below,—
As they roar on the shore,
When the stormy winds do blow :
When the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

IV.

The meteor flag of England
Shall yet terrific burn ;
Till danger's troubled night depart,
And the star of peace return.
Then, then, ye ocean-warriors !
Our song and feast shall flow
To the fame of your name,
When the storm has ceased to blow ;
When the fiery fight is heard no more,
And the storm has ceased to blow.

BATTLE OF THE BALTIC.

I.

OF Nelson and the North
Sing the glorious day's renown,
When to battle fierce came forth
All the might of Denmark's crown,
And her arms along the deep proudly shone ;
By each gun the lighted brand,
In a bold determined hand,
And the Prince of all the land
Led them on.—

II.

Like leviathans afloat,
Lay their bulwarks on the brine ;
While the sign of battle flew
On the lofty British line :
It was ten of April morn by the chime :
As they drifted on their path,
There was silence deep as death ;
And the boldest held his breath,
For a time.—

III.

But the might of England flush'd
To anticipate the scene ;
And her van the fleetest rush'd
O'er the deadly space between.
" Hearts of oak ! " our captain cried ; when each gun
From its adamantine lips
Spread a death-shade round the ships,
Like the hurricane eclipse
Of the sun.

IV.

Again ! again ! again !
And the havoc did not slack,
Till a feeble cheer the Dane
To our cheering sent us back ;—
Their shots along the deep slowly boom :—
Then ceased—and all is wail,
As they strike the shatter'd sail ;
Or, in conflagration pale,
Light the gloom.—

V.

Out spoke the victor then,
As he hailed them o'er the wave ;
" Ye are brothers ! ye are men !
And we conquer but to save :—
So peace instead of death let us bring ;
But yield, proud foe, thy fleet,
With the crews, at England's feet,
And make submission meet
To our King."—

VI.

Then Denmark bless'd our chief,
That he gave her wounds repose ;
And the sounds of joy and grief
From her people wildly rose,
As Death withdrew his shades from the day.
While the sun look'd smiling bright
O'er a wide and woeful sight,
Where the fires of funeral light
Died away.

VII.

Now joy, Old England, raise !
For the tidings of thy might,
By the festal cities' blaze,
Whilst the wine-cup shines in light ;
And yet amidst that joy and uproar,
Let us think of them that sleep,
Full many a fathom deep,
By thy wild and stormy steep,
Elsinore !

VIII.

Brave hearts ! to Britain's pride
Once so faithful and so true,
On the deck of fame that died ;—
With the gallant good Riou ;*
Soft sigh the winds of Heaven o'er their grave !
While the billow mournful rolls,
And the mermaid's song condole,
Singing glory to the souls
Of the brave !

* Captain Riou, justly entitled the gallant and the good, by Lord Nelson, when he wrote home his despatches.

GLENARA.

O HEARD ye yon pibroch sound sad in the gale,
Where a band cometh slowly with weeping and wail ?
'Tis the chief of Glenara laments for his dear ;
And her sire, and the people, are call'd to her bier.

Glenara came first with the mourners and shroud ;
Her kinsmen they follow'd, but mourn'd not aloud :
Their plaids all their bosoms were folded around ;
They march'd all in silence,—they look'd on the ground.

In silence they reach'd over mountain and moor,
To a heath, where the oak-tree grew lonely and hoar :
“ Now here let us place the grey stone of her cairn :
Why speak ye no word ? ”—said Glenara the stern.

“ And tell me, I charge you ! ye clan of my spouse,
Why fold ye your mantles, why cloud ye your brows ? ”
So spake the rude chieftain :—no answer is made,
But each mantle unfolding, a dagger display'd.

“ I dreamt of my lady, I dreamt of her shroud,”
Cried a voice from the kinsmen, all wrathful and loud ;
“ And empty that shroud, and that coffin did seem :
Glenara ! Glenara ! now read me my dream ! ”

O ! pale grew the cheek of that chieftain, I ween,
When the shroud was unclosed, and no lady was seen ;
When a voice from the kinsmen spoke louder in scorn,
’Twas the youth who had loved the fair Ellen of Lorn :

“ I dreamt of my lady, I dreamt of her grief,
I dreamt that her lord was a barbarous chief :
On a rock of the ocean fair Ellen did seem ;
Glenara ! Glenara ! now read me my dream ! ”

In dust, low the traitor has knelt to the ground,
And the desert reveal'd where his lady was found ;
From a rock of the ocean that beauty is borne—
Now joy to the house of fair Ellen of Lorn !

HOHENLINDEN.

ON Linden, when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay th' untrodden snow,
And dark as winter was the flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

But Linden saw another sight,
When the drum beat, at dead of night,
Commanding fires of death to light
The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast array'd,
Each horseman drew his battle-blade,
And furious every charger neigh'd,
To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills with thunder riven,
Then rush'd the steed to battle driven,
And louder than the bolts of heaven,
Far flash'd the red artillery.

But redder yet that light shall glow
On Linden's hills of stained snow,
And bloodier yet the torrent flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

'Tis morn, but scarce yon level sun
Can pierce the war-clouds, rolling dun,
Where furious Frank, and fiery Hun,
Shout in their sulph'rous canopy.

The combat deepens. On, ye brave,
Who rush to glory, or the grave!
Wave, Munich! all thy banners wave,
And charge with all thy chivalry!

Few, few, shall part where many meet!
The snow shall be their winding-sheet,
And every turf beneath their feet
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.

EXILE OF ERIN.

THERE came to the beach a poor Exile of Erin,
The dew on his thin robe was heavy and chill :
For his country he sigh'd, when at twilight repairing
To wander alone by the wind-beaten hill :
But the day-star attracted his eye's sad devotion,
For it rose o'er his own native isle of the ocean,
Where once, in the fire of his youthful emotion,
He sang the bold anthem of Erin go bragh.
Sad is my fate ! said the heart-broken stranger ;
The wild deer and wolf to a covert can flee,
But I have no refuge from famine and danger,
A home and a country remain not to me.
Never again, in the green sunny bowers,
Where my forefathers lived, shall I spend the sweet hours,
Or cover my harp with the wild-woven flowers,
And strike to the numbers of Erin go bragh !
Erin, my country ! though sad and forsaken,
In dreams I revisit thy sea-beaten shore ;
But, alas ! in a far foreign land I awaken,
And sigh for the friends who can meet me no more !
Oh cruel fate ! wilt thou never replace me
In a mansion of peace—where no perils can chase me ?
Never again shall my brothers embrace me ?
They died to defend me, or live to deplore !
Where is my cabin-door, fast by the wild wood ?
Sisters and sire ! did ye weep for its fall ?
Where is the mother that look'd on my childhood ?
And where is the bosom friend, dearer than all ?
Oh ! my sad heart ! long abandon'd by pleasure,
Why did it dote on a fast-fading treasure ?
Tears, like the rain-drop, may fall without measure,
But rapture and beauty they cannot recal.
Yet all its sad recollections suppressing,
One dying wish my lone bosom can draw :
Erin ! an exile bequeaths thee his blessing,
Land of my forefathers ! Erin go bragh !
Buried and cold, when my heart stills her motion,
Green be thy fields,—sweetest isle of the ocean !
And thy harp-striking bards sing aloud with devotion,—
Erin mavournin—Erin go bragh !*

* Ireland, my darling, Ireland for ever.

LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER.

A CHIEFTAIN, to the Highlands bound,
Cries, "Boatman, do not tarry!
And I'll give thee a silver pound
To row us o'er the ferry."—

"Now who be ye, would cross Lochgyle,
This dark and stormy water?"
"O, I'm the chief of Ulva's isle,
And this Lord Ullin's daughter.—

"And fast before her father's men
Three days we've fled together,
For should he find us in the glen,
My blood would stain the heather.

"His horsemen hard behind us ride;
Should they our steps discover,
Then who will cheer my bonny bride
When they have slain her lover?"

Out spoke the hardy Highland wight,
"I'll go, my chief—I'm ready:—
It is not for your silver bright;
But for your winsome lady:

"And by my word! the bonny bird
In danger shall not tarry:
So though the waves are raging white,
I'll row you o'er the ferry."—

By this the storm grew loud apace,
The water-wraith was shrieking;
And in the scowl of heaven each face
Grew dark as they were speaking.

But still as wilder blew the wind,
And as the night grew drearer,
Adown the glen rode armed men,
Their trampling sounded nearer.—

"O haste thee, haste!" the lady cries,
 "Though tempests round us gather;
 I'll meet the raging of the skies,
 But not an angry father."—

The boat has left a stormy land,
 A stormy sea before her,—
 When, oh! too strong for human hand,
 The tempest gather'd o'er her.—

And still they row'd amidst the roar
 Of waters fast prevailing:
 Lord Ullin reach'd that fatal shore,
 His wrath was changed to wailing.—

For sore dismay'd, through storm and shade,
 His child he did discover:—
 One lovely hand she stretch'd for aid,
 And one was round her lover.

"Come back! come back!" he cried in grief,
 "Across this stormy water:
 And I'll forgive your Highland chief,
 My daughter!—oh, my daughter!"—

'Twas vain:—the loud waves lash'd the shore,
 Return or aid preventing:—
 The waters wild went o'er his child,
 And he was left lamenting.

LINES

WRITTEN ON VISITING A SCENE IN ARGYLESIRE.

At the silence of twilight's contemplative hour,
 I have mused in a sorrowful mood,
 On the wind-shaken weeds that embosom the bower,
 Where the home of my forefathers stood.
 All ruined and wild is their roofless abode,
 And lonely the dark raven's sheltering tree:
 And travell'd by few is the grass-cover'd road,
 Where the hunter of deer and the warrior trode,
 To his hills that encircle the sea.

Yet wandering, I found on my ruinous walk,
 By the dial-stone aged and green, ,
 One rose of the wilderness left on its stalk,
 To mark where a garden had been.
 Like a brotherless hermit, the last of its race,
 All wild in the silence of nature, it drew,
 From each wandering sun-beam, a lonely embrace,
 For the night-weed and thorn overshadow'd the place,
 Where the flower of my forefathers grew.

Sweet bud of the wilderness ! emblem of all
 That remains in this desolate heart !
 The fabric of bliss to its centre may fall,
 But patience shall never depart !
 Though the wilds of enchantment, all vernal and bright,
 In the days of delusion by fancy combined
 With the vanishing phantoms of love and delight,
 Abandon my soul, like a dream of the night,
 And leave but a desert behind.

Be hush'd, my dark spirit ! for wisdom condemns
 When the faint and the feeble deplore ;
 Be strong as the rock of the ocean that stems
 A thousand wild waves on the shore !
 Through the perils of chance, and the scowl of disdain,
 May thy front be unaltered, thy courage elate !
 Yea ! even the name I have worshipp'd in vain
 Shall awake not the sigh of remembrance again :
 To bear is to conquer our fate.

LINES

*(Written at the request of the Highland Society in London, when met
 to commemorate the 21st of March, the day of victory in Egypt.)*

PLEDGE to the much-loved land that gave us birth !
 Invincible romantic Scotia's shore !
 Pledge to the memory of her parted worth !
 And first, amidst the brave, remember Moore !

And be it deem'd not wrong that name to give,
 In festive hours, which prompts the patriot's sigh !
 Who would not envy such as Moore to live ?
 And died he not as heroes wish to die ?

Yes, though too soon attaining glory's goal,
To us his bright career too short was given ;
Yet in a mighty cause his phoenix soul
Rose on the flames of victory to Heaven !

How oft (if beats in subjugated Spain
One patriot heart) in secret shall it mourn
For him !—How oft on far Corunna's plain
Shall British exiles weep upon his urn !

Peace to the mighty dead !—our bosom thanks
In sprightlier strains the living may inspire !
Joy to the chiefs that lead Old Scotia's ranks,
Of Roman garb and more than Roman fire !

Triumphant be the thistle still unfurl'd,
Dear symbol wild ! on Freedom's hills it grows,
Where Fingal stemm'd the tyrants of the world,
And Roman eagles found unconquer'd foes.

Joy to the band* this day on Egypt's coast,
Whose valour tamed proud France's tricolor,
And wrench'd the banner from her bravest host,
Baptiz'd Invincible in Austria's gore !

Joy for the day on red Vimeira's strand,
When, bayonet to bayonet opposed,
First of Britannia's host her Highland band
Gave but the death-shot once, and foremost closed !

Is there a son of generous England here
Or fervid Erin ?—he with us shall join,
To pray that in eternal union dear,
The rose, the shamrock, and the thistle twine !

Types of a race who shall th' invader scorn,
As rocks resist the billows round their shore ;
Types of a race who shall to time unborn
Their country leave unconquered as of yore !

•
LINES ON THE GRAVE OF A SUICIDE.

By strangers left upon a lonely shore,
Unknown, unhonour'd, was the friendless dead ;
For child to weep, or widow to deplore,
There never came to his unburied head :—
All from his dreary habitation fled.
Nor will the lantern'd fishermen at eve
Launch on that water by the witches' tower,
Where hellebore and hemlock seem to weave
Round its dark vaults a melancholy bower
For spirits of the dead at night's enchanted hour.

They dread to meet thee, poor unfortunate !
Whose crime it was, on Life's unfinish'd road,
To feel the step-dame buffetings of fate,
And render back thy being's heavy load.
Ah ! once, perhaps, the social passions glow'd
In thy devoted bosom—and the hand
That smote its kindred heart, might yet be prone
To deeds of mercy. Who may understand
Thy many woes, poor suicide, unknown ?—
He who thy being gave shall judge of thee alone.

—
THE SOLDIER'S DREAM.

Our bugles sang truce—for the night-cloud had lower'd,
And the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky ;
And thousands had sunk on the ground overpower'd,
The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die.

When reposing that night on my pallet of straw,
By the wolf-scaring faggot that guarded the slain ;
At the dead of the night a sweet vision I saw,
And thrice ere the morning I dream't it again.

Methought from the battle-field's dreadful array,
Far, far I had roam'd on a desolate track :
'Twas Autumn,—and sunshine arose on the way
To the home of my fathers, that welcomed me back.

I flew to the pleasant fields traversed so oft
In life's morning march, when my bosom was young ;
I heard my own mountain-goats bleating aloft,
And knew the sweet strain that the corn-reapers sung.

Then pledged we the wine-cup, and fondly I swore,
From my home and my weeping friends never to part ;
My little ones kissed me a thousand times o'er,
And my wife sobb'd aloud in her fulness of heart.

Stay, stay with us,—rest, thou art weary and worn ;
And fain was their war-broken soldier to stay ;—
But sorrow returned with the dawning of morn,
And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away.

GILDEROY.

THE last, the fatal hour is come,
That bears my love from me :
I hear the dead note of the drum,
I mark the gallows' tree !

The bell has toll'd ; it shakes my heart ;
The trumpet speaks thy name ;
And must my Gilderoy depart
To bear a death of shame ?

No bosom trembles for thy doom ;
No mourner wipes a tear ;
The gallows' foot is all thy tomb,
The sledge is all thy bier.

Oh, Gilderoy ! bethought we then
So soon, so sad to part,
When first in Roslin's lovely glen
You triumph'd o'er my heart ?

Your looks they glitter'd to the sheen,
Your hunter garb was trim ;
And graceful was the ribbon green
That bound your manly limb !

Ah ! little thought I to deplore
Those limbs in fetters bound ;
Or hear, upon the scaffold floor,
The midnight hammer sound.

Ye cruel, cruel, that combined .
The guiltless to pursue ;
My Gilderoy was ever kind,
He could not injure you !

A long adieu ! but where shall fly
Thy widow all forlorn,
When every mean and cruel eye
Regards my woe with scorn ?

Yes ! they will mock thy widow's tears,
And hate thine orphan boy ;
Alas ! his infant beauty wears
The form of Gilderoy.

Then will I seek the dreary mound
That wraps thy mouldering clay,
And weep and linger on the ground,
And sigh my heart away.

THE HARPER.

On the green banks of Shannon, when Sheelah was nigh,
No blithe Irish lad was so happy as I ;
No harp like my own could so cheerily play,
And wherever I went was my poor dog Tray.

When at last I was forced from my Sheelah to part,
She said, (while the sorrow was big at her heart,)
Oh ! remember your Sheelah when far, far away :
And be kind, my dear Pat, to our poor dog Tray.

Poor dog ! he was faithful and kind, to be sure,
And he constantly loved me, although I was poor ;
When the sour-looking folks sent me heartless away,
I had always a friend in my poor dog Tray.

When the road was so dark, and the night was so cold,
And Pat and his dog were grown weary and old,
How snugly we slept in my old coat of grey,
And he lick'd me for kindness—my poor dog Tray.

Though my wallet was scant, I remember'd his case,
Nor refused my last crust to his pitiful face ;
But he died at my feet on a cold winter day,
And I play'd a sad lament for my poor dog Tray.

Where now shall I go, poor, forsaken, and blind ?
Can I find one to guide me, so faithful, and kind ?
To my sweet native village, so far, far away,
I can never more return with my poor dog Tray.

THE WOUNDED HUSSAR.

ALONE to the banks of the dark-rolling Danube
Fair Adelaide hied when the battle was o'er :—
" Oh whither," she cried, " hast thou wander'd, my lover,
Or here dost thou welter and bleed on the shore ?

" What voice did I hear ? 'twas my Henry that sigh'd !"
All mournful she hasten'd, nor wander'd she far,
When bleeding, and low, on the heath she descried,
By the light of the moon, her poor wounded Hussar !

From his bosom that heaved, the last torrent was streaming,
And pale was his visage, deep mark'd with a scar
And dim was that eye, once expressively beaming,
That melted in love, and that kindled in war !

How smit was poor Adelaide's heart at the sight !
How bitter she wept o'er the victim of war !
" Hast thou come, my fond Love, this last sorrowful night,
To cheer the lone heart of your wounded Hussar ? "

" Thou shalt live," she replied, " Heaven's mercy relieving
Each anguishing wound, shall forbid me to mourn !"—
" Ah no ! the last pang of my bosom is heaving !
No light of the morn shall to Henry return !

Thou charmer of life, ever tender and true !
Ye babes of my love, that await me afar !"—
His faltering tongue scarce could murmur adieu,
When he sunk in her arms—the poor wounded Hussar !

ODE TO WINTER.

WHEN first the fiery-mantled sun
His heavenly race began to run ;
Round the earth and ocean blue,
His children four the Seasons flew.
First, in green apparel dancing,
The young Spring smiled with angel grace ;
Rosy Summer next advancing,
Rush'd into her sire's embrace :—
Her bright-hair'd sire, who bade her keep
For ever nearest to his smiles,
On Calpe's olive-shaded steep,
On India's citron-cover'd isles :
More remote and buxom-brown,
The Queen of vintage bow'd before his throne ;
A rich pomegranate gemm'd her crown,
A ripe sheaf bound her zone.
But howling Winter fled afar,
To hills that prop the polar star,
And loves on deer-borne car to ride
With barren Darkness by his side,
Round the shore where loud Lofoden
Whirls to death the roaring whale,
Round the hall where Runie Odin
Howls his war-song to the gale ;
Save when adown the ravaged globe
He travels on his native storm,
Deflowering Nature's grassy robe,
And trampling on her faded form :—
Till light's returning lord assume
The shaft that drives him to his polar field,
Of power to pierce his raven plume
And crystal-cover'd shield.
Oh, sire of storms ! whose savage ear
The Lapland drum delights to hear,
When Frenzy with her blood-shot eye

Implores thy dreadful deity,
Archangel ! power of desolation !
Fast descending as thou art,
Say, hath mortal invocation
Spells to touch thy stony heart ?
Then, sullen Winter, hear my prayer,
And gently rule the ruin'd year ;
Nor chill the wanderer's bosom bare,
Nor freeze the wretch's falling tear ;—
To shuddering Want's unmantled bed
Thy horror-breathing agues cease to lead,
And gently on the orphan head
Of innocence descend.—
But chiefly spare, O king of clouds !
The sailor on his airy shrouds ;
When wrecks and beacons strew the steep,
And spectres walk along the deep.
Milder yet thy snowy breezes
Pour on yonder tented shores,
Where the Rhine's broad billow freezes,
Or the dark-brown Danube roars.
Oh, winds of Winter ! list ye there
To many a deep and dying groan ;
Or start, ye demons of the midnight air,
At shrieks and thunders louder than your own.
Alas ! ev'n your unhallow'd breath
May spare the victim fallen low ;
But man will ask no truce to death,—
No bounds to human woe.*

THE TURKISH LADY.

'Twas the hour when rites unholy
Call'd each Paynim voice to prayer,
And the star that faded slowly
Left to dews the freshen'd air.

Day her sultry fires had wasted,
Calm and sweet the moonlight rose ;
Ev'n a captive spirit tasted
Half oblivion of his woes.

* This ode was written in Germany, at the close of 1800, before the conclusion of hostilities.

Then 'twas from an Emir's palace
Came an Eastern lady bright :
She, in spite of tyrants jealous,
Saw and loved an English knight.

"Tell me, captive, why in anguish
Foes have dragg'd thee here to dwell,
Where poor Christians as they languish
Hear no sound of Sabbath bell?"—

"'Twas on Transylvania's Bannat,
When the Crescent shone afar,
Like a pale disastrous planet
O'er the purple tide of war—

"In that day of desolation,
Lady, I was captive made ;
Bleeding for my Christian nation
By the walls of high Belgrade."

"Captive ! could the brightest jewel
From my turban set thee free?"

"Lady, no !—the gift were cruel,
Ransom'd, yet if reft of thee.

"Say, fair princess ! would it grieve thee
Christian climes should we behold?"—

"Nay, bold knight ! I would not leave thee
Were thy ransom paid in gold !"

Now in Heaven's blue expansion
Rose the midnight star to view,
When to quit her father's mansion
Thrice she wept, and bade adieu !

"Fly we then, while none discover !
Tyrant barks, in vain ye ride !"—
Soon at Rhodes the British lover
Clasp'd his blooming Eastern bride !

LOVE AND MADNESS.

AN ELEGY. (*Written in 1795.*)

HARK ! From the battlements of yonder tower
 The solemn bell has toll'd the midnight hour !
 Roused from drear visions of distemper'd sleep,
 Poor B———k wakes—in solitude to weep !

“ Cease, Memory, cease (the friendless mourner cried)
 To probe the bosom too severely tried !
 Oh ! ever cease, my pensive thoughts, to stray
 Through the bright fields of Fortune's better day,
 When youthful HOPE, the music of the mind,
 Tuned all its charms, and E———n was kind !

“ Yet, can I cease, while glows this trembling frame,
 In sighs to speak thy melancholy name !
 I hear thy spirit wail in every storm !
 In midnight shades I view thy passing form !
 Pale as in that sad hour when doom'd to feel,
 Deep in thy perjured heart, the bloody steel !

“ Demons of Vengeance ! ye at whose command
 I grasp'd the sword with more than woman's hand,
 Say ye, did Pity's trembling voice control,
 Or horror damp the purpose of my soul ?
 No ! my wild heart sat smiling o'er the plan,
 Till Hate fulfill'd what baffled Love began !

“ Yes ; let the clay-cold breast that never knew
 One tender pang to generous Nature true,
 Half-mingling pity with the gall of scorn,
 Condemn this heart, that bled in love forlorn !

“ And ye, proud fair, whose soul no gladness warms,
 Save Rapture's homage to your conscious charms !
 Delighted idols of a gaudy train,
 How can your blunter feelings guess the pain,
 When the fond faithful heart, inspired to prove
 Friendship refined, the calm delight of Love,

Feels all its tender strings with anguish torn,
And bleeds at perjured Pride's inhuman scorn.

" Say, then, did pitying Heaven condemn the deed,
When Vengeance bade thee, faithless lover ! bleed ?
Long had I watch'd thy dark foreboding brow,
What time thy bosom scorn'd its dearest vow !
Sad, though I wept the friend, the lover changed,
Still thy cold look was scornful and estranged,
Till from thy pity, love, and shelter thrown,
I wander'd hopeless, friendless, and alone !

" Oh ! righteous Heaven ! 'twas then my tortured soul
First gave to wrath unlimited control !
Adieu the silent look ! the streaming eye !
The murmur'd plaint ! the deep heart-heaving sigh !
Long-slumbering Vengeance wakes to better deeds ;
He shrieks, he falls, the perjured lover bleeds !
Now the last laugh of agony is o'er,
And pale in blood he sleeps, to wake no more !

" 'Tis done ! the flame of hate no longer burns :
Nature relents, but, ah ! too late returns !
Why does my soul this gush of fondness feel ?
Trembling and faint, I drop the guilty steel !
Cold on my heart the hand of terror lies,
And shades of horror close my languid eyes !

" Oh ! 'twas a deed of Murder's deepest grain !
Could B———k's soul so true to wrath remain ?
A friend long true, a once fond lover fell !—
Where Love was foster'd could not Pity dwell ?

" Unhappy youth ! while yon pale crescent glows
To watch on silent Nature's deep repose,
Thy sleepless spirit, breathing from the tomb,
Foretels my fate, and summons me to come !
Once more I see thy sheeted spectre stand,
Roll the dim eye, and wave the paly hand !

" Soon may this fluttering spark of vital flame
Forsake its languid melancholy frame !
Soon may these eyes their trembling lustre close,
Welcome the dreamless night of long repose !
Soon may this woe-worn spirit seek the bourne
Where, lull'd to slumber, Grief forgets to mourn !"

DRINKING SONG OF MUNICH.

SWEET Iser ! were thy sunny realm
And flowery gardens mine,
Thy waters I would shade with elm
To prop the tender vine ;
My golden flagons I would fill
With rosy draughts from every hill ;
And under every myrtle bower,
My gay companions should prolong
The laugh, the revel, and the song,
To many a sportive hour.

Like rivers crimson'd with the beam
Of yonder planet bright,
Our nectar cups should ever stream
Profusion of delight ;
No care should touch the mellow heart,
And sad or sober none depart ;
For wine can triumph over woo,
And Love and Bacchus, brother powers,
Could build in Iser's sunny bowers
A paradise below.

STANZAS TO PAINTING.

O THOU by whose expressive art
Her perfect image Nature sees
In union with the Graces start,
And sweeter by reflection please !

In whose creative hand the hues
Fresh from yon orient rainbow shine ;
I bless thee, Promethéan muse !
And call thee brightest of the Nine !

Possessing more than vocal power,
Persuasive more than poet's tongue ;
Whose lineage, in a raptur'd hour,
From Love, the lord of Nature, sprung ;

Does Hope her high possession meet?
Is joy triumphant, sorrow flown?
Sweet is the trance, the tremor sweet
When all we love is all our own.

But oh! thou pulse of pleasure dear,
Slow throbbing, cold, I feel thee part;
Lone absence plants a pang severe,
Or death inflicts a keener dart.

Then for a beam of joy to light
In memory's sad and wakeful eye!
Or banish from the noon of night
Her dreams of deeper agony.

Shall Song its witching cadence roll?
Yea, even the tenderest air repeat,
That breathed when soul was knit to soul,
And heart to heart responsive beat?

What visions wake! to charm, to melt!
The lost, the loved, the dead are near!
Oh, hush that strain too deeply felt!
And cease that solace too severe!

But thou, serenely silent art!
By heaven and love was taught to lend
A milder solace to the heart,
The sacred image of a friend.

All is not lost! if, yet possess,
To me that sweet memorial shine:—
If close and closer to my breast
I hold that idol all divine.

Or, gazing through luxurious tears,
Melt o'er the loved departed form,
Till death's cold image half appears
With life, and speech, and spirit warm.

She looks! she lives! this tranced hour,
Her bright eye seems a purer gem
Than sparkles on the throne of power,
Or glory's wealthy diadem.

Yes, Genius, yes ! thy mimic aid
A treasure to my soul has given,
Where beauty's canonized shade
Smiles in the sainted hues of heaven.

No spectre forms of pleasure fled,
Thy softening, sweetening, tints restore ;
For thou canst give us back the dead,
E'en in the loveliest looks they wore.

Then blest be Nature's guardian Muse,
Whose hand her perish'd grace redeems !
Whose tablet of a thousand hues
The mirror of creation seems.

From Love began thy high descent ;
And lovers, charm'd by gifts of thine,
Shall bless thee mutely eloquent ;
And call thee brightest of the Nine !

THE BEECH TREE'S PETITION.

O LEAVE this barren spot to me !
Spare, woodman, spare the beechen tree !
Though bush or floweret never grow
My dark unwarming shade below ;
Nor fruits of autumn, blossom-born,
My green and glossy leaves adorn ;
Nor murmurings tribes from me derive
Th' ambrosial treasures of the hive ;
Yet leave this little spot to me :
Spare, woodman, spare the beechen tree !

Thrice twenty summers I have stood
In bloomless, fruitless solitude,
Since childhood in my pleasant bower
First spent its sweet and sportive hour ;
Since youthful lovers in my shade
Their vows of truth and rapture made ;
And on my trunk's surviving frame
Carv'd many a long-forgotten name.

Oh ! by the vows of gentle sound,
 First breathed upon this sacred ground ;
 By all that Love has whisper'd here,
 Or beauty heard with ravish'd ear ;
 As Love's own altar honour me :
 Spare, woodman, spare the beechen tree !

SPECIMENS OF TRANSLATION FROM MEDEA.

Σκαιοὺς δὲ λήγων, κούδιν τι σοφούς
 Τοὺς πρὸς βροτοὺς οὐκ ἂν ἀμαρτοῖς.

Medea, v. 194, p. 83, Glasg. Edit.

TELL me, ye bards, whose skill sublime
 First charm'd the ear of youthful Time,
 With numbers wrapt in heavenly fire,
 Who bade delighted Echo swell
 The trembling transports of the lyre,
 The murmur of the shell—
 Why to the burst of Joy alone
 Accords sweet Music's soothing tone ?
 Why can no bard, with magic strain,
 In slumbers steep the heart of pain ?
 While varied tones obey your sweep,
 The mild, the plaintive, and the deep,
 Bends not despairing Grief to hear
 Your golden lute, with ravish'd ear ?
 Has all your art no power to bind
 The fiercer pangs that shake the mind,
 And lull the wrath at whose command
 Murder bares her gory hand ?
 When flush'd with joy, the rosy throng
 Weave the light dance, ye swell the song !
 Cease, ye vain warblers ! cease to charm !
 The breast with other raptures warm !
 Cease ! till your hand with magic strain
 In slumbers steep the heart of pain !

SPEECH OF THE CHORUS.

IN THE SAME TRAGEDY,

*To dissuade Medea from her purpose of putting her Children to
Death, and flying for protection to Athens.*

O HAGGARD queen ! to Athens dost thou guide
Thy glowing chariot, steep'd in kindred gore ;
Or seek to hide thy foul infanticide
Where Peace and Mercy dwell for evermore ?

The land where Truth, pure, precious, and sublime,
Woos the deep silence of sequester'd bowers,
And warriors, matchless since the first of time,
Rear their bright banners o'er unconquer'd towers !

Where joyous youth, to Music's mellow strain,
Twines in the dance with nymphs for ever fair,
While Spring eternal on the lili'd plain,
Waves amber radiance through the fields of air !

The tuneful Nine (so sacred legends tell)
First waked their heavenly lyre these scenes among ;
Still in your greenwood bowers they love to dwell ;
Still in your vales they swell the choral song !

But there the tuneful, chaste, Pierian fair,
The guardian nymphs of green Parnassus, now
Sprung from Harmonia, while her graceful hair
Waved in bright auburn o'er her polish'd brow !

ANTISTROPHE I.

Where silent vales, and glades of green array,
The murmuring wreaths of cool Cephissus lave,
There, as the muse hath sung, at noon of day,
The Queen of Beauty bow'd to taste the wave ;

And bless'd the stream, and breathed across the land
The soft sweet gale that fans yon summer bowers ;

And there the sister Loves, a smiling band,
Crown'd with the fragrant wreaths of rosy flowers !

" And go," she cries, " in yonder valleys rove,
With Beauty's torch the solemn scenes illumine ;
Wake in each eye the radiant light of Love,
Breathe on each cheek young Passion's tender bloom !

" Entwine, with myrtle chains, your soft control,
To sway the hearts of Freedom's darling kind !
With glowing charms enrapture Wisdom's soul,
And mould to grace ethereal Virtue's mind."

STROPHE II.

The land where Heaven's own hallow'd waters play,
Where friendship binds the generous and the good,
Say, shall it hail thee from thy frantic way,
Unholy woman ! with thy hands imbrued

In thine own children's gore ! Oh ! ere they bleed,
Let Nature's voice thy ruthless heart appal !
Pause at the bold, irrevocable deed—
The mother strikes—the guiltless babes shall fall !

Think what remorse thy maddening thoughts shall sting,
When dying pangs their gentle bosoms tear !
Where shalt thou sink, when lingering echoes ring
The screams of horror in thy tortured ear ?

No ! let thy bosom melt to Pity's cry,—
In dust we kneel—by sacred Heaven implore—
O ! stop thy lifted arm, ere yet they die,
Nor dip thy horrid hands in infant gore !

ANTISTROPHE II.

Say, how shalt thou that barbarous soul assume,
Undamp'd by horror at the daring plan ?
Hast thou a heart to work thy children's doom ?
Or hands to finish what thy wrath began ?

When o'er each babe you look a last adieu,
And gaze on Innocence that smiles asleep,
Shall no fond feeling beat to Nature true,
Charm thee to pensive thought—and bid thee weep ?

When the young suppliants clasp their parent dear,
Heave the deep sob, and pour the artless prayer—
Ay! thou shalt melt;—and many a heart-shed tear
Gush o'er the harden'd features of despair!

Nature shall throb in every tender string,—
Thy trembling heart the ruffian's task deny;—
Thy horror-smitten hands afar shall fling
The blade, undrench'd in blood's eternal dye.

CHORUS.

Hallow'd Earth! with indignation
Mark, oh mark, the murderous deed!
Radiant eye of wide creation,
Watch th' accurs'd infanticide!

Yet, ere Colchia's rugged daughter
Perpetrate the dire design,
And consign to kindred slaughter
Children of thy golden line!

Shall mortal hand, with murder gory,
Cause immortal blood to flow?
Sun of Heaven!—array'd in glory
Rise, forbid, avert the blow.

NOTES.

NOTES.

THE PLEASURES OF HOPE.

p. 5. *And such thy strength-inspiring aid that bore
The hardy Byron to his native shore—*

THE following picture of his own distress, given by BYRON in his simple and interesting narrative, justifies the description in page 5.

After relating the barbarity of the Indian cacique to his child, he proceeds thus:—"A day or two after we put to sea again, and crossed the great bay I mentioned we had been at the bottom of when we first hauled away to the westward. The land here was very low and sandy, and something like the mouth of a river which discharges itself into the sea, and which had been taken no notice of by us before, as it was so shallow that the Indians were obliged to take everything out of their canoes, and carry them over land. We rowed up the river four or five leagues, and then took into a branch of it that ran first to the eastward, and then to the northward: here it became much narrower, and the stream excessively rapid, so that we gained but little way, though we wrought very hard. At night we landed upon its banks, and had a most uncomfortable lodging, it being a perfect swamp, and we had nothing to cover us, though it rained excessively. The Indians were little better off than we, as there was no wood here to make their wigwams; so that all they could do was to prop up the bark, which they carry in the bottom of their canoes, and shelter themselves as well as they could to the leeward of it. Knowing the difficulties they had to encounter here, they had provided themselves with some seal; but we had not a morsel to eat, after the heavy fatigues of the day, excepting a sort of root we saw the Indians make use of, which was very disagreeable to the taste. We laboured all next day against the stream, and fared as we had done the day before. The next day brought us to the carrying place. Here was plenty of wood, but nothing to be got for sustenance. We passed this night, as we had frequently done, under a tree; but what we suffered at this time is not easy to be expressed. I had been three days at the oar without any kind of nourishment except the wretched root above mentioned. I had no shirt, for it had rotted off by bits. All my clothes consisted of a short grieke (something like a bear-skin), a piece of red cloth which had once been a waistcoat, and a ragged pair of trousers, without shoes or stockings."

p. 6. ——— *a Briton and a friend!*

Don Patricio Gedd, a Scotch physician in one of the Spanish settlements, hospitably relieved Byron and his wretched associates, of which the commodore speaks in the warmest terms of gratitude.

p. 6. *Or yield the lyre of Heaven another string.*

The seven strings of Apollo's harp were the symbolical representation of the seven planets. Herschel, by discovering an eighth, might be said to add another string to the instrument.

p. 6. *The Swedish sage—*

Linnæus.

p. 6. *Deep from his vaults the Loxian murmurs flow,*

Loxias is the name frequently given to Apollo by Greek writers: it is met with more than once in the Choephore of Æschylus.

p. 7. *Unlocks a generous store at thy command,
Like Horeb's rocks beneath the prophet's hand.*

See Exodus, chap. xvii. 3, 5, 6.

p. 11. *Wild Obi flies—*

Among the negroes of the West Indies, Obi, or Orbiah, is the name of a magical power, which is believed by them to affect the object of its malignity with dismal calamities. Such a belief must undoubtedly have been deduced from the superstitious mythology of their kinsmen on the coast of Africa. I have, therefore, personified Obi as the evil spirit of the African, although the history of the African tribes mentions the evil spirit of their religious creed by a different appellation.

p. 11. ——— *Sibir's dreary mines,*

Mr Bell of Antermomy, in his travels through Siberia, informs us that the name of the country is universally pronounced Sibir by the Russians.

p. 11. *Presaging wrath to Poland—and to man!*

The history of the partition of Poland, of the massacre in the suburbs of Warsaw, and on the bridge of Prague, the triumphant entry of Suwarrow into the Polish capital, and the insult offered to human nature, by the blasphemous thanks offered up to Heaven, for victories obtained over men fighting in the sacred cause of liberty, by murderers and oppressors, are events generally known.

p. 15. *The shrill horn blew;*

The negroes in the West Indies are summoned to their morning work by a shell or horn.

p. 15. *How long was Timour's iron sceptre sway'd,*

To elucidate this passage, I shall subjoin a quotation from the preface to Letters from a Hindoo Rajah, a work of elegance and celebrity. "The impostor of Mecca had established, as one of the principles of his doctrine, the merit of extending it, either by persuasion or the

sword, to all parts of the earth. How steadily this injunction was adhered to by his followers, and with what success it was pursued, is well known to all who are in the least conversant in history.

"The same overwhelming torrent which had inundated the greater part of Africa, burst its way into the very heart of Europe; and covering many kingdoms of Asia with unbounded desolation, directed its baneful course to the flourishing provinces of Hindostan. Here these fierce and hardy adventurers, whose only improvement had been in the science of destruction, who added the fury of fanaticism to the ravages of war, found the great end of their conquest opposed by objects which neither the ardour of their persevering zeal, nor savage barbarity, could surmount. Multitudes were sacrificed by the cruel hand of religious persecution, and whole countries were deluged in blood, in the vain hope, that by the destruction of a part the remainder might be persuaded, or terrified, into the profession of Mahomedism. But all these sanguinary efforts were ineffectual; and at length, being fully convinced that, though they might extirpate, they could never hope to convert, any number of the Hindoos, they relinquished the impracticable idea with which they had entered upon their career of conquest, and contented themselves with the acquirement of the civil dominion and almost universal empire of Hindostan."—*Letters from a Hindoo Rajah, by Eliza Hamilton.*

p. 16. *And braved the stormy Spirit of the Cape :*

See the description of the Cape of Good Hope, translated from CAMÖENS by MICKLE.

p. 16. *While famish'd nations died along the shore ;*

The following account of British conduct, and its consequences, in Bengal, will afford a sufficient idea of the fact alluded to in this passage :

After describing the monopoly of salt, betel-nut, and tobacco, the historian proceeds thus:—"Money in this current came but by drops; it could not quench the thirst of those who waited in India to receive it. An expedient, such as it was, remained to quicken its pace. The natives could live with little salt, but could not want food. Some of the agents saw themselves well situated for collecting the rice into stores; they did so. They knew the Gentoos would rather die than violate the principles of their religion by eating flesh. The alternative would therefore be between giving what they had, or dying. The inhabitants sunk;—they that cultivated the land, and saw the harvest at the disposal of others, planted in doubt—scarcity ensued. Then the monopoly was easier managed—sickness ensued. In some districts the languid living left the bodies of their numerous dead unburied."—*Short History of the English Transactions in the East Indies*, p. 145.

p. 16. *Nine times have Brama's wheels of lightning hurl'd
His awful presence o'er the alarmed world ;*

Among the sublime fictions of the Hindoo mythology, it is one article of belief, that the Deity Brama has descended nine times upon the world in various forms, and that he is yet to appear a tenth time, in the figure of a warrior upon a white horse, to cut off all incorrigible offenders. Avatar is the word used to express his descent.

- p. 17. *Shall Seriswattes wave her hallow'd wand /
And Camdeo bright, and Ganesa sublime,*

Camdeo is the god of Love in the mythology of the Hindoos. Ganesa and Seriswattee correspond to the pagan deities, Janus and Minerva.

- p. 20. *The noon of manhood to a myrtle shade /
Sacred to Venus is the myrtle shade.—DAYDEN.*

- p. 22. *Thy woes, Arion!*
Falconer in his poem, "The Shipwreck," speaks of himself by the name of Arion.
See Falconer's "Shipwreck," Canto III.

- p. 22. *The robber Moor,*
See Schiller's tragedy of the "The Robbers," Scene v.

- p. 23. *What millions died—that Cæsar might be great /*
The carnage occasioned by the wars of Julius Cæsar has been usually estimated at two millions of men.

- p. 23. *Or learn the fate that bleeding thousands bore,
March'd by their Charles to Dneiper's swampy shore ;*

"In this extremity," (says the biographer of Charles XII. of Sweden, speaking of his military exploits before the battle of Pultowa,) "the memorable winter of 1709, which was still more remarkable in that part of Europe than in France, destroyed numbers of his troops; for Charles resolved to brave the seasons as he had done his enemies, and ventured to make long marches during this mortal cold. It was in one of these marches that two thousand men fell down dead with cold before his eyes."

- p. 23. *For, as Iona's saint,—*
The natives of the island of Iona have an opinion, that on certain evenings every year the tutelary saint Columba is seen on the top of the church spires counting the surrounding islands, to see that they have not been sunk by the power of witchcraft.

- p. 24. *And part, like Ajut—never to return!*
See the history of Ajut and Anningait, in "The Rambler."

GERTRUDE OF WYOMING.

- p. 31. *From merry mock-bird's song,—*

The mocking-bird is of the form of, but larger than, the thrush; and the colours are a mixture of black, white, and grey. What is said of the nightingale by its greatest admirers is what may with more propriety apply to this bird, who, in a natural state, sings with very superior taste. Towards evening I have heard one begin softly, reserving its breath to swell certain notes, which by this means had a most astonishing effect. A gentleman in London had one of these birds for

six years. During the space of a minute he was heard to imitate the woodlark, chaffinch, blackbird, thrush, and sparrow. In this country (America) I have frequently known the mocking-birds so engaged in this mimicry, that it was with much difficulty I could ever obtain an opportunity of hearing their own natural note. Some go so far as to say, that they have neither peculiar notes, nor favourite imitations. This may be denied. Their few natural notes resemble those of the (European) nightingale. Their song, however, has a greater compass and volume than the nightingale's, and they have the faculty of varying all intermediate notes in a manner which is truly delightful.—*Ashe's Travels in America*, vol. ii. p. 73.

p. 32. *And distant isles that hear the loud Corbrechtan roar!*

The Corybrechtan, or Corbrechtan, is a whirlpool on the western coast of Scotland, near the island of Jura, which is heard at a prodigious distance. Its name signifies the whirlpool of the Prince of Denmark; and there is a tradition that a Danish prince once undertook, for a wager, to cast anchor in it. He is said to have used woollen instead of hempen ropes, for greater strength, but perished in the attempt. On the shores of Argyleshire, I have often listened with great delight to the sound of this vortex, at the distance of many leagues. When the weather is calm, and the adjacent sea scarcely heard on these picturesque shores, its sound, which is like the sound of innumerable chariots, creates a magnificent and fine effect.

p. 34. *Of buskin'd limb, and swarthy lineament;*

In the Indian tribes there is a great similarity in their colour, stature, &c. They are all, except the Snake Indians, tall in stature, straight, and robust. It is very seldom they are deformed, which has given rise to the supposition that they put to death their deformed children. Their skin is of a copper colour; their eyes large, bright, black, and sparkling, indicative of a subtle and discerning mind; their hair is of the same colour, and prone to be long, seldom or never curled. Their teeth are large and white; I never observed any decayed among them, which makes their breath as sweet as the air they inhale.—*Travels through America by Captains Lewis and Clarke*, in 1804-5-6.

p. 34. *Peace be to thee! my words this belt approve;*

The Indians of North America accompany every formal address to strangers, with whom they form or recognise a treaty of amity, with a present of a string, or belt, of wampum. Wampum (says Cadwallader Colden) is made of the large whelk shell, *buccinum*, and shaped like long beads; it is the current money of the Indians.—*History of the five Indian Nations*, p. 34, New York edition.

p. 34. *The paths of peace my steps have hither led:*

In relating an interview of Mohawk Indians with the Governor of New York, Colden quotes the following passage as a specimen of their metaphorical manner; "Where shall I seek the chair of peace? Where shall I find it but upon our path? and whither doth our path lead us but into this house!"

p. 34. *Our wampum leagueth thy brethren did embrace:*

When they solicit the alliance, offensive, or defensive, of a whole nation, they send an embassy with a large belt of wampum and a

bloody hatchet, inviting them to come and drink the blood of their enemies. The wampum made use of on these and other occasions, before their acquaintance with the Europeans, was nothing but small shells which they picked up by the sea-coasts, and on the banks of the lakes; and now it is nothing but a kind of cylindrical beads, made of shells, white and black, which are esteemed among them as silver and gold are among us. The black they call the most valuable, and both together are their greatest riches and ornaments; these among them, answering all the end that money does amongst us. They have the art of stringing, twisting, and interweaving them into their belts, collars, blankets, and moccasins, &c. in ten thousand different sizes, forms, and figures, so as to be ornaments for every part of dress, and expressive to them of all their important transactions. They dye the wampum of various colours and shades, and mix and dispose them with great ingenuity and order, and so as to be significant among themselves of almost everything they please; so that by these their words are kept, and their thoughts communicated to one another, as ours are by writing. The belts that pass from one nation to another in all treaties, declarations, and important transactions, are very carefully preserved in the cabins of their chiefs, and serve not only as a kind of record or history, but as a public treasure.—*Major Rogers's Account of North America.*

p. 35.

As when the evil Manitou—

It is certain the Indians acknowledge one Supreme Being, or Giver of Life, who presides over all things; that is, the Great Spirit, and they look up to him as the source of good, from whence no evil can proceed. They also believe in a bad Spirit, to whom they ascribe great power; and suppose that through his power all the evils which befall mankind are inflicted. To him, therefore, they pray in their distresses, begging that he would either avert their troubles, or moderate them when they are no longer avoidable.

They hold also that there are good Spirits of a lower degree, who have their particular departments, in which they are constantly contributing to the happiness of mortals. These they suppose to preside over all the extraordinary productions of Nature, such as those lakes, rivers, and mountains, that are of an uncommon magnitude; and likewise the beasts, birds, fishes, and even vegetables or stones, that exceed the rest of their species in size or singularity.—*Clarke's Travels among the Indians.*

The Supreme Spirit of Good is called by the Indians Kitchi Manitou; and the Spirit of Evil, Matchi Manitou.

p. 35.

Of fever-balm and sweet sagamité:

The fever-balm is a medicine used by these tribes; it is a decoction of a bush called the Fever Tree. Sagamité is a kind of soup administered to their sick.

p. 36.

*And I, the eagle of my tribe, have rush'd
With this lorn dove.—*

The testimony of all travellers among the American Indians who mention their hieroglyphics, authorises me in putting this figurative language in the mouth of Outalissi. The dove is among them, as elsewhere, an emblem of meekness; and the eagle, that of a bold, noble,

and liberal mind. When the Indians speak of a warrior who soars above the multitude in person and endowments, they say, "he is like the eagle, who destroys his enemies, and gives protection and abundance to the weak of his own tribe." ✕

p. 36. *Far differently, the mute Oneyda took, &c.*

They are extremely circumspect and deliberate in every word and action: nothing hurries them into any intemperate wrath, but that inveteracy to their enemies which is rooted in every Indian's breast. In all other instances they are cool and deliberate, taking care to suppress the emotions of the heart. If an Indian has discovered that a friend of his is in danger of being cut off by a lurking enemy, he does not tell him of his danger in direct terms as though he were in fear, but he first coolly asks him which way he is going that day, and having his answer, with the same indifference tells him that he has been informed that a noxious beast lies on the route he is going. This hint proves sufficient, and his friend avoids the danger with as much caution as though every design and motion of his enemy had been pointed out to him.

If an Indian has been engaged for several days in the chase, and by accident continued long without food, when he arrives at the hut of a friend, where he knows that his wants will be immediately supplied, he takes care not to show the least symptoms of impatience, or betray the extreme hunger that he is tortured with; but on being invited in, sits contentedly down, and smokes his pipe with as much composure as if his appetite was cloyed and he was perfectly at ease. He does the same if among strangers. This custom is strictly adhered to by every tribe; as they esteem it a proof of fortitude, and think the reverse would entitle them to the appellation of old women.

✕ If you tell an Indian that his children have greatly signalized themselves against an enemy, have taken many scalps, and brought home many prisoners, he does not appear to feel any strong emotions of pleasure on the occasion; his answer generally is, "They have done well," and he makes but very little inquiry about the matter; on the contrary, if you inform him that his children are slain or taken prisoners, he makes no complaints; he only replies, "It is unfortunate:"—and for some time asks no questions about how it happened.—*Lewis and Clarke's Travels.*

p. 36. *His calumet of peace, &c.*

Nor is the calumet of less importance or less revered than the wampum in many transactions relative both to peace and war. The bowl of this pipe is made of a kind of soft red stone, which is easily wrought and hollowed out; the stem is of cane, alder, or some kind of light wood, painted with different colours, and decorated with the heads, tails, and feathers of the most beautiful birds. The use of the calumet is to smoke either tobacco or some bark, leaf, or herb, which they often use instead of it, when they enter into an alliance on any serious occasion, or solemn engagements: this being among them the most sacred oath that can be taken, the violation of which is esteemed most infamous, and deserving of severe punishment from Heaven. When they treat of war, the whole pipe and all its ornaments are red: sometimes it is red only on one side, and by the disposition of the feathers, &c. one acquainted with their customs will know at first sight what

the nation who presents it intends or desires. Smoking the calumet is also a religious ceremony on some occasions, and in all treaties is considered as a witness between the parties, or rather as an instrument by which they invoke the sun and moon to witness their sincerity, and to be as it were a guarantee of the treaty between them. This custom of the Indians, though to appearance somewhat ridiculous, is not without its reasons: for as they find that smoking tends to disperse the vapours of the brain, to raise the spirits, and to qualify them for thinking and judging properly, they introduce it into their councils, where, after their resolves, the pipe was considered as a seal of their decrees, and as a pledge of their performance thereof it was sent to those they were consulting, in alliance or treaty with;—so that smoking among them at the same pipe is equivalent to our drinking together and out of the same cup.—*Major Rogers's Account of North America, 1766.*

The lighted calumet is also used among them for a purpose still more interesting than the expression of social friendship. The austere manners of the Indians forbid any appearance of gallantry between the sexes in the day-time; but at night the young lover goes a-calumetting, as his courtship is called. As these people live in a state of equality, and without fear of internal violence or theft in their own tribes, they leave their doors open by night as well as by day. The lover takes advantage of this liberty, lights his calumet, enters the cabin of his mistress, and gently presents it to her. If she extinguish it, she admits his addresses; but if she suffer it to burn unnoticed, he retires with a disappointed and throbbing heart.—*Ashe's Travels.*

p. 37. *Train'd from his tree-rock'd cradle to his tier.*

An Indian child as soon as he is born, is swathed with clothes or skins; and being laid on his back, is bound down on a piece of thick board, spread over with soft moss. The board is somewhat larger and broader than the child, and bent pieces of wood, like pieces of hoops, are placed over its face to protect it, so that if the machine were suffered to fall the child probably would not be injured. When the women have any business to transact at home, they hang the boards on a tree, if there be one at hand, and set them a swinging from side to side, like a pendulum, in order to exercise the children.—*Weld, vol. ii. p. 246.*

p. 37. *The fierce extreme of good and ill to brook
Impassive——*

Of the active as well as passive fortitude of the Indian character, the following is an instance related by Adair in his Travels:—

A party of the Sonekah Indians came to war against the Katahba, bitter enemies to each other. In the woods the former discovered a sprightly warrior belonging to the latter, hunting in their usual light dress: on his perceiving them, he sprang off for a hollow rock four or five miles distant, as they intercepted him from running homeward. He was so extremely swift and skilful with the gun, as to kill seven of them in the running fight before they were able to surfound and take him. They carried him to their country in sad triumph; but though he had filled them with uncommon grief and shame for the loss of so many of their kindred, yet the love of martial virtue induced them to treat him, during their long journey, with a great deal more civility

than if he had acted the part of a coward. The women and children, when they met him at their several towns, beat him and whipped him in as severe a manner as the occasion required, according to their law of justice, and at last he was formally condemned to die by the fiery torture. It might reasonably be imagined that what he had for some time gone through, by being fed with a scanty hand, a tedious march, lying at night on the bare ground, exposed to the changes of the weather, with his arms and legs extended in a pair of rough stocks, and sufferings such punishment on his entering into their hostile towns, as a prelude to those sharp torments for which he was destined, would have so impaired his health and affected his imagination, as to have sent him to his long sleep, out of the way of any more sufferings. Probably this would have been the case with the major part of the white people under similar circumstances; but I never knew this with any of the Indians; and this cool-headed, brave warrior did not deviate from their rough lessons of martial virtue, but acted his part so well as to surprise and sorely vex his numerous enemies:—for when they were taking him, unpinioned, in their wild parade, to the place of torture, which lay near to a river, he suddenly dashed down those who stood in his way, sprang off, and plunged into the water, swimming underneath like an otter, only rising to take breath, till he reached the opposite shore. He now ascended the steep bank, but though he had good reason to be in a hurry, as many of the enemy were in the water, and others running, very like bloodhounds, in pursuit of him, and the bullets flying around him from the time he took to the river, yet his heart did not allow him to leave them abruptly, without taking leave in a formal manner, in return for the extraordinary favours they had done and intended to do him. After slapping a part of his body in defiance to them (continues the author), he put up the shrill war whoop, as his last salute, till some more convenient opportunity offered, and darted off in the manner of a beast broke loose from his torturing enemies. He continued his speed so as to run by about midnight of the same day as far as his eager pursuers were two days in reaching. There he rested till he happily discovered five of those Indians who had pursued him:—he lay hid a little way off their camp, till they were sound asleep. Every circumstance of his situation occurred to him, and inspired him with heroism. He was naked, torn, and hungry, and his enraged enemies were come up with him;—but there was now every thing to relieve his wants, and a fair opportunity to save his life, and get great honour and sweet revenge, by cutting them off. Resolution, a convenient spot, and sudden surprise, would effect the main object of all his wishes and hopes. He accordingly crept, took one of their tomahawks, and killed them all on the spot,—clothed himself, took a choice gun, and as much ammunition and provisions as he could well carry in a running march. He set off afresh with a light heart, and did not sleep for several successive nights, only when he reclined as usual, a little before day, with his back to a tree. As it were by instinct, when he found he was free from the pursuing enemy, he made directly to the very place where he had killed seven of his enemies, and was taken by them for the fiery torture. He dugged them up, burnt their bodies to ashes, and went home in safety with singular triumph. Other pursuing enemies came, on the evening of the second day, to the camp of their dead people, when the sight gave them a greater shock than they had ever known before. In their chilled war

council they concluded that as he had done such surprising things in his defence before he was captivated, and since that in his naked condition, and now was well armed, if they continued the pursuit he would spoil them all, for he surely was an enemy wizard,—and therefore they returned home.—*Adair's General Observations on the American Indians*, p. 394.

It is surprising (says the same author) to see the long continued speed of the Indians. Though some of us have often run the swiftest of them out of sight for about the distance of twelve miles, yet afterwards, without any seeming toil, they would stretch on, leave us out of sight, and out-wind any horse.—*Ibid.* p. 318.

If an Indian were driven out into the extensive woods, with only a knife and a tomahawk, or a small hatchet, it is not to be doubted but he would fatten even where a wolf would starve. He would soon collect fire by rubbing two dry pieces of wood together, make a bark hut, earthen vessels, and a bow and arrows; then kill wild game, fish, fresh-water tortoises, gather a plentiful variety of vegetables, and live in affluence.—*Ibid.*, p. 410.

p. 37. *Moccasins are a sort of Indian buskins.*

p. 37. *Sleep, wearied one! and in the dreaming land
Should'st thou to-morrow with thy mother meet,*

There is nothing (says Charlevoix) in which these barbarians carry their superstitions farther than in what regards dreams; but they vary greatly in their manner of explaining themselves on this point. Sometimes it is the reasonable soul which ranges abroad, while the sensitive continues to animate the body. Sometimes it is the familiar genius who gives salutary counsel with respect to what is going to happen. Sometimes it is a visit made by the soul of the object of which he dreams. But in whatever manner the dream is conceived, it is always looked upon as a thing sacred, and as the most ordinary way in which the gods make known their will to men. Filled with this idea, they cannot conceive how we should pay no regard to them. For the most part they look upon them either as a desire of the soul, inspired by some genius, or an order from him, and in consequence of this principle they hold it a religious duty to obey them. An Indian having dreamt of having a finger cut off, had it really cut off as soon as he awoke, having first prepared himself for this important action by a feast. Another having dreamt of being a prisoner, and in the hands of his enemies, was much at a loss what to do. He consulted the jugglers, and by their advice caused himself to be tied to a post, and burnt in several parts of the body.—*Charlevoix, Journal of a Voyage to North America.*

p. 37. *And poured the lotus horn.*

From a flower shaped like a horn, which Chateaubriand presumes to be of the lotus kind, the Indians in their travels through the desert often find a draught of dew purer than any other water.

p. 37. *The crocodile, the condor of the rock.*

The alligator, or American crocodile, when full grown (says Bertram) is a very large and terrible creature, and of prodigious strength, agility, and swiftness in the water. I have seen them twenty feet in

length, and some are supposed to be twenty-two or twenty-three feet in length. Their body is as large as that of a horse, their shape usually resembles that of a lizard, which is flat, or cuneiform, being compressed on each side, and gradually diminishing from the abdomen to the extremity, which, with the whole body, is covered with horny plates, or squamæ, impenetrable when on the body of the live animal, even to a rifle-ball, except about their head, and just behind their forelegs or arms, where, it is said, they are only vulnerable. The head of a full-grown one is about three feet, and the mouth opens nearly the same length. Their eyes are small in proportion, and seem sunk in the head, by means of the prominence of the brows; the nostrils are large, inflated, and prominent on the top, so that the head on the water resembles, at a distance, a great chunk of wood floating about: only the upper jaw moves, which they raise almost perpendicular, so as to form a right angle with the lower one. In the forepart of the upper jaw, on each side, just under the nostrils, are two very large, thick, strong teeth, or tusks, not very sharp, but rather the shape of a cone; these are as white as the finest polished ivory, and are not covered by any skin or lips, but always in sight, which gives the creature a frightful appearance; in the lower jaw are holes opposite to these teeth to receive them; when they clap their jaws together, it causes a surprising noise, like that which is made by forcing a heavy plank with violence upon the ground, and may be heard at a great distance. But what is yet more surprising to a stranger, is the incredibly loud and terrifying roar which they are capable of making, especially in breeding time. It most resembles very heavy distant thunder, not only shaking the air and waters, but causing the earth to tremble; and when hundreds are roaring at the same time, you can scarcely be persuaded but that the whole globe is violently and dangerously agitated. An old champion, who is, perhaps, absolute sovereign of a little lake or lagoon, (when fifty less than himself are obliged to content themselves with swelling and roaring in little coves round about,) darts forth from the reedy coverts, all at once, on the surface of the waters in a right line, at first seemingly as rapid as lightning, but gradually more slowly, until he arrives at the centre of the lake, where he stops. He now swells himself by drawing in wind and water through his mouth, which causes a loud sonorous rattling in the throat for near a minute; but it is immediately forced out again through his mouth and nostrils with a loud noise, brandishing his tail in the air, and the vapour running from his nostrils like smoke. At other times, when swoln to an extent ready to burst, his head and tail lifted up, he spins or twirls round on the surface of the water. He acts his part like an Indian chief, when rehearsing his feats of war.—*Bertram's Travels in North America.* X

p. 37.

Then forth uprose that lone way faring man.

They discover an amazing sagacity, and acquire, with the greatest readiness, anything that depends upon the attention of the mind. By experience, and an acute observation, they attain many perfections to which the Americans are strangers. For instance, they will cross a forest or a plain, which is two hundred miles in breadth, so as to reach with great exactness the point at which they intend to arrive, keeping during the whole of that space, in a direct line, without any material deviations; and this they will do with the same ease, let the

weather be fair or cloudy. With equal acuteness they will point to that part of the heavens the sun is in, though it be intercepted by clouds or fogs. Besides this they are able to pursue, with incredible facility, the traces of man or beast, either on leaves or grass; and on this account it is with great difficulty they escape discovery. They are indebted for these talents not only to nature, but to an extraordinary command of the intellectual qualities, which can only be acquired by an unremitted attention, and by long experience. The arc, in general, very happy in a retentive memory. They can recapitulate every particular that has been treated of in council, and remember the exact time when they were held. Their belts of wampum preserve the substance of their treaties they have concluded with the neighbouring tribes for ages back, to which they will appeal and refer with as much perspicuity and readiness as Europeans can to their written records.

The Indians are totally unskilled in geography, as well as all the other sciences, and yet they draw on their birch-bark very exact charts or maps of the countries they are acquainted with. The latitude and longitude only are wanting to make them tolerably complete.

Their sole knowledge in astronomy consists in being able to point out the polar star, by which they regulate their course when they travel in the night.

They reckon the distance of places not by miles or leagues, but by a day's journey, which according to the best calculation I could make, appears to be about twenty English miles. These they also divide into halves and quarters, and will demonstrate them in their maps with great exactness by the hieroglyphics just mentioned, when they regulate in council their war-parties, or their most distant hunting excursions.—*Lewis and Clarke's Travels.*

Some of the French missionaries have supposed that the Indians are guided by instinct, and have pretended that Indian children can find their way through a forest as easily as a person of maturer years; but this is a most absurd notion. It is unquestionably by a close attention to the growth of the trees, and position of the sun, that they find their way. On the northern side of a tree there is generally the most moss; and the bark on that side, in general, differs from that on the opposite one. The branches toward the south are, for the most part, more luxuriant than those on the other sides of trees, and several other distinctions also subsist between the northern and southern sides, conspicuous to Indians, being taught from their infancy to attend to them, which a common observer would, perhaps, never notice. Being accustomed from their infancy likewise to pay great attention to the position of the sun, they learn to make the most accurate allowance for its apparent motion from one part of the heavens to another: and in every part of the day they will point to the part of the heavens where it is, although the sky be obscured by clouds or mists.

An instance of their dexterity in finding their way through an unknown country came under my observation when I was at Staunton, situated behind the Blue Mountains, Virginia. A number of the Creek nation had arrived at that town on their way to Philadelphia, whither they were going upon some affairs of importance, and had stopped there for the night. In the morning, some circumstance or other, which could not be learned, induced one half of the Indians to set off without their companions, who did not follow until some hours

afterwards. When these last were ready to pursue their journey, several of the townspeople mounted their horses to escort them part of the way. They proceeded along the high road for some miles, but, all at once, hastily turning aside into the woods, though there was no path, the Indians advanced confidently forward. The people who accompanied them, surprised at this movement, informed them that they were quitting the road to Philadelphia, and expressed their fear least they should miss their companions who had gone on before. They answered that they knew better, that the way through the woods was the shortest to Philadelphia, and that they knew very well that their companions had entered the wood at the very place where they did. Curiosity led some of the horsemen to go on; and to their astonishment, for there was apparently no tract, they overtook the other Indians in the thickest part of the wood. But what appeared most singular was, that the route which they took was found, on examining a map, to be as direct for Philadelphia as if they had taken the bearings by a mariner's compass. From others of their nation, who had been at Philadelphia at a former period, they had probably learned the exact direction of that city from their villages, and had never lost sight of it, although they had already travelled three hundred miles through the woods, and had upwards of four hundred miles more to go before they could reach the place of their destination.—Of the exactness with which they can find out a strange place to which they have been once directed by their own people, a striking example is furnished, I think by Mr Jefferson, in his account of the Indian graves in Virginia. These graves are nothing more than large mounds of earth in the woods, which, on being opened, are found to contain skeletons in an erect posture: the Indian mode of sepulture has been too often described to remain unknown to you. But to come to my story. A party of Indians that were passing on to some of the sea-ports on the Atlantic, just as the Creeks above mentioned were going to Philadelphia, were observed, all on a sudden, to quit the straight road by which they were proceeding, and, without asking any questions, to strike through the woods, in a direct line, to one of these graves, which lay at the distance of some miles from the road. Now very near a century must have passed over since the part of Virginia in which this grave was situated had been inhabited by Indians, and these Indian travellers, who were to visit it by themselves, had unquestionably never been in that part of the country before; they must have found their way to it simply from the description of its situation, that had been handed down to them by tradition.—*Weld's Travels in North America*, vol. ii.

p. 40.

Their father's dust,———

It is a custom of the Indian tribes to visit the tombs of their ancestors in the cultivated parts of America, who have been buried for upwards of a century.

p. 42.

Or wild-cane arch high flung o'er gulf profound,

The bridges over narrow streams in many parts of Spanish America are said to be built of cane, which, however strong to support the passenger, are yet wavered in the agitation of the storm, and frequently add to the effect of a mountainous and picturesque scenery.

p. 49. *The Mammoth comes,——*

That I am justified in making the Indian chief allude to the mammoth as an emblem of terror and destruction, will be seen by the authority quoted below. Speaking of the mammoth or big buffalo, Mr Jefferson states, that a tradition is preserved among the Indians of that animal still existing in the northern parts of America.

"A delegation of warriors from the Delaware tribe having visited the governor of Virginia during the revolution, on matters of business, the governor asked them some questions relative to their country, and, among others, what they knew or had heard of the animal whose bones were found at the Salt-licks, on the Ohio. Their chief speaker immediately put himself into an attitude of oratory, and with a pomp suited to what he conceived the elevation of his subject, informed him that it was a tradition handed down from their fathers, that in ancient times a herd of these tremendous animals came to the Big-bone-licks, and began an universal destruction of the bear, deer, elk, buffalo, and other animals which had been created for the use of the Indians. That the Great Man above looking down and seeing this, was so enraged, that he seized his lightning, descended on the earth, seated himself on a neighbouring mountain, on a rock on which his seat and the prints of his feet are still to be seen, and hurled his bolts among them, till the whole were slaughtered, except the big bull, who, presenting his forehead to the shafts, shook them off as they fell, but missing one, at length it wounded him in the side, whereon, springing round, he bounded over the Ohio, over the Wabash, the Illinois, and finally over the great lakes, where he is living at this day."—*Jefferson's Notes on Virginia.*

p. 49. *Scorning to wield the hatchet for his bribe,
'Gainst Brandt himself I went to battle forth :*

In a paper published in 1822, Campbell acknowledged that he was misled in attributing these cruelties to Brandt, who was not even present at that scene of desolation.

p. 49. *To whom nor relative nor blood remains,
No!—not a kindred drop that runs in human veins!*

Every one who recollects the specimen of Indian eloquence given in the speech of Logan, a Mingo chief, to the governor of Virginia, will perceive that I have attempted to paraphrase its concluding and most striking expression:—"There runs not a drop of my blood in the veins of any living creature." The similar salutation of the fictitious personage in my story, and the real Indian orator, makes it surely allowable to borrow such an expression; and if it appears, as it cannot but appear, to less advantage than in the original, I beg the reader to reflect how difficult it is to transpose such exquisitely simple words, without sacrificing a portion of their effect.

In the spring of 1774, a robbery and murder were committed on an inhabitant of the frontiers of Virginia, by two Indians of the Shawanee tribe. The neighbouring whites, according to their custom, undertook to punish this outrage in a summary manner. Colonel Cresap, a man infamous for the many murders he had committed on those much injured people, collected a party and proceeded down the Kanaway in quest of vengeance; unfortunately, a canoe with women and children, with one man only, was seen coming from the opposite shore unarmed.

and unsuspecting an attack from the whites. Cresap and his party concealed themselves on the bank of the river, and the moment the canoe reached the shore, singled out their objects, and at one fire killed every person in it. This happened to be the family of Logan, who had long been distinguished as a friend to the whites. This unworthy return provoked his vengeance; he accordingly signalized himself in the war which ensued. In the autumn of the same year a decisive battle was fought at the mouth of the great Kanaway, in which the collected forces of the Shawanees, Mingos, and Delawares were defeated by a detachment of the Virginian militia. The Indians sued for peace. Logan, however, disdained to be seen among the suppliants; but lest the sincerity of a treaty should be disturbed, from which so distinguished a chief abstracted himself, he sent, by a messenger, the following speech to be delivered to Lord Dunmore:—

"I appeal to any white man if ever he entered Logan's cabin hungry, and he gave him not to eat; if ever he came cold and hungry, and he clothed him not. During the course of the last long and bloody war, Logan remained idle in his cabin, an advocate for peace. Such was my love for the whites, that my countrymen pointed as they passed, and said, Logan is the friend of the white men. I have even thought to have lived with you, but for the injuries of one man. Colonel Cresap, the last spring, in cold blood, murdered all the relations of Logan, even my women and children.

"There runs not a drop of my blood in the veins of any living creature;—this called on me for revenge. I have fought for it. I have killed many. I have fully glutted my vengeance.—For my country I rejoice at the beams of peace;—but do not harbour a thought that mine is the joy of fear. Logan never felt fear. He will not turn on his heel to save his life.—Who is there to mourn for Logan? not one."
—*Jefferson's Notes on Virginia.*

O'CONNOR'S CHILD.

p. 55. *Innisfail*, the ancient name of Ireland.

p. 56. *Kerne*, the plural of *Kern*, an Irish foot-soldier. In this sense the word is used by Shakspeare. Gainsford, in his *Glories of England*, says, "They (the Irish) are desperate in revenge, and their *kerne* think no man dead until his head be off."

p. 56. *Shieling*, a rude cabin or hut.

p. 56. *In Erin's yellow vesture clad*,

Yellow, dyed from saffron, was the favourite colour of the ancient Irish. When the Irish chieftains came to make terms with Queen Elizabeth's lord-lieutenant, we are told by Sir John Davis, that they came to court in saffron-coloured uniforms.

p. 57. *Mórat*, a drink made of the juice of mulberry mixed with honey.

p. 57.

*Their tribe, they said, their high degree,
Was sung in Tara's psaltery;*

The pride of the Irish in ancestry was so great, that one of the O'Neals being told that Barret of Castlemono had been there only 400 years, he replied—that he hated the clown as if he had come there but yesterday.

Tara was the place of assemblage and feasting of the petty princes of Ireland. Very splendid and fabulous descriptions are given by the Irish historians of the pomp and luxury of those meetings. The psaltery of Tara was the grand national register of Ireland. The grand epoch of political eminence in the early history of the Irish is the reign of their great and favourite monarch, Ollam Fodlaib, who reigned, according to Keating, about 950 years before the Christian era. Under him was instituted the great Fes at Tara, which it is pretended was a triennial convention of the states, or a parliament; the members of which were the Druids, and other learned men, who represented the people in that assembly. Very minute accounts are given by Irish annalists of the magnificence and order of these entertainments; from which, it is credible, we might collect the earliest traces of heraldry that occur in history. To preserve order and regularity in the great number and variety of the members who met on such occasions, the Irish historians inform us that, when the banquet was ready to be served up, the shield-bearers of the princes, and other members of the convention, delivered in their shields and targets, which were readily distinguished by the coats of arms emblazoned upon them. These were arranged by the grand marshal and principal herald, and hung upon the walls on the right side of the table; and, upon entering the apartments, each member took his seat under his respective shield or target, without the slightest disturbance. The concluding days of the meeting, it is allowed by the Irish antiquaries, were spent in very free excess of conviviality; but the first six, they say, were devoted to the examination and settlement of the annals of the kingdom. These were publicly rehearsed. When they had passed the approbation of the assembly, they were transcribed into the authentic chronicles of the nation, which was called the Register, or Psalter, of Tara.

Col. Vallancey gives a translation of an old Irish fragment, found in Trinity College, Dublin, in which the palace of the above assembly is thus described, as it existed in the reign of Cormac:—

“In the reign of Cormac, the palace of Tara was nine hundred feet square; the diameter of the surrounding rath, seven dice or casts of a dart; it contained one hundred and fifty apartments; one hundred and fifty dormitories, or sleeping-rooms for guards, and sixty men in each; the height was twenty-seven cubits; there were one hundred and fifty common drinking-horns, twelve doors, and one thousand guests daily, besides princes, orators, and men of science, engravers of gold and silver, carvers, modellers, and nobles.” The Irish description of the banqueting-hall is thus translated:—“Twelve stalls or divisions in each wing; sixteen attendants on each side, and two to each table; one hundred guests in all.”

p. 58.

And stemm'd De Bourgo's chivalry!

The house of O'Connor had a right to boast of their victories over

the English. It was a chief of the O'Connor race who gave a check to the English champion De Conrey, so famous for his personal strength, and for cleaving a helmet at one blow of his sword, in the presence of the kings of France and England, when the French champion declined the combat with him. Though ultimately conquered by the English under De Bourgo, the O'Connors had also humbled the pride of that name on a memorable occasion: viz., when Walter De Bourgo, an ancestor of that De Bourgo who won the battle of Athunree, had become so insolent as to make excessive demands upon the territories of Connaught, and to bid defiance to all the rights and properties reserved by the Irish chiefs. Eath O'Connor, a near descendant of the famous Cathal, surnamed of the Bloody Hand, rose against the usurper, and defeated the English so severely, that their general died of chagrin after the battle.

p. 58. *Or beal-fires for your jubilee.*

The month of May is to this day called *Mi Beal tiennie*, i. e., the month of Beal's fire, in the original language of Ireland, and hence, I believe, the name of the Beltan festival in the Highlands. These fires were lighted on the summits of mountains (the Irish antiquaries say) in honour of the sun; and are supposed, by those conjecturing gentlemen, to prove the origin of the Irish from some nation who worshipped Baal or Belus. Many hills in Ireland still retain the name of *Cnoc Greine*, i. e., the Hill of the Sun; and on all are to be seen the ruins of druidical altars.

p. 58. *And play my clarsheech by thy side.*

The clarsheech, or harp, the principal musical instrument of the Iibernian bards, does not appear to be of Irish origin, nor indigenous to any of the British islands.—The Britons undoubtedly were not acquainted with it during the residence of the Romans in their country, as in all their coins, on which musical instruments are represented, we see only the Roman lyre, and not the British teylin, or harp.

p. 58. *And saw at dawn the lofty bawn.*

Bawn, from the Teutonic Bawen—to construct and secure with branches of trees, was so called because the primitive Celtic fortifications were made by digging a ditch, throwing up a rampart, and on the latter fixing stakes, which were interlaced with boughs of trees. This word is used by Spenser; but it is inaccurately called by Mr Todd, his annotator, an eminence.

p. 60. *To speak the malison of heaven.*

If the wrath which I have ascribed to the heroine of this little piece should seem to exhibit her character as too unnaturally stripped of patriotic and domestic affections, I must beg leave to plead the authority of Corneille in the representation of a similar passion: I allude to the denunciation of Camille, in the tragedy of "Horace." When Horace, accompanied by a soldier bearing the three swords of the Curiatii, meets his sister, and invites her to congratulate him on his victory, she expresses only her grief, which he attributes at first only to her feelings for the loss of her two brothers; but when she bursts forth

into reproaches against him as the murderer of her lover, the last of the Curiatii, he exclaims:—

"O ciel ! qui vit jamais une pareille rage !
Crols-tu donc que je sois insensible à l'outrage.
Que je souffre en mon sang ce mortel déshonneur ?
Aime, aime cette mort qui fait notre bonheur ;
Et préfère du moins au souvenir d'un homme
Ce que doit ta naissance aux intérêts de Rome."

At the mention of Rome, Camille breaks out into this apostrophe:—

"Rome, l'unique objet de mon ressentiment !
Rome, à qui vient ton bras d'immoler mon amant !
Rome qui t'a vu naître et que ton cœur adore !
Rome enfin que je hais parce qu'elle t'honore !
Puisse-tous ses voisins ensemble conjurés
Saper ses fondements encor mal assurés ;
Et si ce n'est assez de toute l'Italie,
Que l'Orient contre elle à l'Occident s'allie ;
Que cent Peuples, unis des bords de l'univers
L'assent pour la détruire et les monts et les mers
Qu'elle même sur soi renverse ses murailles,
Et de ses propres mains déchire ses entrailles !
Que le courroux du ciel allumé par mes vœux
Fasse pleuvoir sur elle un déluge de feux !
Puisse-je de mes yeux y voir tomber ce foudre,
Voir ses maisons en cendre et tes lauriers en poudre,
Voir de dernier Romain à son dernier soupir,
Moi seule en être cause, et mourir de plaisir !"

p. 61.

And go to Athunree! (I cried)

In the reign of Edward the Second, the Irish presented to Pope John the Twenty-second a memorial of their sufferings under the English, of which the language exhibits all the strength of despair. "Ever since the English (say they) first appeared upon our coasts, they entered our territories under a certain specious pretence of charity, and external hypocritical show of religion, endeavouring at the same time, by every artifice malice could suggest, to extirpate us root and branch, and without any other right than that of the strongest; they have so far succeeded, by base fraudulence and cunning, that they have forced us to quit our fair and ample habitations and inheritances, and to take refuge like wild beasts in the mountains, the woods, and the morasses of the country;—nor even can the caverns and dens protect us against their insatiable avarice. They pursue us even into those frightful abodes; endeavouring to dispossess us of the wild uncultivated rocks, and arrogate to themselves the PROPERTY OF EVERY PLACE on which we can stamp the figure of our foot."

The greatest effort ever made by the ancient Irish to regain their native independence, was made at the time when they called over the brother of Robert Bruce from Scotland. William De Bourgo, brother to the Earl of Ulster, and Richard de Bermingham, were sent against the main body of the native insurgents, who were headed rather than commanded by Felim O'Connor. The important battle which decided the subjection of Ireland, took place on the 10th of August 1315. It was the bloodiest that ever was fought between the two nations, and cou-

tinned throughout the whole day, from the rising to the setting sun. The Irish fought with inferior discipline, but with great enthusiasm. They lost ten thousand men, among whom were twenty-nine chiefs of Connaught. Tradition states that, after this terrible day, the O'Connor family, like the Fabian, were so nearly exterminated, that throughout all Connaught not one of the name remained, except Felim's brother, who was capable of bearing arms.

LOCHIEL'S WARNING.

p. 62.

Lochiel, the chief of the warlike clan of the Camerons, and descended from ancestors distinguished in their narrow sphere for great personal prowess, was a man worthy of a better cause and fate than that in which he embarked, the enterprise of the Stuarts in 1745. His memory is still fondly cherished among the Highlanders, by the appellation of the "*gentle Lochiel*;" for he was famed for his social virtues as much as his martial and magnanimous (though mistaken) loyalty. His influence was so important among the Highland chiefs, that it depended on his joining with his clan whether the standard of Charles should be raised or not in 1745. Lochiel was himself too wise a man to be blind to the consequences of so hopeless an enterprise, but his sensibility to the point of honour overruled his wisdom. Charles appealed to his loyalty, and he could not brook the reproaches of his Prince. When Charles landed at Borrodale, Lochiel went to meet him, but on his way called at his brother's house (Cameron of Fassafarn), and told him on what errand he was going; adding, however, that he meant to dissuade the Prince from his enterprise. Fassafarn advised him, in that case, to communicate his mind by letter to Charles. "No," said Lochiel, "I think it due to my Prince to give him my reasons in person for refusing to join his standard."—"Brother," replied Fassafarn, "I know you better than you know yourself; if the Prince once sets eyes on you, he will make you do what he pleases. The interview accordingly took place; and Lochiel, with many arguments, but in vain, pressed the Pretender to return to France and reserve himself and his friends for a more favourable occasion, as he had come, by his own acknowledgment, without arms, or money, or adherents; or, at all events, to remain concealed till his friends should meet and deliberate what was best to be done. Charles, whose mind was wound up to the utmost impatience, paid no regard to this proposal, but answered, "that he was determined to put all to the hazard. "In a few days," said he, "I will erect the royal standard and proclaim to the people of Great Britain, that Charles Stuart is come over to claim the crown of his ancestors, and to win it, or perish in the attempt. Lochiel, who, my father has often told me, was our firmest friend, may stay at home and learn from the newspapers the fate of his Prince." "No," said Lochiel, "I will share the fate of my Prince, and so shall every man over whom nature or fortune hath given me any power."

The other chieftains who followed Charles embraced his cause with

no better hopes. It engages our sympathy most strongly in their behalf, that no motive but their fear to be reproached with cowardice or disloyalty, impelled them to the hopeless adventure. Of this we have an example in the interview of Prince Charles with Clanronald, another leading chieftain in the rebel army.

"Charles" says Home, "almost reduced to despair, in his discourse with Boldsdale, addressed the two Highlanders with great emotion, and summing up his arguments for taking arms, conjured them to assist their Prince, their countryman, in his utmost need. Clanronald and his friend, though well inclined to the cause, positively refused, and told him that to take up arms without concert or support was to pull down certain ruin on their own heads. Charles persisted, argued, and implored. During this conversation (they were on shipboard) the parties walked backwards and forwards on the deck; a Highlander stood near them, armed at all points, as was then the fashion of his country. He was a younger brother of Kinloch Moidart, and had come off to the ship to inquire for news, not knowing who was aboard. When he gathered from their discourse that the stranger was the Prince of Wales—when he heard his chief and his brother refuse to take arms with their Prince—his colour went and came, his eyes sparkled, he shifted his place and grasped his sword. Charles observed his demeanour, and turning briskly to him, called out 'Will you assist me?'—'I will, I will,' said Ronald: 'though no other man in the Highlands should draw a sword, I am ready to die for you.' Charles, with a profusion of thanks to his champion, said, he wished all the Highlanders were like him. Without further deliberation, the two Macdonalds declared that they would also join, and use their utmost endeavours to engage their countrymen to take arms."—*Home's Hist. R. bellion*, p. 40.

p. 62. *Albin!* The Gaelic appellation of Scotland, more particularly the Highlands.

p. 63. *Lo! anointed by Heaven with the vials of wrath,
Behold, where he flies on his desolate path!*

The lines allude to the many hardships of the royal sufferer.

An account of the second sight, in Irish called *Taish*, is thus given in Martin's Description of the Western Isles of Scotland.

"The second sight is a singular faculty of seeing an otherwise invisible object, without any previous means used by the person who sees it for that end. The vision makes such a lively impression upon the seers, that they neither see nor think of anything else except the vision as long as it continues; and then they appear pensive or jovial according to the object which was represented to them.

"At the sight of a vision the eyelids of the persons are erected, and the eyes continue staring until the object vanishes. This is obvious to others who are standing by when the persons happen to see a vision; and occurred more than once to my own observation, and to others that were with me.

"There is one in Skie, of whom his acquaintance observed, that when he sees a vision the inner part of his eyelids turn so far upwards, that, after the object disappears, he must draw them down with his fingers, and sometimes employ others to draw them down, which he finds to be much the easier way.

"This faculty of the second sight does not lineally descend in a family, as some have imagined; for I know several parents who are endowed with it, and their children are not; and *vice versa*. Neither is it acquired by any previous compact. And after strict inquiry, I could never learn from any among them, that this faculty was communicable to any whatsoever. The seer neither knows the object, time, nor place of a vision before it appears; and the same object is often seen by different persons living at a considerable distance from one another. The true way of judging as to the time and circumstances is by observation; for several persons of judgment who are without this faculty are more capable to judge of the design of a vision than a novice that is a seer. If an object appear in the day or night, it will come to pass sooner or later accordingly.

"If an object is seen early in a morning, which is not frequent, it will be accomplished in a few hours afterwards; if at noon, it will probably be accomplished that very day; if in the evening, perhaps that night; if after candles be lighted, it will be accomplished that night; the latter always an accomplishment by weeks, months, and sometimes years, according to the time of the night the vision is seen.

"When a shroud is seen about one, it is a sure prognostic of death. The time is judged according to the height of it about the person; for if it is not seen above the middle, death is not to be expected for the space of a year, and perhaps some months longer: and as it is frequently seen to ascend higher towards the head, death is concluded to be at hand within a few days, if not hours, as daily experience confirms. Examples of this kind were shown me, when the person of whom the observations were then made was in perfect health.

"It is ordinary with them to see houses, gardens, and trees in places void of all these, and this in process of time is wont to be accomplished: as at Mogsloot, in the Isle of Skie, where there were but a few sorry low houses, thatched with straw; yet in a few years the vision, which appeared often, was accomplished by the building of several good houses in the very spot represented to the seers, and by the planting of orchards there.

"To see a spark of fire is a forerunner of a dead child, to be seen in the arms of those persons; of which there are several instances. To see a seat empty at the time of sitting in it, is a presage of that person's death quickly after it.

"When a novice, or one that has lately obtained the second sight, sees a vision in the night-time without doors, and comes near a fire, he presently falls into a swoon.

"Some find themselves as it were in a crowd of people, having a corpse, which they carry along with them; and after such visions the seers come in sweating, and describe the vision that appeared. If there be any of their acquaintance among them, they give an account of their names, as also of the bearers; but they know nothing concerning the corpse."

Horses and cows (according to the same credulous author) have certainly sometimes the same faculty; and he endeavours to prove it by the signs of fear which the animals exhibit, when second-sighted persons see visions in the same place.

"The seers (he continues) are general illiterate and well-meaning people, and altogether void of design: nor could I ever learn that any of them ever made the least gain by it: neither is it reputable among

them to have that faculty. Besides, the people of the Isles are not so credulous as to believe implicitly before the thing predicted is accomplished; but when it is actually accomplished afterwards, it is not in their power to deny it, without offering violence to their own sense and reason. Besides, if the seers were deceivers, can it be reasonable to imagine that all the islanders who have not the second sight should combine together, and offer violence to their understandings and senses, to enforce themselves to believe a lie from age to age? There are several persons among them whose title and education raise them above the suspicion of concurring with an impostor merely to gratify an illiterate contemptible set of persons; nor can reasonable persons believe that children, horses, and cows, should be pre-engaged in a combination in favour of the second sight."—*Martin's Description of the Western Isles of Scotland*, p. 3. 11.

STANZAS TO PAINTING.

p. 24.

Whose lineage, in a raptured hour,

Alluding to the well known tradition respecting the origin of painting, that it arose from a young Corinthian female tracing the shadow of her lover's profile on the wall, as he lay asleep.

THE END.

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE,
WITH LIFE.

LIFE OF SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

S. T. COLERIDGE was born at Ottery St Mary, Devonshire, on the 21st October 1772. His father was Vicar of that parish, and Head-master of Henry VIII.'s Free Grammar School there—a man of extremely simple, and, indeed, eccentric manners, so wrapt up in his own thoughts and studies, as to have been commonly called “the absent man.” His kindly disposition made him universally beloved, and his learning was considerable; but, as often happens with men in whom the habit of study is not corrected by that of action, he seems to have wanted common sense in practical matters—witness his custom of quoting Hebrew in addressing his rustic congregation on Sunday. As master of the Grammar School, he published a Latin grammar, and the importance which he attaches in it to a name of his own invention, *quale-quare-quidditive*, as a substitute for the *ablative* case, throws a suspicion of pedantry over even his learning. Coleridge's mother, Anne Bowdon, was an excellent English housewife, but an uneducated woman, with a supreme contempt for “your harpsichord ladies,” as she used to call those whose accomplishments were more refined than her own. She was the worthy vicar's second wife, and Coleridge was their tenth and youngest child, or, more accurately, the tenth of his mother, and the thirteenth of his father. He seems to have been cast in his father's mould, inheriting the same mental acquisitiveness, and power of abstraction—the same tendency, in short, to a life of inward thought, as opposed to a life of outward action. Gillman states (in his *Life of Coleridge*, p. 7) that he often heard the poet

relate the following anecdote, which is highly characteristic of both his parents :—"The old gentleman had to take a short journey on some professional business, which would detain him from home for three or four days; and his wife, on committing to his care a well-packed little trunk, impressed upon him the propriety of putting on a clean shirt every day. When he returned, Mrs Coleridge was not long in opening the trunk, to examine the state of the linen; but lo! there was none in the trunk. On inquiry, however, it appeared that the absent Vicar had strictly obeyed her injunctions, by putting on a clean shirt every day, but had always forgotten to take off the one underneath!

The Vicar died before Coleridge was seven years of age, so that he was denied that kindly paternal training which would have been so valuable to his loving and sensitive nature. He was a weakly and timid child; and his idiosyncrasy, viz., absorption in his own inner life, distinctly appeared before he was six years of age. He says of himself, "I never played except by myself, and then only acting over what I had been reading or fancying, or half one half the other, with a stick cutting down weeds and nettles, as one of the seven champions of Christendom."

By the interest of Judge Buller, who had been one of the vicar's pupils, young Coleridge was admitted into Christ's Hospital, London, in 1782, where he remained nine years. Here, too, he continued "a playless day-dreamer." Once, as he sauntered along the Strand, deaf to the tide of human life that roared around him, and fancying himself *Leander* buffeting the waves of the *Hellespont*, he thrust out his arms before him as a swimmer, and unwittingly tugged a gentleman's coat-pocket. The gentleman turned quickly round, and, supposing that he had to do with a pickpocket's apprentice, said, "What! so young, and so wicked!" but, on learning the true state of the case, was so pleased, that he instantly made Coleridge free of a circulating library in King Street, Cheapside, the whole contents of which, folios and all, he went through, at the rate of two volumes a day.

Apart from books, Coleridge's greatest enjoyment at this time seems to have been bathing in the New River, on those occasions when the Hospital boys were turned out to spend the livelong

day as best they might. There were few houses where the orphan visitor was welcomed, and he shrank from being troublesome by calling often; so that, many a time, the pleasure of bathing was alloyed by the gnawings of hunger, and he was glad when evening re-opened to him the Hospital gates, and admitted him to a scanty meal. When men or boys are ill-conditioned externally, they often do reckless things, and in his bathing excursions Coleridge committed sundry indiscretions, which injured his health, and brought upon him those bodily sufferings that embittered his life. Such, for instance, was his swimming across the New River with his clothes on, and allowing them to dry upon his back.

Coleridge attracted the attention of his masters by his proficiency in the classics, of which he was so fond, that he even read them for pleasure during play-hours, walking to and fro, or sitting on a door-step, with his knee-breeches unbuttoned, and his shoes down at the heel. For mathematics he had not the same predilection, and was besides unfortunate in a master. On coming to the axiom, "A line is length without breadth," Coleridge asked, "How can that be? A line must have some breadth, be it ever so thin;" and was immediately visited with a box on the ear, and a denunciation, "Go along, you silly fellow."

Notwithstanding Coleridge's passion for books, no literary ambition seems to have been awakened in him; for, at the age of 15, he actually took measures for getting himself apprenticed to a shoemaker. Many Hospital boys were put to trades at that age; and Coleridge, having made the acquaintance of a worthy shoemaker and his wife, in wandering through the city, solicited the said Crispin to apply to the Head-master in his behalf. That gentleman, however—Mr Bowyer—had the discernment to perceive that Coleridge was destined for nobler work; and thus, as Coleridge used to say long afterwards, in jocular reference to the circumstance, "I lost the opportunity of supplying safeguards to the *understandings* of those who, perhaps, will never thank me for what I am aiming to do in exercising their *reason*." The incident is chiefly valuable as a proof of Coleridge's affectionate nature; for the *rationale* of it consisted simply in this, that in the

Hospital he felt his isolation as an orphan, and the shoemaker's wife had shown him kindness.

Shortly after this, Coleridge conceived a rage for being apprenticed to a surgeon, and devoured medical books in all the languages he knew. He had accompanied his brother Luke, who, as the seventh son, was destined to the medical profession from infancy, in his visits to the London Hospital, and had derived infinite satisfaction from holding a plaster, and attending the dressings. This fancy, also, must be set down to the account of his affectionate nature; but all his own fancies were overruled by the determination of Mr Bowyer to send him to the University. It did not, indeed, require extraordinary penetration to perceive that the youth of sixteen, who could write the allegory of "Real and Imaginary Time," which was published afterwards in the "Sibylline Leaves," as a school theme, was worthy of a university education. That gentleman probably supposed that Coleridge would make a capital theologian, for he was already well read in ethics and theology. He says himself: "Even before my fifteenth year I had bewildered myself in metaphysics, and in theological controversy. Nothing else pleased me. History and particular fact lost all interest in my mind. Poetry—poetry itself, yea, novels and romances, became insipid to me." After going through Voltaire's *Philosophical Dictionary*, Coleridge seems to have sported infidelity, but Mr Bowyer, who was a believer in *birch*, and practised what he believed, did his best to flog it out of him. "So, sirrah, you are an infidel, are you? then I'll flog your infidelity out of you," was the preface to the severest flogging which Coleridge ever received at his hands, and is highly characteristic of the times. Arnold did not so treat the young infidels at Rugby. It is remarkable, however, that Coleridge long afterwards declared this to be the only just flogging he ever received from Bowyer. He says, "With my heart, I never did abandon the name of Christ;" and if, instead of being shut up to temporary infidelity, by apparently cogent reasons, he merely affected it, as other youngsters play the ghost for fun, no doubt, he richly deserved what he got.

This sixteenth year was the epoch of Coleridge's first love. He became acquainted with a widow lady, whose son he, as upper boy,

had protected in the Hospital, and from her he learned what it was to have a mother. She had three daughters, and Coleridge fell in love with the eldest; he was indebted to her for a triennium of poetry and love. It was, no doubt, a review of his experience at this time which enabled him to sketch so well, many years afterwards, the natural history of *calf-love*,—"How often will the loving heart and imaginative spirit of a young man mistake the projected creature of his own moral yearning, seen in the reflecting surface of the first not repulsive or vulgar female, who treats him affectionately, for the realization of his idea!" About the same time Coleridge came under another wholesome influence, viz., that of the new poetical school inaugurated by Cowper, who, disregarding the conventionalism of art, aimed chiefly at the expression of natural thought in natural language. Coleridge did not become acquainted with Cowper's works till after this period, and his introduction to the new school of poetry was through the medium of Bowles' Sonnets, which he ever afterwards held in grateful remembrance, on account of the benefit he derived from their perusal at this time.

Coleridge's health did not improve with his years; in particular, during his seventeenth year, he was laid up full half the time in the sick-ward with jaundice and rheumatic fever. This, however, only afforded him more leisure for contemplation; for bodily suffering, which in most men interrupts thought, did not in his case interfere with the exercise of the intellectual powers. It is evident, indeed, from the sonnet, in which he bade farewell to Christ's Hospital, in September 1790, that, notwithstanding all his sufferings and privations there, he cherished towards it a grateful and affectionate remembrance:—

"Adieu, adieu! ye much loved cloisters pale!
 Ah! would those happy days return again,
 When 'neath your arches, free from every stain,
 I heard of guilt, and wondered at the tale!
 Dear haunts! where oft my simple lays I sang,
 Listening meanwhile the echoings of my feet,
 Lingering I quit you, with as great a pang,
 As when, erewhile, my weeping childhood, torn
 By early sorrow from my native seat,
 Mingled its tears with hers—my widowed parent lorn."

On the 5th February 1791, Coleridge entered Jesus' College, Cambridge, at the age of nineteen; and, at the very first, gave proof of inheriting his father's want of common sense in practical matters. An upholsterer waited upon him, offering to furnish his rooms, and asked how he would like to have them done. "Just as you please, sir!" was Coleridge's simple answer, who took the upholsterer for an *employé* of the college! This involved him at once in a debt of £100. Middleton, afterwards bishop of Calcutta, who, when a Grecian* at Christ's Hospital, had noticed Coleridge's remarkable application to the classics during play-hours, was now his friend and fellow-student at Cambridge. They read together, and Coleridge obtained the prize for the Greek ode. But after Middleton left, he remitted his assiduity, and, despairing of a Fellowship because of his imperfect attainments in mathematics, gave up the struggle for what he had greatly coveted, viz., college honours and a college life. Another distracting influence was his sympathy with Europe, heaving at that time with the throes of political regeneration. On one occasion Coleridge is said to have planned, and a late Lord Chancellor to have executed a democratic trick, by so laying a train of gunpowder on two of the neatly shaven college lawns, that, when fired, the singed grass exhibited the words *Liberty and Equality*. The trial of Frend, too, fellow of Jesus' College, in 1793, for "sedition and defamation of the Church of England, in giving utterance to and printing certain opinions, founded on Unitarian doctrines, adverse to the Established Church," excited the liveliest interest in Coleridge, who, notwithstanding Bowyer's orthodox birch, remained a Socinian till the age of twenty-five. An incident, during this trial, illustrates both the open manly nature of Coleridge, and the amiability of a college proctor. Coleridge had clapped his hands, in the midst of the Senate, at some observations made by one of Frend's defenders, when a proctor immediately demanded, in a loud voice, who had committed the indecorum. After a short pause, the proctor, addressing a student who sat near Coleridge, cried out, "Twas you, sir;" upon which the student, holding up

* A scholar of the first class, intended for the university, so called in Christ's Hospital, London.

the stump of a right arm, answered, "Would, sir, that I had the power." Lest some innocent person should be blamed, or fall under suspicion, Coleridge went afterwards to the proctor, and stated that it was he who had clapped his hands. "I know that very well," said the proctor, "and I addressed your neighbour without the hand on purpose. You have had a narrow escape."

A variety of circumstances,—the failure of his academical prospects, his profound sympathy with much that was either ignored or proscribed by the university, and the accumulation of his debts,—filled Coleridge's mind with "viper thoughts;" and, like a true child of nature overwhelmed, he betook himself to flight. Once before, in his fifth or sixth year, he had done the same in consequence of a quarrel with his brother, and from the fear of being whipped. He then spent a whole October night of rain and wind on the side of a bleak hill, where he was found at daybreak, without the power of using his limbs, about six yards from the bank of the river Otter. This time he fled to London, and spent a whole night on a door-step in Chancery Lane, "in a reverie of tumultuous feelings, speculating on the future." Beggars accosted him, and he not only listened to their tales, but emptied to them his purse. In the morning a bill posted on the wall caught his eye: "Wanted, a few smart lads for the 15th, Elliot's Light Dragoons;" and he said to himself, "Well, I have had all my life a violent antipathy to soldiers and horses; the sooner I can cure myself of these absurd prejudices the better, and I will enlist in this regiment." On going to the place of enlistment, he met with a singular instance of patriarchal humanity in the old sergeant to whom he offered himself as a recruit. Seeing him look jaded, the sergeant asked him if he had been in bed, and, on Coleridge answering in the negative, gave him both breakfast, and an opportunity of repose. He then put a half-guinea into his hands, advising him to go to the play in the evening, and shake off his melancholy, and not return to him, except at his convenience, to repay the loan. Coleridge took his advice so far by going to the play, but returned immediately after to the sergeant, who burst into tears at sight of him, saying, "Then it must be so," and enlisted him under the name of *Comberbach*. This name he gave on the spur of the moment; but he used to say afterwards that,

from his unskilfulness in riding, his horse no doubt considered it very appropriate—*Cumberback*.

Coleridge's natural kindness made him a favourite in the regiment. One day when marching, it was found necessary to leave a man behind, who was seized with small-pox; and Coleridge volunteered to stay with him. For six weeks he tended the patient night and day in an outhouse, and had at length the inexpressible happiness of restoring him sound to the ranks. This circumstance raised him in the esteem of his comrades, to many of whom he was useful besides as the penman of their domestic and love-letters. In return for these services, they cleaned his horse and accoutrements, and in particular attended to his horse's heels, he himself being disabled from stooping by a pain at the pit of the stomach. The jealousy of some among his comrades was indeed excited by the marked preference which Captain Ogle showed for Coleridge. This officer had observed, pencilled on the stable wall at Reading, "*Eheu! quam infortunii miserrimum est fuisse felicem!*"* and, learning that Coleridge was the scribbler, appointed him his orderly. Coleridge walked behind him in the streets, but abreast of him out of town; and this honour was begrudged him by some soldiers of longer standing, and better horsemanship. The real deliverer of Coleridge, however, from his military entanglement, was a young man who had left Cambridge to join his regiment, and who, in passing through Reading, recognised him. He was discharged at Hounslow in April 1794, having been altogether four months in the army. He returned to Cambridge, but did not remain there long, and quitted it without taking a degree.

Literature is the natural resource of men whose tastes are refined, and whose academical studies have not proved
1794-1798 a stepping-stone to professional advancement, or to a profession at all. Such was the position, and such the resource of Coleridge now. Accompanied by Southey, he went to Bristol, the native place of the latter, and commenced along with him a professedly literary life. The agitation of the time was favourable to periodicals and lectures on political subjects; and they attempted both, denouncing the aristocrats, and winning for

* *Alas! most wretched of all, to have been happy once!*

themselves the equally opprobrious epithets of democrat and Jacobin. One of their projects at this time Coleridge used to smile at afterwards as a day-dream, though a contemporary of our own, Robert Owen, actually endeavoured its realization. This was to form a settlement in the wilds of America, which, in the second generation, should combine the innocence of the patriarchal age with the knowledge and refinement of modern Europe. Susquehanna was the spot selected "on account of the name being pretty and metrical," which sufficiently shows that the whole project was a trick played off by fancy upon enthusiasts, who had all the inexperience, as well as the noble aspirations, of youth. With the view of carrying out this project, they married two sisters of the name of Fricker, on the same day, in the autumn of 1795, but gave themselves a better chance of realizing an earthly paradise by taking up house in England. Coleridge took his bride to Clevedon, near Bristol, whence he removed in the end of 1796 to a cottage at Netter Stowey, a village at the foot of the Quantock Hills in Somersetshire; and here during the next three years most of his principal poems were composed. Part of his subsistence was derived from contributions in verse to the London papers; but some of his undertakings were eminently unsuccessful. Thus in 1796 he started the *Watchman*, a weekly miscellany, in which it was his function "to cry the state of the political atmosphere;" but he stopped the publication at the tenth number, because it did not pay its expenses. The practical lesson of such disappointments was, in regard to himself, that he was not gifted with a style of thought and expression interesting or edifying to the multitude; and it is indeed quite true that, to be appreciated, Coleridge's writings demand, if not an educated, at least a thoughtful mind. In regard to others, as well as himself, he learned this maxim, which he often inculcated in later life: *Never pursue literature as a trade*. In these years he also preached occasionally in Unitarian pulpits, and might have become a Unitarian minister, but his metaphysics were by this time not quite accordant with Unitarian theology. Meanwhile his fame as poet and philosopher steadily advanced, which was owing less to the laudations than to the censure of reviewers.

The year 1797, Coleridge's twenty-fifth, was the prime of his

poetical life. It was then that he wrote "Remorse," and the first part of "Christabel:" then, too, was devised, along with Wordsworth, who lived close by Nether Stowey, at All Foxden, the plan of the "Lyrical Ballads," published in the following year. Coleridge's themes were to be supernatural, or at least romantic, though not without a human interest; Wordsworth, again, was to give the charm of novelty to everyday things, by awakening the reader's mind from the lethargy of custom, and opening up the wonders and the loveliness of the world before us. "The Ancient Mariner" was written as a portion of the task imposed upon Coleridge by this contract; and the impression of wonder and awe, which it makes on every reader, shows how well it answered the design. It is a pre-eminent example of that "splendid incompleteness" which is the most striking characteristic of Coleridge's works, and of his whole literary life. The following lampoon upon it appeared in the *Morning Post*, addressed "To the Author of the Ancient Mariner:"—

" Your Poem must eternal be;
Dear Sir, it cannot fall:
For 'tis incomprehensible,
Without head or tail."

Some time afterwards, a pretender in literature sought an introduction to Coleridge through a mutual friend, to whom he stated that he would have some delicacy in appearing before the poet, because he had lampooned his "Ancient Mariner" in the *Morning Post*, referring to the above. Unspeakable was the man's confusion when Coleridge took the first opportunity of letting him know that the lampoon was written by himself!

In 1798, by the munificence of Messrs Josiah and Thomas Wedg-
1799-1816 wood, Coleridge was enabled to visit Germany, and there, as he phrased it himself, he finished his education. He attended Blumenbach's lectures on physiology and natural history at Göttingen, studied Eichhorn's lectures on the New Testament in the notes of a German student, and made some progress in Gothic under Professor Tychsen; but he did not become acquainted with the later German metaphysicians till after returning to England. After an absence of fourteen months, he arrived

in London on 27th November 1799. How entirely he had made the German language his own, appears in his translation of Schiller's "Wallenstein," which was completed in six weeks, in a lodging in Buckingham Street, Strand, and published in 1800. He now engaged to assist in the literary department of the *Morning Post*, and made such conditions that that journal became, and for many years continued to be, anti-ministerial, though at the same time very decidedly both anti-Jacobin and anti-Gallican. Wordsworth, Southey, and Lamb were contributors at the same time.

Coleridge's religious views had by this time veered completely round to the orthodoxy of the Thirty-Nine Articles. In preparing for his occasional appearances in Unitarian pulpits, he was obliged to examine carefully the Scriptures, and to test both his own views and himself in holding them, by their feasibility as exponents of the Bible, and their adaptation as upholders and regulators of human piety. The result was, that he did not hesitate to declare that if the Unitarians "attempted to play the same tricks with a neighbour's will, which they had done with the New Testament, they would deserve to be put in the pillory." At the same time he believed that the Unitarians were not beyond the pale of salvation.

In 1801 Coleridge settled at Keswick; but the humidity of the climate brought on severe attacks of rheumatism, from which he had suffered more or less from boyhood. In 1803 the fear of sudden death induced him to insure his life for the sake of his family; and at length his sufferings so increased, that he determined on a change of climate. His friend Sir John, then Mr. Stoddart, residing at Malta, invited him to that island; and thither accordingly he went, arriving in La Valletta on 18th April 1804. Here he acted, from May 1804 to October 1805, as public secretary to the island, under Sir Alexander Ball, the governor. The change of climate benefited him only for a short while. The heat soon rendered his limbs "lifeless tools," and he was tortured with violent pains, "which neither opium, ether, nor peppermint, separately, or combined, could relieve."

On 27th September 1805, Coleridge set sail from Malta for Syracuse, and spent some months in Sicily and Italy. At Rome

he very narrowly escaped falling into the hands of Napoleon, to whom he was obnoxious on account of certain articles written by him in the *Morning Post*, and to which Fox had ascribed in the House of Commons the rupture of the peace of Amiens. Coleridge was warned of his danger by a brother of the celebrated traveller, Humboldt, who, in passing through Paris, had learned that he was a marked man, and the old Pope facilitated his escape, by sending him a passport ready signed. In this way, though the order for his arrest had been already sent from Paris, Coleridge posted to Leghorn, and embarked there on board an American vessel bound for England, where he arrived in 1806. Unhappily, during the voyage, a French vessel gave chase to the American, which so alarmed the Captain that he compelled Coleridge to throw his papers overboard, and thus were lost the fruits of his literary labours in Rome.

From 1806 to 1816, Coleridge led a wandering and miserable life, lecturing and publishing, the slave of opium, and the victim of pecuniary distress. At first, after returning from the Continent, he resided at Keswick; but he was more generally with his friend Wordsworth, then living at Grasmere. In 1810, he finally left the Lakes, where all his old ailments had returned upon him with unabated fury. He lived for some time with Mr Basil Montague, and then at Hammersmith with Mr Morgan. In 1811 he gave a course of lectures before the London Philosophical Society, and afterwards another at the Royal Institution. The play of "Remorse" was brought out about this time, and was well received on the stage. Various works were also prepared for the press, as "The Sibylline Leaves," and the greater part of the "Biographia Literaria."

At what time precisely Coleridge began to eat opium does not appear, but the following are the circumstances 1816-1834 under which he was drawn into this pernicious habit:—Having seen, in a Medical Review, the description of a case which very much resembled his own, and which had been relieved by the Kendal Black Drop, he procured some of that opiate preparation. The effect was instantaneous: a rheumatic affection, attended by swellings of the knees, palpitations of the heart, and pains all over him, which had confined him to

bed for nearly six months, disappeared as by a miracle. This convalescence did not last long of course, but the remedy was always at hand and infallible : and thus he was caught in the fatal whirlpool, nor became aware of his danger, till the power of resistance was gone. As he began, so he continued the use of opium, not from any craving for stimulus or pleasurable sensations, but merely to be relieved from pain.

Great was his horror on discovering, so early as 1803, that he was a slave to opium ; and, in considering the heroic effort which he made in 1816, at the ripe age of 44, to break off the habit, one knows not whether most to pity his enthrallment, or to admire the noble morality which insisted on emancipation. It was this which brought him into contact with Mr Gillman of Highgate ; for Coleridge had applied to Dr Adams, a London physician, and that gentleman introduced him to Mr Gillman, as every way qualified to aid him in the painful transition from habitual indulgence to habitual self-denial. The beginnings of such an evil may well be avoided with horror by those who are still free, when so great and good a man as Coleridge was under the necessity of writing to Mr Gillman, as follows : " Prior habits render it out of my power to *tell* an untruth, but, unless carefully observed, I dare not promise that I should not, with regard to this detested poison, be capable of *acting* one. Not sixty hours have yet passed without my having taken laudanum, though, for the last week, comparatively trifling doses. I have full belief that your anxiety need not be extended beyond the first week, but for the first week, I shall not, must not, be permitted to leave your house, unless with you ; delicately or indelicately, this must be done, and both the servants, and the assistant, must receive absolute commands from you. The stimulus of conversation suspends the terror that haunts my mind ; but, when I am alone, the horrors I have suffered from laudanum, the degradation, the blighted utility, almost overwhelm me." In April 1816, Coleridge became a member of Mr Gillman's household, and so endeared himself there, that they would never let him go ; and we have Gillman's assurance for the fact that Coleridge at length freed himself from his thralldom to opium. In 1825, when the Royal Society of Literature was incorporated under George IV., Coleridge was elected one of the

ten Royal Associates, with an annual allowance of 100 guineas out of the King's private purse. A weekly *conversazione* was held in Mr Gillman's house; and Coleridge continued to be its oracle till his death in 1834, in the 62d year of his age.

The poetry of Coleridge is distinguished by melody of versification, strength of expression, and vividness of conception. But its peculiar character and excellence arise from the fact that he was a philosopher as well as a poet, and in all his philosophizing, an earnest man. He could not, like many a German critic, sit down with cold-blooded impartiality to the dissection of systems metaphysical or religious, which had commanded the reverence or the faith of ages. His own heart ever cried out for a faith by which he might daily live: and his mind was superior to the artifice which, unconsciously employed by multitudes, helps them over all inward difficulties, that, namely, of leaving their hereditary creed, in quiet possession of the head, whilst a faith more or less discordant with the creed rules in the heart. Hence his manifold questionings of things visible and invisible, and his intimate communings with the depths of his own nature: hence also the obscurity of his writings to the multitude, and their preciousness to the few. To as many as have little or no inward life, and, in their development, have never got beyond the stage of rational animals, his poems want a human interest, and his language, whether in singing or saying, is comparatively an unknown tongue. But every soul that has been tried in the furnace of earnest inquiry, just because its inward experience has run, more or less, parallel with Coleridge's own, beats in unison with his muse, and finds, in the poet and philosopher alike, a forerunner, guide, and consoler. Such persons sympathize with the meditative, almost melancholy tenderness of Coleridge's poetry, because they too have fingered the threads of good and evil, which are the warp and woof of that strangely woven web, called human life; and to them his thoughts are the gold of wisdom, tried in the fire of his honest and profound experience.

As poet and philosopher, Coleridge has many rivals, but as a poetico-philosophic talker, he stands pre-eminent. The most distinguished among his contemporaries were ambitious of an audience,

that they might listen to his "warbling of poetic prose;" and posterity will always find enough to excite their admiration in "Specimens of the Table Talk of the late Samuel Taylor Coleridge" published in 1835 by his nephew. Conversation properly so called was impossible with Coleridge, for he took it all to himself; so that his speaking in society might rather be called extemporaneous lecturing, for which even on public occasions, he had an extraordinary faculty. Coleridge is said to have once asked Charles Lamb if he had ever heard him preach. "I never heard you do anything else," was the answer; and quite descriptive of Coleridge's conversation. Once he delivered a brilliant and well compacted lecture of an hour and a half, before the London Philosophical Society, on the Growth of the Individual Mind, a subject assigned him just before stepping up to the platform. Another incident showing the greatness of his resources, and the command he had over them, occurred in 1800, during his connection with the *Morning Post*. He was requested to report a speech of Pitt's that was expected to be brilliant; but, after beginning in his best style, Pitt became prosy, and Coleridge fell asleep. Finding, on his return, that the proprietor was greatly disappointed at not having a report of the speech, Coleridge volunteered to write one offhand, which appeared accordingly, and answered the purpose so well that many complimentary letters were received inquiring who the reporter was. Mr Canning being on business at the office of the *Morning Post*, inquired also, and on receiving the usual answer, observed that the report did more credit to the author's head than to his memory.

Such was Samuel Taylor Coleridge, "logician, metaphysician, bard."

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THE
RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER.
IN
SEVEN PARTS.

THE
RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER.

IN SEVEN PARTS.

PART I.

It is an ancient Mariner,
And he stoppeth one of three.
"By thy long grey beard and glittering eye,
Now wherefore stopp'st thou me?"

An ancient Mariner meeteth three gallants bidden to a wedding-feast, and detaineth one.

"The Bridegroom's doors are opened wide,
And I am next of kin;
The guests are met, the feast is set:
May'st hear the merry din."

He holds him with his skinny hand,
"There was a ship," quoth he.
"Hold off! unhand me, grey-beard loon!"
Eftsoons his hand dropt he.

He holds him with his glittering eye—
The Wedding-Guest stood still,
And listens like a three years' child:
The Mariner hath his will.

The Wedding-Guest is spell-bound by the eye of the old seafaring man, and constrained to hear his tale.

The Wedding-Guest sat on a stone:
He cannot choose but hear;
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed Mariner.

"The ship was cheered, the harbour cleared,
Merrily did we drop
Below the kirk, below the hill,
Below the light-house top.

The Mariner
tells how the
ship sailed
southward
with a good
wind and fair
weather, till it
reached the
line.

"The sun came up upon the left,
Out of the sea came he!
And he shone bright, and on the right
Went down into the sea.

"Higher and higher every day,
Till over the mast at noon—"
The Wedding-Guest here beat his breast,
For he heard the loud bassoon.

The Wedding-
Guest hearth
the bridal mu-
sic; but the
Mariner conti-
nueth his tale.

The bride hath paced into the hall,
Red as a rose is she;
Nodding their heads before her goes
The merry minstrelsy.

The Wedding-Guest he beat his breast,
Yet he cannot choose but hear;
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed Mariner.

The ship
drawn by a
storm toward
the south pole.

"And now the storm-blast came, and he
Was tyrannous and strong:
He struck with his o'ertaking wings,
And chased us south along.

"With sloping masts and dipping prow,
As who pursued with yell and blow
Still treads the shadow of his foe,
And forward bends his head,
The ship drove fast, loud roared the blast,
And southward aye we fled.

"And now there came both mist and snow,
And it grew wondrous cold:
And ice, mast-high, came floating by,
As green as emerald.

The land of
ice, and of fear-
ful sounds
where no living
thing was to be
seen.

"And through the drifts the snowy clifts
Did send a dismal sheen:
Nor shapes of men nor beasts we ken—
The ice was all between.

"The ice was here, the ice was there,
The ice was all around:

It cracked and growled, and roared and howled,
Like noises in a swound!

"At length did cross an Albatross,
Through the fog it came;
As if it had been a Christian soul,
We hailed it in God's name.

Till a great sea-
bird, called the
Albatross,
came through
the snow-fog,
and was re-
ceived with
great joy and
hospitality.

"It ate the food it ne'er had eat,
And round and round it flew.
The ice did split with a thunder-flt;
The helmsman steered us through!

"And a good south wind sprung up behind;
The Albatross did follow,
And every day, for food or play,
Came to the mariners' hollo!

And lo! the
Albatross
proves a bird
of good omen,
and followeth
the ship as it
returned north-
ward through
fog and floating
ice.

"In mist or cloud, on mast or shroud,
It perched for vespers nine;
Whiles all the night, through fog-smoke white,
Glimmered the white moon-shine."

"God save thee, ancient Mariner!
From the fiends, that plague thee thus!—
Why look'st thou so?"—"With my cross-bow
I shot the Albatross.

The ancient
Mariner inhospitably killeth
the pious bird
of good omen.

PART II.

"The Sun now rose upon the right:
Out of the sea came he,
Still hid in mist, and on the left
Went down into the sea.

"And the good south wind still blew behind,
But no sweet bird did follow,
Nor any day for food or play
Came to the mariner's hollo!

"And I had done a hellish thing,
And it would work 'em wee:

His shipmates
cry out against
the ancient

Mariner, for
killing the bird
of good luck.

For all averred, I had killed the bird
That made the breeze to blow.
Ah wretch ! said they, the bird to slay,
That made the breeze to blow !

But when the
fog cleared off,
they justify the
same, and thus
make them-
selves accomp-
lices in the
crime.

" Nor dim nor red, like God's own head,
The glorious Sun uprist :
Then all averred, I had killed the bird
That brought the fog and mist.
'Twas right, said they, such birds to slay,
That bring the fog and mist.

The fair breeze
continues, the
ship enters the
Pacific Ocean,
and sails
northward,
even till it
reaches the
Line.

" The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew,
The furrow followed free ;
We were the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea.

The ship hath
been suddenly
becalmed.

" Down dropt the breeze, the sails dropt down,
'Twas sad as sad could be ;
And we did speak only to break
The silence of the sea !

" All in a hot and copper sky,
The bloody Sun, at noon,
Right up above the mast did stand,
No bigger than the Moon.

" Day after day, day after day,
We stuck, nor breath nor motion ;
As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean.

And the Albatross
begins to
be avenged.

" Water, water, everywhere,
And all the boards did shrink ;
Water, water, everywhere,
Nor any drop to drink.

" The very deep did rot : O Christ !
That over this should be !
Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs
Upon the slimy sea.

" About, about, in reel and rout
The death-fires danced at night ;

The water, like a witch's oils,
Burnt green, and blue and white.

"And some in dreams assured were
Of the Spirit that plagued us so;
Nine fathom deep he hath followed us
From the land of mist and snow.

"And every tongue, through utter drought,
Was withered at the root;
We could not speak, no more than if
We had been choked with soot.

"Ah! well a-day! what evil looks
Had I from old and young!
Instead of the cross, the Albatross
About my neck was hung.

A Spirit had followed them; one of the invisable inhabitants of this planet, neither departed souls nor angels; concerning whom the learned Jew, Josephus, and the Ptolemaic Constantianopolitan, Michael Psellus, may be consulted. They are very numerous, and there is no climate or element without one or more.

The shipmates, in their sore distress, would fain throw the whole guilt on the ancient Mariner: in sign whereof they hang the dead sea-bird round his neck.

PART III.

"There passed a weary time. Each throat
Was parched, and glazed each eye.
A weary time! a weary time!
How glazed each weary eye,
When looking westward, I beheld
A something in the sky.

The ancient Mariner beholdeth a sign in the element afar off.

"At first it seemed a little speck,
And then it seemed a mist;
It moved and moved, and took at last
A certain shape, I wist.

"A speck, a mist, a shape, I wist!
And still it neared and neared:
As if it dodged a water-sprite,
It plunged and tacked and veered.

"With throats unslaked, with black lips baked,
We could not laugh nor wail;
Through utter drought all dumb we stood!
I bit my arm, I sucked the blood,
And cried, A sail! a sail!

At its nearer approach, it seemeth him to be a ship; and at a dear ransom he freeth his speech from the bonds of thirst.

A flash of
Joy;

"With throats unslaked, with black lips baked,
Agape they heard me call:
Gramercy! they for joy did grin,
And all at once their breath drew in,
As they were drinking all.

And horror
follows. For
can it be a
ship that comes
onward with-
out wind or
tide?

"See! see! (I cried) she tacks no more!
Hither to work us weal,—
Without a breeze, without a tide,
She steadies with upright keel!

"The western wave was all a-flame.
The day was well nigh done!
Almost upon the western wave
Rested the broad bright Sun;
When that strange shape drove suddenly
Betwixt us and the Sun.

It seemeth him
but the skele-
ton of a ship.

"And straight the Sun was flecked with bars,
(Heaven's Mother send us grace!)
As if through a dungeon-grate he peered
With broad and burning face.

"Alas! (thought I, and my heart beat loud)
How fast she nears and nears!
Are those her sails that glance in the Sun,
Like restless gossameres?

And its ribs
are seen as
bars on the
face of the
setting Sun.
The Spectro-
Woman and
her Death-
mate, and no
other on board
the skeleton-
ship.

"Are those her ribs through which the Sun
Did peer, as through a grate?
And is that Woman all her crew?
Is that a Death? and are there two?
Is Death that woman's mate?

Like vessel,
like crew!

"Her lips were red, her looks were free,
Her locks were yellow as gold:
Her skin was as white as leprosy,
The Night-mare Life-in-Death was she,
Who thicks man's blood with cold.

Death and
Life-in-Death
have died for
the ship's crew,
and she (the
Spectro-
Woman) winneth
the ancient
mariner.

"The naked hulk alongside came,
And the twain were casting dice;
'The game is done! I've won! I've won!'
Quoth she, and whistles thrice.

"The Sun's rim dips ; the stars rush out :
At one stride comes the dark ;
With far-heard-whisper, o'er the sea,
Off shot the spectre-bark.

No twilight
within the
courts of the
Sun.

"We listened and looked sideways up !
Fear at my heart, as at a cup,
My life-blood seemed to sip !
The stars were dim, and thick the night,
The steersman's face by his lamp gleam'd white ;
From the sails the dew did drip—
Till clomb above the eastern bar
The horned Moon, with one bright star
Within the nether tip.

At the rising of
the Moon.

"One after one, by the star-dogged Moon,
Too quick for groan or sigh,
Each turned his face with a ghastly pang,
And cursed me with his eye.

One after
another,

"Four times fifty living men,
(And I heard nor sigh nor groan)-
With heavy thump, a lifeless lump,
They dropped down one by one.

His shipmates
drop down
dead.

"The souls did from their bodies fly,—
They fled to bliss or woe ?
And every soul, it passed me by,
Like the whizz of my cross-bow !"

But Life-In-
Death begins
her work on the
ancient Mari-
ner.

PART IV.

"I FEAR thee, ancient Mariner !
I fear thy skinny hand !
And thou art long, and lank, and brown,
As is the ribbed sea-sand.*

The Wedding
Guest feareth
that a Spirit is
talking to him

"I fear thee and thy glittering eye,
And thy skinny hand, so brown."—

* For the last two lines of this stanza, I am indebted to Mr Wordsworth. It was on a delightful walk from Netter Stowey to Dulverton, with him and his sister in the autumn of 1797, that this poem was planned, and in part composed.

But the ancient
Mariner assur-
eth him of his
bodily life, and
proceedeth to
relate his hor-
rible penance.

"Fear not, fear not, thou Wedding-Guest !
This body dropt not down.

"Alone, alone, all, all alone,
Alone on a wide wide sea !
And never a saint took pity on
My soul in agony.

He despiseth
the creatures of
the calm.

"The many men, so beautiful !
And they all dead did lie :
And a thousand thousand slimy things
Lived on ; and so did I.

And envleth
that they
should live,
and so many
lie dead.

"I looked upon the rotting sea,
And drew my eyes away ;
I looked upon the rotting deck,
And there the dead men lay.

"I looked to heaven, and tried to pray ;
But or ever a prayer had gusht,
A wicked whisper came, and made
My heart as dry as dust.

"I closed my lids, and kept them close,
And the balls like pulses beat ;
For the sky and the sea, and the sea and the sky
Lay like a load on my weary eye,
And the dead were at my feet.

But the curse
liveth for him
in the eye of
the dead men.

"The cold sweat melted from their limbs,
Nor rot nor reek did they :
The look with which they looked on me
Had never passed away.

In his lonel-
ness and
fixedness he
yearneth to-
wards the jour-
neving Moon,
and the stars
that still so-
journ, yet still
move onward ;
and every
where the blue
sky belongs
to them, and is
their appointed
rest, and their
native country.

"An orphan's curse would drag to hell
A spirit from on high ;
But oh ! more horrible than that
Is the curse in a dead man's eye !
Seven days, seven nights, I saw that curse,
And yet I could not die.

"The moving Moon went up the sky,
And no where did abide :
Softly she was going up.

And a star or two beside—
 Her beams bemocked the sultry main,
 Like April hoar-frost spread ;
 But where the ship's huge shadow lay,
 The charmed water burnt alway
 A still and awful red.

and their own
 natural homes,
 which they enter
 unannounced, as lords
 that are certainly expected
 and yet there
 is a silent joy
 at their arrival.

"Beyond the shadow of the ship,
 I watched the water-snakes :
 They moved in tracks of shining white,
 And when they reared, the elfish light
 Fell off in hoary flakes.

By the light of
 the Moon he beholdeth God's
 creatures of the
 great calm.

"Within the shadow of the ship
 I watched their rich attire :
 Blue, glossy green, and velvet black,
 They coiled and swam ; and every track
 Was a flash of golden fire.

"O happy living things ! no tongue
 Their beauty might declare :
 A spring of love gushed from my heart,
 And I blessed them unaware :
 Sure my kind saint took pity on me,
 And I blessed them unaware.

Their beauty
 and their happiness.

He blessed them in his
 heart.

"The selfsame moment I could pray ;
 And from my neck so free
 The Albatross fell off, and sank
 Like lead into the sea.

The spell begins to break.

PART V.

"Oh sleep ! it is a gentle thing,
 Beloved from pole to pole !
 To Mary Queen the praise be given !
 She sent the gentle sleep from Heaven,
 That slid into my soul.

"The silly buckets on the deck,
 That had so long remained,

By grace of the
 holy Mother,
 the ancient

Mariner is re-
freshed with
rain.

I dreamt that they were filled with dew ;
And when I awoke, it rained.

" My lips were wet, my throat was cold,
My garments all were dank ;
Sure I had drunken in my dreams,
And still my body drank.

" I moved, and could not feel my limbs :
I was so light—almost
I thought that I had died in sleep,
And was a blessed ghost.

He heareth
sounds and
seeth strange
sights and com-
motions in the
sky and the
element.

" And soon I heard a roaring wind :
It did not come anear ;
But with its sound it shook the sails,
That were so thin and sere.

" The upper air burst into life !
And a hundred fire-flags sheen,
To and fro they were hurried about !
And to and fro, and in and out,
The wan stars danced between.

" And the coming wind did roar more loud,
And the sails did sigh like sedge ;
And the rain poured down from one black cloud
The Moon was at its edge.

" The thick black cloud was cleft, and still
The Moon was at its side :
Like waters shot from some high crag,
The lightning fell with never a jag,
A river steep and wide.

The bodies of
the ship's crew
are inspired,
and the ship
moves on ;

" The loud wind never reached the ship,
Yet now the ship moved on !
Beneath the lightning and the Moon
The dead men gave a groan.

" They groaned, they stirred, they all uprose,
Nor spake, nor moved their eyes ;
It had been strange, even in a dream,
To have seen those dead men rise.

"The helmsman steered, the ship moved on ;
 Yet never a breeze up blew ;
 The mariners all 'gan work the ropes,
 Where they were won't to do ;
 They raised their limbs like lifeless tools—
 We were a ghastly crew.

"The body of my brother's son
 Stood by me, knee to knee
 The body and I pulled at one rope,
 But he said nought to me."

"I fear thee, ancient Mariner !"
 "Be calm, thou Wedding-Guest !
 'Twas not those souls that fled in pain,
 Which to their corpses came again, -
 But a troop of spirits blest :

But not by the
 souls of the
 men, nor by de-
 mons of earth
 or middle air,
 but by a blessed
 troop of angelic
 spirits, sent
 down by the
 invocation of
 the guardian
 saint

"For when it dawned—they dropped their arms,
 And clustered round the mast ;
 Sweets sounds rose slowly through their mouths,
 And from their bodies passed.

"Around, around, flow each sweet sound,
 Then darted to the Sun ;
 Slowly the sounds came back again,
 Now mixed, now one by one.

"Sometimes a-dropping from the sky
 I heard the sky-lark sing ;
 Sometimes all little birds that are,
 How they seemed to fill the sea and air
 With their sweet jargoning !

"And now 'twas like all instruments,
 Now like a lonely flute ;
 And now it is an angel's song,
 That makes the heavens be mute.

"It ceased ; yet still the sails made on
 A pleasant noise till noon,
 A noise like of a hidden brook
 In the leafy month of June,
 That to the sleeping woods all night
 Singeth a quiet tune.

"Till noon we quietly sailed on,
Yet never a breeze did breathe:
Slowly and smoothly went the ship,
Moved onward from beneath.

The lonesome
Spirit from the
south-pole
carries on the
ship as far as
the Line, in
obedience to
the angelic
troop, but still
requirerth ven-
geance.

"Under the keel nine fathom deep,
From the land of mist and snow,
The Spirit slid: and it was he
That made the ship to go.
The sails at noon left off their tune,
And the ship stood still also.

"The Sun, right up above the mast,
Had fixed her to the ocean:
But in a minute she 'gan stir,
With a short uneasy motion—
Backwards and forwards half her length
With a short uneasy motion.

"Then like a pawing horse let go,
She made a sudden bound:
It flung the blood into my head,
And I fell down in a swoond.

The Polar Spi-
rit's fellow de-
mons, the invi-
sible inhabi-
tants of the
element, take
part in his
wrong; and
two of them
relate, one to
the other, that
penance long
and heavy for
the ancient
Mariner hath
been accorded
to the Polar
Spirit, who re-
turneth south-
ward.

"How long in that same fit I lay,
I have not to declare;
But ere my living life returned,
I heard, and in my soul discerned
Two voices in the air.

"'Is it he?' quoth one, 'Is this the man?
By him who died on cross,
With his cruel bow he laid full low
The harmless Albatross.

"'The spirit who bideth by himself
In the land of mist and snow,
He loved the bird that loved the man
Who shot him with his bow.'

"The other was a softer voice,
As soft as honey-dew:
Quoth he, 'The man hath penance done,
And penance more will do.'

PART VI.

FIRST VOICE.

"But tell me, tell me! speak again,
Thy soft response renewing—
What makes that ship drive on so fast?
What is the ocean doing?"

SECOND VOICE.

"Still as a slave before his lord,
The ocean hath no blast;
His great bright eye most silently
Up to the Moon is cast—
If he may know which way to go;
For she guides him smooth or grim,
See, brother, see! how graciously
She looketh down on him."

FIRST VOICE.

"But why drives on that ship so fast,
Without or wave or wind?"

SECOND VOICE.

"The air is cut away before,
And closes from behind."

The Mariner
hath been cast
into a trance;
for the angelic
power causeth
the vessel to
drive north-
ward faster
than human
life could en-
dure.

"Fly, brother, fly! more high, more high!
Or we shall be belated:
For slow and slow that ship will go,
When the Mariner's trance is abated."

"I woke, and we were sailing on
As in a gentle weather:
'Twas night, calm night, the moon was high;
The dead men stood together."

The supernatu-
ral motion is
retarded; the
Mariner a-
wakes, and his
penance begins
anew.

"All stood together on the deck,
For a charnel-dungeon fitter:
All fixed on me their stony eyes,
That in the Moon did glitter."

"The pang, the curse, with which they died,
Had never passed away:

I could not draw my eyes from theirs,
Nor turn them up to pray.

The curse is
finally expli-
ated.

" And now this spell was snapt: once more
I viewed the ocean green,
And looked far forth, yet little saw
Of what had else been seen—

" Like one that on a lonesome road
Doth walk in fear and dread,
And having once turned round walks on,
And turns no more his head;
Because he knows, a frightful fiend
Doth close behind him tread.

" But soon there breathed a wind on me,
Nor sound nor motion made:
Its path was not upon the sea,
In ripple or in shade.

" It raised my hair, it fanned my cheek
Like a meadow-gale of spring—
It mingled strangely with my fears,
Yet it felt like a welcoming.

" Swiftly, swiftly flew the ship,
Yet she sailed softly too:
Sweetly, sweetly blow the breeze—
On me alone it blew.

And the an-
cient Mariner be-
holdeth his na-
tive country.

" Oh! dream of joy! is this indeed
The light-house top I see?
Is this the hill? is this the kirk?
Is this mine own countree?

" We drifted o'er the harbour-bar,
And I with sobs did pray—
O let me be awake, my God;
Or let me sleep alway.

" The harbour-bay was clear as glass,
So smoothly it was strewn!
And on the bay the moonlight lay,
And the shadow of the Moon.

"The rock shone bright, the kirk no less,
That stands above the rock :
The moonlight steeped in silentness
The steady weathercock.

"And the bay was white with silent light
Till rising from the same,
Full many shapes, that shadows were,
In crimson colours came.

The angelic
spirits leave
the dead bodies,

"A little distance from the prow
Those crimson shadows were :
I turned my eyes upon the deck—
Oh, Christ! what saw I there!

and appear in
their own
forms of light.

"Each corse lay flat, lifeless and flat,
And, by the holy rood!
A man all light, a seraph-man,
On every corse there stood.

- "This seraph-band, each waved his hand :
It was a heavenly sight!
They stood as signals to the land,
Each one a lovely light ;

"This seraph-band, each waved his hand,
No voice did they impart—
No voice ; but oh! the silence sank
Like music on my heart.

"But soon I heard the dash of oars,
I heard the Pilot's cheer ;
My head was turned perforce away,
And I saw a boat appear.

"The Pilot and the Pilot's boy,
I heard them coming fast :
Dear Lord in Heaven! it was a joy
The dead men could not blast.

"I saw a third—I heard his voice :
It is the Hermit good!
He singeth loud his godly hymns
That he makes in the wood.
He'll shrive my soul, he'll wash away
The Albatross's blood.

PART VII.

The Hermit of
the wood

"This Hermit good lives in that wood
Which slopes down to the sea.
How loudly his sweet voice he rears !
He loves to talk with mariners
That come from a far countree.

"He kneels at morn, and noon, and eve—
He hath a cushion plump :
It is the moss that wholly hides
The rotted old oak-stump.

"The skiff-boat neared : I heard them talk,
'Why, this is strange, I trow !
Where are those lights so many and fair,
That signal made but now ?'

approacheth
the ship with
wonder.

"'Strange, by my faith !' the Hermit said—
'And they answered not our cheer !
The planks look warped ! and see those sails,
How thin they are and sere !
I never saw aught like to them,
Unless perchance it were

"'Brown skeletons of leaves that lag
My forest-brook along ;
When the ivy-tod is heavy with snow,
And the owl whoops to the wolf below,
That eats the she-wolf's young.'

"'Dear Lord ! it hath a fiendish look—
(The Pilot made reply)
I am a-feared !—'Push on, push on !'
Said the Hermit cheerily.

"The boat came closer to the ship,
But I nor spake nor stirred ;
The boat came close beneath the ship,
And straight a sound was heard.

The ship sud-
denly sinketh.

"Under the water it rumbled on,
Still louder and more dread :
It reached the ship, it split the bay ;
The ship went down like lead.

" Stunned by that loud and dreadful sound,
Which sky and ocean smote,
Like one that hath been seven days drowned
My body lay afloat;
But swift as dreams, myself I found
Within the Pilot's boat.

The ancient
Mariner is
saved in the
Pilot's boat.

" Upon the whirl, where sank the ship,
The boat spun round and round;
And all was still, save that the hill
Was telling of the sound.

" I moved my lips—the Pilot shrieked
And fell down in a fit;
The holy Hermit raised his eyes,
And prayed where he did sit.

" I took the oars: the Pilot's boy,
Who now doth crazy go,
Laughed loud and long, and all the while
His eyes went to and fro.
' Ha! ha!' quoth he, ' full plain I see,
The Devil knows how to row.'

" And now, all in my own countree,
I stood on the firm land!
The Hermit stepped forth from the boat,
And scarcely he could stand.

" O shrieve me, shrieve me, holy man!
The Hermit crossed his brow.
' Say quick,' quoth he, ' I bid thee say—
What manner of man art thou?'

The ancient
Mariner ear-
nestly entreat-
eth the Hermit
to shrieve him:
and the pen-
ance of life
falls on him:

" Forthwith this frame of mine was wrenched
With a woful agony,
Which forced me to begin my tale;
And then it left me free.

" Since then, at an uncertain hour,
That agony returns:
And till my ghastly tale is told,
This heart within me burns.

And ever and
anon through-
out his future
life an agony
constraineth
him to travel
from land to
land.

" I pass, like night, from land to land;
I have strange power of speech;
That moment that his face I see,

I know the man that must hear me :
To him my tale I teach.

" What loud uproar bursts from that door !
The wedding-guests are there :
But in the garden-bower the bride
And bride-maids singing are :
And hark the little vesper bell,
Which biddeth me to prayer !

" O Wedding-Guest ! this soul hath been
Alone on a wide wide sea :
So lonely 'twas, that God himself
Scarce seemed there to be.

" O sweeter than the marriage-feast,
'Tis sweeter far to me,
To walk together to the kirk
With a goodly company !—

" To walk together to the kirk,
And all together pray,
While each to his great Father bends,
Old men, and babes, and loving friends
And youths and maidens gay !

" Farewell, farewell ! but this I tell
To thee, thou Wedding-Guest !
He prayeth well, who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast.

" He prayeth best, who loveth best
All things both great and small ;
For the dear God who loveth us
He made and loveth all."

The Mariner, whose eye is bright,
Whose beard with age is hoar,
Is gone : and now the Wedding-Guest
Turned from the bridegroom's door.

He went like one that hath been stunned,
And is of sense forlorn :
A sadder and a wiser man,
He rose the morrow morn.

And to teach
by his own ex-
ample love
and reverence
to all things
that God made
and loveth.

THE PICCOLOMINI;
OR, THE FIRST PART OF WALLENSTEIN.

A DRAMA.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHILLER.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

WALLENSTEIN, *Duke of Friedland, Generalissimo of the Imperial Forces in the Thirty Years' War.*

OCTAVIO PICCOLOMINI, *Lieutenant-General.*

MAX. PICCOLOMINI, *his Son, Colonel of a Regiment of Cuirassiers.*

COUNT TERTSKY, *the Commander of several Regiments, and Brother-in-Law of Wallenstein.*

ILLO, *Field-Marshal. Wallenstein's Confidant.*

ISOLANI, *General of the Croats.*

BUTLER, *an Irishman, Commander of a Regiment of Dragoons.*

TIEFENBACH,

DON MARADAS,

GOETZ,

KOLATTO,

NEUMANN, *Captain of Cavalry, Aide-de-Camp to Tertsy.*

The War Commissioner, VON QUESTENBERG, Imperial Envoy.

GENERAL WRANGEL, *Swedish Envoy.*

BATTISTER SENI, *Astrologer.*

DUCHESS OF FRIEDLAND, *Wife of Wallenstein.*

THEKLA, *her Daughter, Princess of Friedland.*

THE COUNTESS TERTSKY, *Sister of the Duchess.*

A CORNET.

Several COLONELS and GENERALS.

PAGES and ATTENDANTS belonging to Wallenstein.

ATTENDANTS and HOBGISTS, belonging to Tertsy.

THE MASTER OF THE CELLAR to Count Tertsy.

VALET DE CHAMBRE of Count Piccolomini.

PREFACE OF THE TRANSLATOR.

IT was my intention to have prefixed a Life of WALLENSTEIN to this translation ; but I found that it must either have occupied a space wholly disproportionate to the nature of the publication, or have been merely a meagre catalogue of events narrated not more fully than they already are in the Play itself. The recent translation, likewise, of Schiller's HISTORY OF THE THIRTY YEARS' WAR diminished the motives thereto. In the translation I endeavoured to render my Author *literally* wherever I was not prevented by absolute differences of idiom ; but I am conscious, that in two or three short passages I have been guilty of dilating the original ; and from anxiety to give the full meaning, have weakened the force. In the metre I have availed myself of no other liberties than those which Schiller had permitted to himself, except the occasional breaking-up of the line by the substitution of a trochee for an iambus ; of which liberty, so frequent in *our* tragedies, I find no instance in these dramas.

The two Dramas, PICCOLOMINI, or the first part of WALLENSTEIN, and WALLENSTEIN, are introduced in the original manuscript by a Prelude in one Act, entitled WALLENSTEIN'S CAMP. This is written in rhyme, and in nine syllable verse, in the same *lilting* metre (if that expression may be permitted) with the second Eclogue of Spenser's Shepherd's Calendar.

This prelude possesses a sort of broad humour, and is not deficient in character ; but to have translated it into prose, or into any other metre than that of the original, would have given a false notion both of its style and purport ; to have translated it into the same metre would have been incompatible with a faithful

adherence to the sense of the German, from the comparative poverty of our language in rhymes; and it would have been unadvisable from the incongruity of those lax verses with the present taste of the English Public. Schiller's intention seems to have been merely to have prepared his reader for the Tragedies by a lively picture of the laxity of discipline, and the mutinous dispositions of Wallenstein's soldiery. It is not necessary as a preliminary explanation. For these reasons it has been thought expedient not to translate it.

The admirers of Schiller, who have abstracted their conception of that author from the Robbers, and the Cabal and Love, plays in which the main interest is produced by the excitement of curiosity, and in which the curiosity is excited by terrible and extraordinary incident, will not have perused, without some portion of disappointment, the dramas, which it has been my employment to translate. They should, however, reflect that these are historical dramas, taken from a popular German history; that we must therefore judge of them in some measure with the feelings of Germans; or by analogy with the interest excited in us by similar dramas in our own language. Few, I trust, would be rash or ignorant enough to compare Schiller with Shakspeare; yet, merely as illustration, I would say that we should proceed to the perusal of Wallenstein, not from Lear or Othello, but from Richard the Second, or the three parts of Henry the Sixth. We scarcely expect rapidity in an historical drama; and many prolix speeches are pardoned, from characters whose names and actions have formed the most amusing tales of our early life. On the other hand, there exist in these plays more individual beauties, more passages, the excellence of which will bear reflection, than in the former productions of Schiller. The description of the astrological tower, and the reflections of the young lover, which follow it, form in the original a fine poem; and my translation must have been wretched indeed, if it can have wholly overclouded the beauties of the scene in the first act of the first play between Quostenberg, Max. and Octavio Piccolomini. If we except the scene of the setting sun in the Robbers, I know of no part in Schiller's Plays which equals the whole of the first scene of the fifth act of the concluding play. It would be unbecoming in me to be more diffuse on this subject. A translator stands connected with the original author by a certain law of subordination, which makes it more decorous to point out excellencies than defects: indeed he is not likely to be a fair judge of either. The pleasure or disgust from his own labour will mingle with the feelings that arise from an afterview of the original. Even in the first perusal of a work in any foreign language which we understand, we

are apt to attribute to it more excellence than it really possesses, from our own pleasurable sense of difficulty overcome without effort. Translation of poetry into poetry is difficult, because the translator must give a brilliancy to his language without that warmth of original conception, from which such brilliancy would follow of its own accord. But the translator of a living author is incumbered with additional inconveniences. If he render his original faithfully, as to the *sense* of each passage, he must necessarily destroy a considerable portion of the *spirit*; if he endeavour to give a work executed according to laws of compensation, he subjects himself to imputations of vanity, or misrepresentation. I have thought it my duty to remain bound by the sense of my original, with as few exceptions as the nature of the languages rendered possible.

THE PICCOLOMINI.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*An old Gothic Chamber in the Council-house at Pilsen, decorated with colours and other war insignia.*

ILLO, with BUTLER and ISOLANI.

Illo. YE have come late—but ye are come ! The distance, Count Isolan, excuses your delay.

Iso. Add this too, that we come not empty handed.

At Donauwert* it was reported to us,
A Swedish caravan was on its way
Transporting a rich cargo of provision,
Almost six hundred waggons. This my Croats
Plunged down upon and seized, this weighty prize !——
We bring it hither——

Illo. Just in time to banquet
The illustrious company assembled nere.

But. 'Tis all alive ! a stirring scene here !

Iso. Ay !
The very churches are all full of soldiers.
And in the Council-house, too, I observe,

(*Casts his eye round.*)
You're settled, quite at home ! Well, well ! we soldiers
Must shift and suit us in what way we can.

Illo. We have the Colonels here of thirty regiments.
You'll find Count Tertsy here, and Tiefenbach,
Kolatto, Goetz, Maradas, Hinnersam,
The Piccolomini, both son and father——
You'll meet with many an unexpected greeting
From many an old friend and acquaintance. Only
Galas is wanting still, and Altringer.

But. Expect not Galas.

* A town about twelve German miles N.E. of Ulm.

Illo. (hesitating). How so? Do you know——

Iso. (interrupting him). Max. Piccolomini here?—O bring me to him.

I see him yet ('tis now ten years ago,
We were engaged with Mansfield hard by Dessau),
I see the youth, in my mind's eye I see him,
Leap his black war-horse from the bridge adown,
And toward his father, then in extreme peril,
Beat up against the strong tide of the Elbe.
The down was scarce upon his chin! I hear
He has made good the promise of his youth,
And the full hero now is finished in him.

Illo. You'll see him yet ere evening. He conducts
The Duchess Friedland hither, and the Princess*
From Karthen. We expect them here at noon.

But. Both wife and daughter does the Duke call hither?
He crowds in visitants from all sides.

Iso. Him!
So much the better! I had framed my mind
To hear of nought but warlike circumstance,
Of marches, and attacks, and batteries:
And lo! the Duke provides, that something too
Of gentler sort, and lovely, should be present
To feast our eyes.

Illo. (who has been standing in the attitude of meditation, &c.
BUTLER, whom he leads a little on one side).

And how came you to know
That the Count Galas joins us not?

But. Because
He importuned me to remain behind.

Illo. (with warmth). And you?—you hold out firmly?
(*Grasping his hand with affection.*)

Noble Butler!

But. After the obligation which the Duke
Had laid so newly on me——

Illo. I had forgotten
A pleasant duty—MAJOR GENERAL,
I wish you joy!

Iso. What, you mean, of his regiment?
I hear, too, that to make the gift still sweeter,
The Duke has given him the very same
In which he first saw service, and since then,
Worked himself, step by step, through each preferment,

* The Dukes in Germany being reigning powers, their sons and daughters
are entitled Princes and Princesses.

From the ranks upwards. And verily, it gives
A precedent of hope, a spur of action
To the whole corps, if once in their remembrance
An old deserving soldier makes his way.

But. I am perplexed and doubtful, whether or no
I dare accept this your congratulation.
The Emperor has not yet confirmed the appointment.

Iso. Seize it, friend ! Seize it ! The hand which in that post
Placed you, is strong enough to keep you there,
Spite of the Emperor and his Ministers.

Illo. Ay, if we would but so consider it !—
If we would *all* of us consider it so !
The Emperor gives us nothing ; from the Duke
Comes all—whate'er we hope, whate'er we have.

Iso. (to ILLO). My noble brother ! did I tell you how
The Duke will satisfy my creditors ?
Will be himself my banker for the future,
Make me once more a creditable man !—
And this is now the third time, think of that !
This kingly-minded man has rescued me
From absolute ruin, and restored my honour.

Illo. O that his power but kept pace with his wishes !
Why, friend ! he'd give the whole world to his soldiers.
But at Vienna, brother !—here's the grievance !—
What politic schemes do they not lay to shorten
His arm, and, where they can, to clip his pinions.
Then these new dainty requisitions ! these,
Which this same Questenberg brings hither !—

But. Ay,
These requisitions of the Emperor,—
I too have heard about them ; but I hope
The Duke will not draw back a single inch !

Illo. Not from his right most surely, unless first—
From office !

But. (shocked and confused). Know you *ought* then ?
You alarm me.

Iso. (at the same time with BUTLER, and in a hurried voice).
We should be ruined every one of us !

Illo. No more !
Yonder I see our *worthy friend** approaching
With the Lieutenant-General, Piccolomini.

But. (shaking his head significantly). I fear we shall not go
hence as we came.

* Spoken with a sneer.

SCENE II.

Enter OCTAVIO PICCOLOMINI and QUESTENBERG.

Oct. (still in the distance). Ay, ay! more still! Still more new visitors!

Acknowledge, friend! that never was a camp
Which held at once so many heads of heroes.

(Approaching nearer).

Welcome, Count Isolani!

Iso. My noble brother,
Even now am I arrived: it had been else my duty—

Oct. And Colonel Butler—trust me, I rejoice
Thus to renew acquaintance with a man
Whose worth and services I know and honour.
See, see, my friend!

There might we place at once before our eyes
The sum of war's whole trade and mystery—

(To QUESTENBERG, presenting BUTLER and ISOLANI at the same time to him)—

These two the total sum—STRENGTH and DISPATCH.

Ques. to Oct. And lo! betwixt them both experienced PRUDENCE!

Oct. (presenting QUESTENBERG to BUTLER and ISOLANI).
The Chamberlain and War-Commissioner Questenberg,
The bearer of the Emperor's behest,
The long-tried friend and patron of all soldiers,
We honour in this noble visitor.

(Universal silence.)

Illo. (moving towards QUESTENBERG). 'Tis not the first time,
noble Minister,

You have shown our camp this honour.

Ques.

Once before

I stood before these colours.

Illo. Perchance, too, you remember *where* that was.
It was at Znäim* in Moravia, where
You did present yourself upon the part
Of the Emperor, to supplicate our Duke
That he would straight assume the chief command.

Ques. To supplicate? Nay, noble General!

So far extended neither my commission
(At least to my own knowledge) nor my zeal.

Illo. Well, well, then—to *compel* him, if you choose.

* A town not far from the Mine-mountains, on the high road from Vienna to Prague

I can remember me right well, Count Tilly
 Had suffered total rout upon the Lech.
 Bavaria lay all open to the enemy,
 Whom there was nothing to delay from pressing
 Onwards into the very heart of Austria.
 At ~~that~~ time you and Werdenberg appeared
 Before our General, storming him with prayers,
 And menacing the Emperor's displeasure,
 Unless he took compassion on this wretchedness.

Iso. (steps up to them). Yes, yes, 'tis comprehensible enough,
 Wherefore with your commission of to-day
 You were not all too willing to remember
 Your former one.

Ques. Why not, Count Isolan?
 No contradiction sure exists between them.
 It was the urgent business of that time
 To snatch Bavaria from her enemy's hand;
 And my commission of to-day instructs me
 To free her from her good friends and protectors.

Illo. A worthy office! After with our blood
 We have wrested this Bohemia from the Saxon,
 To be swept out of it is all our thanks,
 The sole reward of all our hard-won victories.

Ques. Unless that wretched land be doomed to suffer
 Only a change of evils, it must be
 Freed from the scourge alike of friend and foe.

Illo. What? 'twas a favourable year; the boors
 Can answer fresh demands already.

Ques. Nay,
 If you discourse of herds and meadow-grounds—

Isol. The war maintains the war. Are the boors ruined,
 The Emperor gains so many more new soldiers?

Ques. And is the poorer by even so many subjects.

Iso. Poh! we are all his subjects.

Ques. Yet with a difference, General! The one fill
 With profitable industry the purse,
 The others are well skilled to empty it.
 The sword has made the Emperor poor; the plough
 Must reinvigorate his resources.

Iso. Sure!
 Times are not yet so bad. Methinks I see

(Examining with his eye the dress and ornaments of QUESTEN-
 BERG)

Good store of gold that still remains uncoined.

Ques. Thank Heaven! that means have been found out to hide

Some little from the fingers of the Croats.

Illo. There! the Stawata and the Martinitz,
On whom the Emperor heaps his gifts and graces,
To the heart-burning of all good Bohemians—
Those minions of court-favour, those court harpies,
Who fatten on the wrecks of citizens
Driven from their house and home—who reap no harvests
Save in the general calamity—
Who now, with kingly pomp, insult and mock
The desolation of their country—*these*,
Let *these*, and such as these, support the war,
The fatal war, which they alone enkindled!

But. And those state-parasites, who have their feet
So constantly beneath the Emperor's table,
Who cannot let a benefice fall, but they
Snap at it with dog's hunger—they, forsooth,
Would *pare* the soldier's bread, and cross his reckoning!

Iso. My life long will it anger me to think,
How when I went to court seven years ago,
To see about new horses for our regiment,
How from one antechamber to another
They dragged me on, and left me by the hour
To kick my heels among a crowd of simpering
Feast-fattened slaves, as if I had come thither
A mendicant suitor for the crumbs of favour
That fall beneath their tables. And, at last,
Whom should they send me—but a Capuchin!
Straight I began to muster up my sins
For absolution—but no such luck for *me*!
This was the man, this Capuchin, with whom
I was to treat concerning the army horses:
And I was forced at last to quit the field,
The business unaccomplished. Afterwards
The Duke procured me in three days, what I
Could not obtain in thirty at Vienna.

Ques. Yes, yes! your travelling bills soon found their way to us:
Too well I know we have still accounts to settle.

Illo. War is a violent trade: one cannot always
Finish one's work by soft means; every trifle
Must not be blackened into sacrilege.
If we should wait till you, in solemn council,
With due deliberation had selected
The smallest out of four-and-twenty evils,
I faith we should wait long.—

“Dash! and through with it!”—That's the better watch-word.

Then after come what may come. 'Tis man's nature
To make the best of a bad thing once past.
A bitter and perplexed "What shall I do?"
Is worse to man than worst necessity.

Ques. Ay, doubtless, it is true: the Duke *does* spare us
The troublesome task of choosing.

Dut. Yes, the Duke
Cares with a father's feelings for his troops;
But how the Emperor feels for us, we see.

Ques. His cares and feelings all ranks share alike,
Nor will he offer one up to another.

Iso. And therefore thrusts he us into the deserts,
As beasts of prey, that so he may preserve
His dear sheep fattening in his fields at home.

Ques. (with a sneer). Count, this comparison you make, not I.

But. Why, were we all the Court supposes us,
'Twere dangerous, sure, to give us liberty.

Ques. You have taken liberty—it was not given you.
And therefore it becomes an urgent duty
To rein it in with curbs.

Oct. (interposing and addressing QUESTENBERG). My noble
friend,

This is no more than a remembrancing
That you are now in camp, and among warriors.
The soldier's boldness constitutes his freedom.
Could he *act* daringly, unless he dared
Talk even so? One runs into the other.

The boldness of this worthy officer, *(pointing to BUTLER,)*

Which now has but mistaken in its mark,
Preserved, when nought but boldness could preserve it,
To the Emperor his capital city, Prague,
In a most formidable mutiny

Of the whole garrison. *(Military music at a distance.)*

Hah! here they come!

Illo. The sentries are saluting them: this signal
Announces the arrival of the Duchess.

Oct. (to QUES.) Then my son Max. too has returned. 'Twas he
Fetched and attended them from Karnthen hither.

Iso. (to ILLO.) Shall we not go in company to greet them?

Illo. Well, let us go.—Illo! Colonel Butler, come. *(To OCTAVIO.)*
You'll not forget, that yet ere noon we meet
The noble Envoy at the General's palace.

(Exeunt all but QUESTENBERG and OCTAVIO.)

SCENE III.

QUESTENBERG and OCTAVIO.

Ques. (with signs of aversion and astonishment).

What have I not been forced to hear, Octavio !
What sentiments ! what fierce, uncurbed defiance !
And were this spirit universal—

Oct.

Ilm !

You are now acquainted with three-fourths of the army.

Ques. Where must we seek then for a second host
To have the custody of this ? That Illo
Thinks worse, I fear me, than he speaks. And then
This Butler, too,—he cannot even conceal
The passionate workings of his ill intentions.

Oct. Quickness of temper—irritated pride ;
’Twas nothing more. I cannot give up Butler.
I know a spell that will soon dispossess
The evil spirit in him.

Ques. (walking up and down in evident disquiet). Friend, friend !
O ! this is worse, far worse, than we had suffered
Ourselves to dream of at Vienna. There
We saw it only with a courtier’s eyes,
Eyes dazzled by the splendour of the throne.
We had not seen the war-chief, the commander,
The man all-powerful in his camp. Here, here,
’Tis quite another thing.
Here is no Emperor more—the Duke is Emperor.
Alas, my friend ; alas, my noble friend !
This walk which you have ta’en me through the camp
Strikes my hopes prostrate.

Oct.

Now you see yourself

Of what a perilous kind the office is.
Which you deliver to me from the Court.
The least suspicion of the General
Costs me my freedom and my life, and would
But hasten his most desperate enterprize.

Ques. Where was our reason sleeping when we trusted
This madman with the sword, and placed such power
In such a hand ? I tell you he’ll refuse,
Flatly refuse, to obey the Imperial orders.
Friend, he *can* do’t, and what he can, he will,
And then the impunity of his defiance—

O! what a proclamation of our weakness.

Oct. D'ye think, too, he has brought his wife and daughter
Without a purpose hither? Here in camp!
And at the very point of time, in which
We're arming for the war? That he has taken
These, the last pledges of his loyalty,
Away from out the Emperor's domains—
This is no doubtful token of the nearness
Of some eruption!

Ques. How shall we hold footing,
Beneath this tempest, which collects itself
And threatens us from all quarters? The enemy
Of the empire on our borders, now already
The master of the Danube, and still farther,
And farther still, extending every hour!
In our interior the alarum-bells
Of insurrection—peasantry in arms—
All orders discontented—and the army,
Just in the moment of our expectation
Of aidance from it—lo! this very army
Seduced, run wild, lost to all discipline.
Loosened, and rent asunder from the state
And from their sov'reign, the blind instrument
Of the most daring of mankind, a weapon
Of fearful power, which at his will *he* wields!

Oct. Nay, nay, friend! let us not despair too soon,
Men's words are ever bolder than their deeds:
And many a resolute who now appears
Made up to all extremes, will, on a sudden,
Find in his breast a heart he knew not of,
Let but a single honest man speak out
The true name of his crime! Remember, too,
We stand not yet so wholly unprotected.
Counts Altringer and Galas have maintained
Their little army faithful to its duty,
And daily it becomes more numerous.
Nor can he take us by surprise: you know,
I hold him all encompassed by my listeners.
•Whate'er he does is mine, even while 'tis doing—
No step so small but instantly I hear it.
Yea, his own mouth discloses it.

Ques. 'Tis quite
Incomprehensible, that he detects not
The foe so near!

Oct. Beware you do not think

That I by lying arts, and complaisant
Hypocrisy, have skulked into his graces ;
Or with the sustenance of smooth professions
Nourish his all-confiding friendship ! No—
Compelled alike by prudence, and that duty
Which we all owe our country, and our sovereign,
To hide my *genuine* feelings from him, yet
Ne'er have I duped him with base counterfeits !

Ques. It is the visible ordinance of heaven.

Oct. I know not what it is that so attracts
And links him both to me and to my son.
Comrades and friends we always were—long habit,
Adventurous deeds performed in company,
And all those many and various incidents
Which store a soldier's memory with affections,
Had bound us long and early to each other—
Yet I can name the day, when all at once
His heart rose on me, and his confidence
Shot out in sudden growth. It was the morning
Before the memorable fight at Lützner.
Urged by an ugly dream, I sought him out,
To press him to accept another charger.
At distance from the tents, beneath a tree,
I found him in a sleep. When I had waked him,
And had related all my bodings to him,
Long time he stared upon me, like a man
Astounded ; thereon fell upon my neck,
And manifested to me an emotion
That far outstripped the worth of that small service.
Since then his confidence has followed me
With the same pace that mine has fled from him.

Ques. You lead your son into the secret ?

Oct. No !

Ques. What ? and not warn him either what bad hands
His lot has placed him in ?

Oct. I must perforce
Leave him in wardship to his innocence.
His young and open soul—dissimulation
Is foreign to its habits ! Ignorance
Alone can keep alive the cheerful air,
The unembarrassed sense and light free spirit,
That make the Duke secure.

Ques. (anxiously). My honoured friend ! most highly do I deem
Of Colonel Piccolomini—yet—if—
Reflect a little—

And well for us it is so ! There exist
Few fit to rule themselves, but few that use
Their intellects intelligently.—Then
Well for the whole, if there be found a man,
Who makes himself what nature destined him,
The pause, the central point to thousand thousands—
Stands fixed and stately, like a firm-built column,
Where all may press with joy and confidence.
Now such a man is Wallenstein ; and if
Another better suits the Court—no other
But such a one as he can serve the army.

Ques. The army ? Doubtless !

Oct. (*aside to QUES.*). Hush ! suppress it, friend !
Unless *some* end were answered by the utterance.—
Of *him* there you'll make nothing.

Max.

In their distress

They call a spirit up, and when he comes,
Straight their flesh creeps and quivers, and they dread him
More than the ills for which they called him up.
The uncommon, the sublime, must seem and be
Like things of every day.—But in the field,
Ay, *there* the *Present Being* makes itself felt.
The personal must command, the actual eye
Examine. If to be the chieftain asks
All that is great in nature, let it be
Likewise his privilege to move and act
In all the correspondencies of greatness.
The oracle within him, that which *lives*,
He must invoke and question—not dead books,
Not ordinances, not mould-rotted papers.

Oct. My son ! of those old narrow ordinances
Let us not hold too lightly. They are weights
Of priceless value, which oppressed mankind
Tied to the volatile will of their oppressors.
For always formidable was the league
And partnership of free power with free will.
The way of ancient ordinance, though it winds,
Is yet no devious way. Straight forward goes
The lightning's path, and straight the fearful path
Of the cannon-ball. Direct it flies and rapid,
Shattering that it *may* reach, and shattering what it reaches.
My son ! the road, the human being travels,
That, on which BLESSING comes and goes, doth follow
The river's course, the valley's playful windings,
Curves round the corn-field and the hill of vines,

Honouring the holy bounds of property !
And thus secure, though late, leads to its end.

Quar. O hear your father, noble youth ! hear *him*
Who is at once the hero and the man.

Oct. My son, the nursling of the camp spoke in thee !

A war of fifteen years

Hath been thy education and thy school.

Peace hast thou never witnessed ! There exists

A higher than the warrior's excellence.

In war itself war is no ultimate purpose.

The vast and sudden deeds of violence,

Adventures wild, and wonders of the moment,

These are not they, my son, that generate

The Calm, the Blissful, and the enduring Mighty !

Lo, there ! the soldier, rapid architect !

Builds his light town of canvass, and at once

The whole scene moves and bustles momentarily,

With arms and neighing steeds, and mirth and quarrel

The motley market fills ; the roads, the streams

Are crowded with new freights, trade stirs and hurries !

But on some morrow morn, all suddenly,

The tents drop down, the horde renews its march.

Dreary, and solitary as a church-yard

The meadow and down-trodden seed-plot lie,

And the year's harvest is gone utterly.

Max. O let the Emperor make peace, my father !

Most gladly would I give the blood-stained laurel

For the first violet* of the leafless spring,

Plucked in those quiet fields where I have journeyed !

Oct. What ails thee ? what so moves thee all at once ?

Max. Peace have I ne'er beheld ? I *have* beheld it.

From thence am I come hither : O ! that sight,

It glimmers still before me, like some landscape

Left in the distance,—some delicious landscape !

My road conducted me through countries where

The war has not yet reached. Life, life, my father—

My venerable father, life has charms

Which *we* have ne'er experienced. We have been

But voyaging along its barren coasts,

Like some poor ever-roaming horde of pirates,

* In the original—

Den blut'gen Lorbeer geb ich hin mit Freuden

Für's erste Veilchen das der Merz uns bringt

Das duftige Pfand der neuerjüngten Erde.

That, crowded in the rank and narrow ship,
House on the wild sea with wild usages,
Nor know aught of the main land but the bays
Where safest they may venture a thieves' landing.
Whate'er in the inland dales the land conceals
Of fair and exquisite, O! nothing, nothing,
Do we behold of that in our rude voyage.

Oct. (attentive with an appearance of uneasiness).
And so your journey has revealed this to you?

Max. 'Twas the first leisure of my life. O, tell me,
What is the need and purpose of the toil,
The painful toil, which robbed me of my youth,
Left me a heart unsouled and solitary,
A spirit uninformed, unornamented.
For the camp's stir and crowd and ceaseless larum,
The neighing war-horse, the air-shattering trumpet,
The unvaried, still returning hour of duty,
Word of command, and exercise of arms—
There's nothing here, there's nothing in all this
To satisfy the heart, the gasping heart!
Mere bustling nothingness, where the soul is not—
This cannot be the sole felicity,
These cannot be man's best and only pleasures.

Oct. Much hast thou learnt, my son, in this short journey.

Max. O! day thrice lovely! when at length the soldier
Returns home into life; when he becomes
A fellow-man among his fellow-men.
The colours are unfurled, the cavalcade
Marshals, and now the buzz is hushed, and hark!
Now the soft peace-march beats, home, brothers, home!
The caps and helmets are all garlanded
With green boughs, the last plundering of the fields.
The city gates fly open of themselves,
They need no longer the petard to tear them.
The ramparts are all filled with men and women,
With peaceful men and women, that send onwards
Kisses and welcomes upon the air,
Which they make breezy with affectionate gestures.
From all the towers rings out the merry peal,
The joyous vespers of a bloody day.
O happy man, O fortunate! for whom
The well-known door, the faithful arms are open,
The faithful tender arms with mute embracing.

Quæ. (apparently much affected). O! that you should speak
Of such a distant, distant time, and not

Of the to-morrow, not of this to-day.

Max. (turning round to him quick and vehement).

Where lies the fault but on you in Vienna?

I will deal openly with you, Questenberg.

Just now, as first I saw you standing here,

(I'll own it to you freely) indignation

Crowded and pressed my inmost soul together.

'Tis ye that hinder peace, ye'—and the warrior,

It is the warrior that must force it from you.

Ye fret the General's life out, blacken him,

Hold him up as a rebel, and Heaven knows

What else still worse, because he spares the Saxons,

And tries to awaken confidence in the enemy;

Which yet's the only way to peace: for if

War intermit not during war, *how* then

And *whence* can peace come?—Your own plagues fall on you!

Even as I love what's virtuous, hate I you.

And here make I this vow, here pledge myself;

My blood shall spurt out for this Wallenstein,

And my heart drain off, drop by drop, ere ye

Shall revel and dance jubilee o'er his ruin. (*Exit.*)

SCENE V.

QUESTENBERG, OCTAVIO PICCOLOMINI.

Ques. Alas, alas! and stands it so?

(Then in pressing and impatient tones.)

What, friend! and do we let him go away

In this delusion—Let him go away?

Not call him back immediately, not open

His eyes upon the spot?

Oct. (recovering himself out of a deep study). He has now opened mine,

And I see more than pleases me.

Ques. What is it?

Oct. Curse on this journey!

Ques. But why so? What is it?

Oct. Come, come along, friend! I must follow up

The ominous track immediately. Mine eyes

Are opened now, and I must use them. Come!

(Draws QUESTENBERG on with him).

Ques. What now? Where go you then?

Oct. To her herself.

Ques. To——

Oct. (interrupting him and correcting himself).
To the Duke. Come, let us go—"Tis done, 'tis done.
I see the net that is thrown over him.
O! he returns not to me as he went.

Ques. Nay, but explain yourself.

Oct. And that I should not
Foresee it, not prevent this journey! Wherefore
Did I keep it from him?—You were in the right.
I should have warned him! Now it is too late.

Ques. But *what's* too late? Bethink yourself, my friend,
That you are talking absolute riddles to me.

Oct. (more collected.) Come!—to the Duke's. 'Tis close upon
the hour
Which he appointed you for audience. Come!
A curse, a threefold curse, upon this journey!

(He leads QUISTENBERG off.)

SCENE VI.

*Changes to a spacious chamber in the house of the DUKE OF
FRIEDLAND.—Servants employed in putting the tables and
chairs in order. During this enters SENI, like an old Italian
doctor, in black, and clothed somewhat fantastically. He carries
a white staff, with which he marks out the quarters of the heaven.*

1st Ser. Come—to it, lads, to it! Make an end of it. I hear
the sentry call out, "Stand to your arms!" They will be there
in a minute.

2d Ser. Why were we not told before that the audience would
be held here? Nothing prepared—no orders—no instructions—

3d Ser. Ay, and why was the balcony-chamber countermanded,
that with the great worked carpet?—there one can look about one.

1st Ser. Nay, that you must ask the mathematician there.
He says it is an unlucky chamber.

2d Ser. Poh! stuff and nonsense! That's what I call a *hum*.
A chamber is a chamber; what much can the place signify in
the affair.

Seni (with gravity). My son, there's *nothing* insignificant,
Nothing! But yet in every earthly thing
First and most principal is place and time.

1st Ser. (to the second). Say nothing to him, Nat.
The Duke himself must let him have his own will.

*Seni (counts the chairs, half in a loud, half in a low voice, till he
comes to eleven, which he repeats).*

Eleven ! an evil number ! Set twelve chairs.
Twelve ! twelve signs hath the zodiac : five and seven,
The holy numbers, include themselves in twelve.

2d Ser. And what may you have to object against eleven ? I should like to know that now.

Seni. Eleven is—transgression ; eleven over-steps
The ten commandments.

2d Ser. That's good ! and why do you call five a holy number ?

Seni. Five is the soul of man : for even as man
Is mingled up of good and evil, so
The five is the first number that's made up
Of even and odd.

2d Ser. The foolish old coxcomb !

1st Ser. Ay ! let him alone though. I like to hear him ; there
is more in his words than can be seen at first sight.

3d Ser. Off ! they come.

2d Ser. There ! out at the side-door.

(They hurry off. SENI follows slowly. A Page brings the staff of command on a red cushion, and places it on the table near the DUKE'S chair. They are announced from without, and the wings of the door fly open).

SCENE VII.

WALLENSTEIN, DUCHESS.

Wal. You went then through Vienna, were presented
To the Queen of Hungary ?

Duch. Yes, and to the Empress too,
And by both Majesties were we admitted
To kiss the hand.

Wal. And how was it received,
That I had sent for wife and daughter hither
To the camp, in winter time ?

Duch. I did even that
Which you commissioned me to do. I told them,
You had determined on our daughter's marriage,
And wished, ere yet you went into the field,
To show the elected husband his betrothed.

Wal. And did they guess the choice which I had made ?

Duch. They only hoped and wished it may have fallen
Upon no foreign nor yet Lutheran noble.

Wal. And you—what do you wish, Elizabeth ?

Duch. Your will, you know, was always mine.

Wal. *(after a pause).*

Well then,

And in all else, of what kind and complexion
Was your reception at the Court?

(The DUCHESS casts her eyes on the ground and remains silent.)

Hide nothing from me. How were you received?

Duch. O! my dear lord, all is not what it was.
A cankerworm, my lord, a cankerworm
Has stolen into the bud.

Wal. Ay! is it so!
What, they were lax? they failed of the old respect?

Duch. Not of respect. No honours were omitted.
No outward courtesy; but in the place
Of condescending, confidential kindness,
Familiar and endearing, there were given me
Only these honours and that solemn courtesy.
Ah! and the tenderness which was put on,
It was the guise of pity, not of favour.
No! Albrecht's wife, Duke Albrecht's princely wife,
Count Harrach's noble daughter, should not so—
Not wholly so should she have been received.

Wal. Yes, yes; they have ta'en offence. My latest conduct,
They railed at it, no doubt.

Duch. O that they had!
I have been long accustomed to defend you,
To heal and pacify distempered spirits.
No; no one railed at you. They wrapped them up,
O Heaven! in such oppressive, solemn silence!—
Here is no every-day misunderstanding,
No transient pique, no cloud that passes over;
Something most luckless, most unhealable,
Has taken place. The Queen of Hungary
Used formerly to call me her dear aunt,
And ever at departure to embrace me—

Wal. Now she omitted it?

Duch. *(wiping away her tears after a pause).* She did embrace me,
But then first when I had already taken
My formal leave, and when the door already
Had closed upon me, then did she come out
In haste, as she had suddenly bethought herself,
And pressed me to her bosom, more with anguish
Than tenderness.

Wal. *(seizes her hand soothingly).* Nay, now collect yourself,
And what of Eggenberg and Lichtenstein,
And of our other friends there?

Duch. *(shaking her head).* I saw none.

Wal. Th' Ambassador from Spain, who once was wont
To plead so warmly for me?—

Duch. Silent, silent!

Wal. These suns then are eclipsed for us. Henceforward
Must we roll on, our own fire, our own light.

Duch. And were it—were it, my dear lord, in that
Which moved about the Court in buzz and whisper
But in the country let itself be heard
Aloud—in that which Father Lamormain
In sundry hints and—

Wal. (eagerly). Lamormain! what said he?

Duch. That you're accused of having daringly
O'erstepped the powers entrusted to you, charged
With traitorous contempt of th' Emperor
And his supreme behests. The proud Bavarian,
He and the Spaniards stand up your accusers—
That there's a storm collecting over you
Of far more fearful menace than that former one
Which whirled you headlong down at Regensburg.
And people talk, said he, of—Ah!— (*Stifling extreme emotion.*)

Wal. Proceed!

Duch. I cannot utter it!

Wal. Proceed!

Duch. They talk—

Wal. Well!

Duch. Of a second— (*Catches her voice and hesitates.*)

Wal. Second—

Duch. More disgraceful—Dismission.

Wal. Talk they? (*Strides across the room in vehement agitation.*)

O! they force, they thrust me

With violence, against my own will, onward!

Duch. (presses near to him in entreaty). O! if there yet be time,
my husband! if

By giving way and by submission, this
Can be averted—my dear lord, give way!
Win down your proud heart to it! Tell that heart,
It is your sovereign lord, your Emperor
Before whom you retreat. O! let no longer
Low tripping malice blacken your good meaning
With abhorred venomous glosses. Stand you up,
Shielded and helmed and weaponed with the truth,
And drive before you into uttermost shame
These slanderous liars! Few firm friends have we—
You know it!—the swift growth of our good fortune
It hath but set us up, a mark for hatred.

What are we, if the sovereign's grace and favour
Stand not before us?

SCENE VIII.

Enter the COUNTESS TERTSKY, leading in her hand the PRINCESS THEKLA, richly adorned with brilliants. COUNTESS, THEKLA, WALLENSTEIN, DUCHESS.

Count. How, sister? What already upon business,
(*Observing the countenance of the DUCHESS.*)

And business of no pleasing kind I see,
Ere he has gladdened at his child. The first
Moment belongs to joy. Here, Friedland! father!
This is thy daughter.

(*THEKLA approaches with a shy and timid air, and bends herself as about to kiss his hand. He receives her in his arms, and remains standing for some time lost in the feeling of her presence.*)

Wal. Yes! pure and lovely hath hope risen on me:
I take her as the pledge of greater fortune.

Duch. 'Twas but a little child when you departed
To raise up that great army for the Emperor:
And after, at the close of the campaign,
When you returned home out of Pomerania,
Your daughter was already in the convent,
Wherein she has remained till now.

Wal. The while
We in the field here gave our cares and toils
To make her great, and fight her a free way
To the loftiest earthly good; lo! mother Nature
Within the peaceful silent convent walls
Has done her part, and out of her free grace
Hath she bestowed on the beloved child
The godlike; and now leads her thus adorned
To meet her splendid fortune, and my hope.

Duch. (*to THEKLA.*) Thou wouldst not have recognised thy
father,
Wouldst thou, my child? She counted scarce eight years
When last she saw your face.

Thek. O yes, yes, mother!
At the first glance!—My father is not altered.
The form that stands before me, falsifies
No feature of the image that hath lived

So long within me!

Wal.

The voice of my child!

(Then, after a pause,)

I was indignant at my destiny
That it denied me a man-child, to be
Heir of my name and of my prosperous fortune,
And re-illumine my soon extinguished being,
In a proud line of princes.
I wronged my destiny. Here upon this head
So lovely in its maiden bloom will I
Let fall the garland of a life of war,
Nor deem it lost, if only I can wreath it
Transmitted to a regal ornament,
Around these beauteous brows.

(He clasps her in his arms, as PICCOLOMINI enters.)

SCENE IX.

*Enter MAX. PICCOLOMINI, and some time after COUNT TERTSKY,
the others remaining as before.*

Count. There comes the Paladin who protected us.

Wal. Max.! Welcome, ever welcome! Always wert thou
The morning star of my best joys!

Max.

My General—

Wal. 'Till now it was the Emperor who rewarded thee,
I but the instrument. This day thou hast bound
The father to thee, Max.! the fortunate father,
And this debt Friedland's self must pay.

Max.

My prince:

You made no common hurry to transfer it.
I come with shame: yea, not without a pang!
For scarce have I arrived here, scarce delivered
The mother and the daughter to your arms,
But there is brought to me from your equerry
A splendid richly-plated hunting dress,
So to remunerate me for my troubles—
Yes, yes, remunerate me! Since a trouble
It must be, a mere office, not a favour
Which I leaped forward to receive, and which
I came already with full heart to thank you for.
No! 'twas not so intended, that my business
Should be my highest best good fortune!

(TERTSKY enters, and delivers letters to the DUKE, which he breaks open hurryingly.)

Count. (to MAX.) Remunerate your trouble! For his joy
He makes you recompence. 'Tis not unfitting
For you, Count Piccolomini, to feel
So tenderly—my brother it beseems
To show himself for ever great and princely.

Ther. Then I too must have scruples of his love:
For his munificent hands did ornament me
Ere yet the father's heart had spoken to me.

Max. Yes; 'tis his nature ever to be giving,
And making happy.

(He grasps the hand of the DUCHESS with still increasing warmth.) How my heart pours out
Its all of thanks to him: O! how I seem
To utter all things in th' dear name Friedland.
While I shall live, so long will I remain
The captive of this name: in it shall bloom
My every fortune, every lovely hope.
Inextricably as in some magic ring
In this name hath my destiny charm-bound me!

Count (who during this time has been anxiously watching the
DUKE, and remarks that he is lost in thought over the letters).
My brother wishes us to leave him. Come.

Wal. (turns himself round quick, collects himself, and speaks with
cheerfulness to the DUCHESS).

Once more I bid thee welcome to the camp,
Thou art the hostess of this court. You, Max.,
Will now again administer your old office,
While we perform the sovereign's business here.

(MAX. PICCOLOMINI offers the DUCHESS his arm, the COUN-
TESS accompanies the PRINCESS.)

Ter. (calling after him). Max., we depend on seeing you at the
meeting.

SCENE X.

WALLENSTEIN, COUNT TERTSKY.

Wal. (in deep thought to himself). She hath seen all things as
they are—It is so,
And squares completely with my other notions.
They have determined finally in Vienna,
Have given me my successor already;
It is the King of Hungary, Ferdinand,

The Emperor's delicate son! he's now their saviour,
He's the new star that's rising now! Of us
They think themselves already fairly rid,
And as we were deceased, the heir already
Is entering on possession—Therefore—despatch!

*(As he turns round he observes TERTSKY, and gives him
a letter.)*

Count Altringer will have himself excused,
And Galas too—I like not this!

Ter. And if
Thou loiterest longer, all will fall away,
One following the other.

Wal. Altringer
Is master of the Tyrole passes. I must forthwith
Send some one to him, that he let not in
The Spaniards on me from the Milanese.
—Well, and the old Sésin, that ancient trader
In contraband negotiations, he
Has shown himself again of late. What brings he
From the Count Thur?

Ter. The Count communicates,
He has found out the Swedish chancellor
At Halberstadt, where the convention's held,
Who says, you've tired him out, and that he'll have
No further dealings with you.

Wal. And why so?
Ter. He says, you are never in earnest in your speeches,
That you decoy the Swedes—to make fools of them,
Will league yourself with Saxony against them,
And at last make yourself a riddance of them
With a paltry sum of money.

Wal. So then, doubtless,
Yes, doubtless, this same modest Swede expects
That I shall yield him some fair German tract
For his prey and booty, that ourselves at last
On our own soil and native territory,
May be no longer our own lords and masters!
An excellent scheme! No, no! They must be off,
Off, off! away! we want no such neighbours.

Ter. Nay, yield them up that dot, that speck of land—
It goes not from your portion. If you win
The game, what matters it to you who pays it?

Wal. Off with them, off! Thou understand'st not this.
Never shall it be said of me, I parcelled
My native land away, dismembered Germany,

Betrayed it to a foreigner, in order
To come with stealthy tread, and flieh away
My own share of the plunder—Never! never!—
No foreign power shall strike root in the empire,
And least of all, these Goths, these hunger-wolves,
Who send such envious, hot and greedy glances
T'wards the rich blessings of our German lands!
I'll have their aid to cast and draw my nets,
But not a single fish of all the draught
Shall they come in for.

Ter. You will deal, however,
More fairly with the Saxons? They lose patience
While you shift ground and make so many curves.
Say, to what purpose all these masks? Your friends
Are plunged in doubts, baffled and led astray in you.
There's Oxenstein, there's Arnheim—neither knows
What he should think of your procrastinations.
And in the end I prove the liar; all
Passes through me. I have not even your hand-writing.

Wal. I *never* give my handwriting; thou knowest it.

Ter. But how can it be *known* that you're in earnest,
If the act follows not upon the word?
You must yourself acknowledge, that in all
Your intercourses hitherto with the enemy
You might have done with safety all you have done,
Had you meant nothing further than to gull him
For the Emperor's service.

Wal. (*after a pause during which he looks narrowly on TERTSKY*).
And from whence dost thou know
That I'm *not* gulling him for the Emperor's service?
Whence knowest thou that I'm not gulling all of you?
Dost thou know *me* so well! When made I thee
The intendant of my secret purposes?
I am not conscious that I ever opened
My inmost thoughts to thee. The Emperor, it is true,
Hath dealt with me amiss; and if I *would*,
I could repay him with usurious interest
For the evil he hath done me. It delights me
To know my *power*; but whether I shall use it,
Of that, I should have thought that thou couldst speak
No wiselier than thy fellows.

Ter. So hast thou always played thy game with us.

(*Enter ILLO.*)

SCENE XI.

ILLO, WALLENSTEIN, TERTSKY.

Wal. How stand affairs without? Are they prepared?

Illo. You'll find them in the very mood you wish.

They know about the Emperor's requisitions,
And are tumultuous.

Wal. How hath Isolan

Declared himself?

Illo. He's yours, both soul and body,

Since you built up again his Faro-bank.

Wal. And which way doth Kolatto bend? Hast thou
Made sure of Tiefenbach and Deodato?

Illo. What Piccolomini does, that they do too.

Wal. You mean then I may venture somewhat with them?

Illo. —If you are assured of the Piccolomini.

Wal. Not more assured of mine ownself.

Ter.

And yet

would you trusted not so much to Octavio,
The fox!

Wal. Thou teachest me to know my man?
Sixteen campaigns I have made with that old warrior.
Besides, I have his horoscope,
We both are born beneath like stars—in short.

(*With an air of mystery.*)

To this belongs its own particular aspect,
If therefore thou canst warrant me the rest——

Illo. There is among them all but this one voice,
You must not lay down the command. I hear
They mean to send a deputation to you.

Wal. If I'm in aught to bind myself to them,
They too must bind themselves to me.

Illo.

Of course.

Wal. Their words of honour they must give, their oaths,
Give them in writing to me, promising
Devotion to my service *unconditional*.

Illo. Why not?

Ter. Devotion *unconditional*?

The exception of their duties towards Austria
They'll always place among the premises,
With this reserve——

Wal. (*shaking his head*). All *unconditional*!
No premises, no reserves.

Illo. A thought has struck me.
Does not Count Tertsy give us a set banquet
This evening?

Ter. Yes; and all the Generals
Have been invited.

Illo. (to WALLENSTEIN). Say, will you here fully
Commission me to use my own discretion?
I'll gain for you the General's words of honour,
Even as you wish.

Wal. Gain me their signatures!
How you come by them, that is *your* concern.

Illo. And if I bring it you, black on white,
That all the leaders who are present here
Give themselves up to you, without condition;
Say, will you *then—then* will you show yourself
In earnest, and with some decisive action
Make trial of your luck?

Wal. The signatures!
Gain me the signatures.

Illo. Seize, seize the hour
Ere it slips from you. Seldom comes the moment
In life, which is indeed sublime and weighty.
To make a great decision possible,
O! many things, all transient and all rapid,
Must meet at once: and, haply, they thus met
May by that confluence be enforced to pause
Time long enough for wisdom, though too short,
Far, far too short a time for doubt and scruple!
This is that moment. See, our army chieftains,
Our best, our noblest, are assembled around you,
Their kinglike leader! On your nod they wait.
The single threads, which here your prosperous fortune
Hath woven together in one potent web
Instinct with destiny, O let them not
Unravel of themselves. If you permit
These chiefs to separate, so unanimous
Bring you them not a second time together.
'Tis the high tide that heaves the stranded ship,
And every individual's spirit waxes
In the great stream of multitudes. Behold
They are still here, here still! But soon the war
Pursts them once more asunder, and in small
Particular anxieties and interests
Scatters their spirit, and the sympathy
Of each man with the whole. He, who to-day

Forgets himself, forced onward with the stream,
Will become sober, seeing but himself,
Feel only his own weakness, and with speed
Will face about, and march on in the old
High road of duty, the old broad-trodden road,
And seek but to make shelter in good plight.

Wal. The time is not yet come.

Ter. So you say always,
But *when* will it be time?

Wal. When I shall say it.

Illo. You'll wait upon the stars, and on their hours,
Till the earthly hour escapes you. O, believe me,
In your own bosom are your destiny's stars.
Confidence in yourself, prompt resolution,
This is your VENUS! and the sole malignant,
The only one that harmeth you is DOUBT.

Wal. Thou speakest as thou understand'st. How oft
And many a time I've told thee, Jupiter,
That lustrous god, was setting at thy birth,
Thy visual power subdues no mysteries;
Mole-eyed, thou may'st but burrow in the earth,
Blind as that subterrestrial, who with wan,
Lead-coloured shine lighted thee into life.
The common, the terrestrial, thou may'st see,
With serviceable cunning knit together
The nearest with the nearest; and therein
I trust thee and believe thee! but whate'er
Full of mysterious import Nature weaves,
And fashions in the depths—the spirit's ladder,
That from this gross and visible world of dust
Even to the starry world, with thousand rounds,
Builds itself up; on which the unseen powers
Move up and down on heavenly ministries—
The circles in the circles, that approach
The central sun with ever-narrowing orbit—
These see the glance alone, the unsealed eye,
Of Jupiter's glad children born in lustre.

*(He walks across the chamber, then returns, and, standing still,
proceeds.)*

The heavenly constellations make not merely
The day and nights, summer and spring, not merely
Signify to the husbandman the seasons
Of sowing and of harvest. Human action,
That is the seed too of contingencies,
Strewed on the dark land of futurity,

In hopes to reconcile the powers of fate.
 Whence it behoves us to seek out the seed-time,
 To watch the stars, select their proper hours,
 And trace with searching eye the heavenly houses,
 Whether the enemy of growth and thriving
 Hide himself not, malignant, in his corner.
 Therefore permit me my own time. Meanwhile
 Do you your part. As yet I cannot say
 What I shall do—only, give way I will not.
 Depose me too they shall not. On these points
 You may rely.

Page (entering). My Lords, the Generals.

Wal. Let them come in.

SCENE XII.

WALLENSTEIN, TERTSKY, ILLO.—*To them enter QUESTENBERG, OCTAVIO, and MAX. PICCOLOMINI, BUTLER, ISOLANI, MARADAS, and three other Generals. WALLENSTEIN motions QUESTENBERG, who in consequence takes the chair directly opposite to him; the others follow, arranging themselves according to their rank. There reigns a momentary silence.*

Wal. I have understood, 'tis true, the sum and import
 Of your instructions, Questenberg; have weighed them,
 And formed my final, absolute resolve;
 Yet it seems fitting that the generals
 Should hear the will of the Emperor from your mouth.
 May't please you then to open your commission
 Before these noble chieftains.

Ques. I am ready
 To obey you; but will first entreat your Highness,
 And all these noble chieftains, to consider,
 The imperial dignity and sovereign right
 Speaks from my mouth, and not my own presumption.

Wal. We excuse all preface.

Ques. When his Majesty
 The Emperor to his courageous armies
 Presented in the person of Duke Friedland
 A most experienced and renowned commander,
 He did it in glad hope and confidence
 To give thereby to the fortune of the war
 A rapid and auspicious change. The onset

Was favourable to his royal wishes.
 Bohemia was delivered from the Saxons,
 The Swede's career of conquest checked ! These lands
 Began to draw breath freely, as Duke Friedland
 From all the streams of Germany forced hither
 The scattered armies of the enemy,
 Hither invoked as round one magic circle
 The Rhinegrave, Bernhard, Banner, Oxenstirn,
 Yea, and that never-conquered King himself ;
 Here finally, before the eye of Nürnberg,
 The fearful game of battle to decide.

Wal. May't please you to the point.

Quæ. In Nürnberg's camp the Swedish monarch left
 His fame—in Lützen's plains his life. But who
 Stood not astounded, when victorious Friedland
 After this day of triumph, this proud day,
 Marched toward Bohemia with the speed of flight,
 And vanished from the theatre of war ;
 While the young Weimar hero forced his way
 Into Franconia, to the Danube, like
 Some delving winter-stream, which, where it rushes,
 Makes its own channel ; with such sudden speed
 He marched, and now at once 'fore Regenspurg
 Stood to the affright of all good Catholic Christians.
 Then did Bavaria's well-deserving Prince
 Entreat swift aidance in his extreme need ;
 The Emperor sends seven horsemen to Duke Friedland,
 Seven horsemen couriers sends he with the entreaty :
 He superadds his own, and supplicates
 Where as the sovereign lord he can command.
 In vain his supplication ! At this moment
 The Duke hears only his old hate and grudge,
 Barter the general good to gratify
 Private revenge—and so falls Regenspurg.

Wal. Max., to what period of the war alludes he ?
 My recollection fails me here.

Max.

He means

When we were in Silesia.

Wal.

Ay ! Is it so !

But what had we to do *there* ?

Max.

To beat out

The Swedes and Saxons from the province.

Wal.

True,

In that description which the minister gave
 I seemed to have forgotten the whole war.

(To QUESTENBERG.) Well, but proceed a little.

Ques.

Yes! at length

Beside the river Oder did the Duke
Assert his ancient fame. Upon the fields
Of Steinau did the Swedes lay down their arms,
Subdued without a blow. And here, with others,
The righteousness of Heaven to his avenger
Delivered that long-practised stirrer-up
Of insurrection, that curse-laden torch
And kindler of this war, Matthias Thur.
But he had fallen into unanimous hands;
Instead of punishment he found reward,
And with rich presents did the Duke dismiss
The arch-foe of his Emperor.

Wal. (laughs).

I know,

I know you had already in Vienna
Your windows and balconies all forestalled
To see him on the executioner's cart.
I might have lost the battle, lost it too
With infamy, and still retained your graces—
But, to have cheated them of a spectacle,
Oh! *that* the good folks of Vienna never,
No, never can forgive me.

Ques.

So Silcsia

Was freed, and all things loudly called the Duke
Into Bavaria, now pressed hard on all sides.
And he *did* put his troops in motion: slowly,
Quite at his ease, and by the longest road
He traverses Bohemia; but ere ever
He hath once seen the enemy, faces round,
Breaks up the march, and takes to winter quarters.

Wal. The troops are pitiaibly destitute
Of every necessary, every comfort.
The winter came. What thinks his Majesty
His troops are made of? Arn't we men? subjected
Like other men to wet and cold, and all
The circumstances of necessity?
O miserable lot of the poor soldier!
Wherever he comes in, all flee before him,
And when he goes away, the general curse
Follows him on his route. All must be seized,
Nothing is given him. And compelled to seize
From every man, he's every man's abhorrence.
Behold, here stand my Generals. Karaffa!
Count Deodate! Butler! Tell this man

How long the soldier's pay is in arrears.

But. Already a full year.

Wal.

And 'tis the hire

That constitutes the hireling's name and duties,

The soldier's *pay* is the soldier's *covenant*.*

Ques. Ah! this is a far other tone from that,
In which the Duke spoke eight, nine years ago.

Wal. Yes! 'tis my fault, I know it: I myself
Have spoilt the Emperor by indulging him.

Nine years ago, during the Danish war,
I raised him up a force, a mighty force,

Forty or fifty thousand men, that cost him
Of his own purse no doit. Through Saxony

The fury goddess of the war marched on,
E'en to the surf-rocks of the Baltic, bearing
The terrors of his name. That was a time!

In the whole Imperial realm no name like mine

Honoured with festival and celebration—

And Albrecht Wallenstein, it was the title

Of the third jewel in his crown!

But at the Diet, when the Princes met

At Regenspurg, there, there the whole broke out,

There 'twas laid open, there it was made known,

Out of what money-bag I had paid the host.

And what was now my thank, what had I now,

That I, a faithful servant of the sovereign,

Had loaded on myself the people's curses,

And let the Princes of the empire pay

The expenses of this war, that aggrandises

The Emperor alone—What thanks had I!

What? I was offered up to their complaints,

Dismissed, degraded!

Ques.

But your Highness knows

What little freedom he possessed of action

In that disastrous diet.

Wal.

Death and hell!

I had that which could have procured him freedom.

No! Since 'twas proved so inauspicious to me

* The original is not translatable into English;

Und sein sold

Mas dem soldaten warden, darnach helset or.

It might perhaps have been thus rendered:

"And that for which he sold his services,

The soldier must receive."

But a false or doubtful stymology is no more than a dull pun.

To serve the Emperor at the empire's cost,
 I have been taught far other trains of thinking
 Of the empire, and the diet of the empire.
 From the Emperor, doubtless, I received this staff,
 But now I hold it as the empire's general—
 For the common weal, the universal int'rest,
 And no more for that one man's aggrandisement!
 But to the point. What is it that's desired of me?

Ques. First, his imperial Majesty hath willed
 That without pretext of delay the army
 Evacuate Bohemia.

Wal. In this season?
 And to what quarter, wills the Emperor,
 That we direct our course?

Ques. To the enemy.
 His Majesty resolves, that Regensburg
 Be purified from the enemy, ere Easter,
 That Luth'ranism may be no longer preached
 In that cathedral, nor heretical
 Defilement desecrate the celebration
 Of that pure festival.

Wal. My generals,
 Can this be realised?

Illo. 'Tis not possible.

But. It can't be realised.

Ques. The Emperor
 Already hath commanded colonel Suys
 To advance toward Bavaria!

Wal. What did Suys?

Ques. That which his duty prompted. He advanced!

Wal. What? he advanced! And I, his general,
 Had given him orders, peremptory orders,
 Not to desert his station! Stands it thus
 With my authority? Is this th' obedienco
 Due to my office, which being thrown aside
 No war can be conducted? Chieftains, speak!
 You be the judges, generals! What deserves
 That officer, who of his oath neglectful
 Is guilty of contempt of orders?

Illo. (*raising his voice, as all but ILLO had remained silent, and seemingly scrupulous*). Death.

Wal. Count Piccolomini! what has he deserved?

Max. Pic. (*after a long pause*). According to the letter of the law,
 Death.

Io. Death.

But. Death by the laws of war.

(QUESTENBERG rises from his seat, WALLENSTEIN follows ;
all the rest rise.)

Wal. To this the law condemns him, and not I.
And if I show him favour, 'twill arise
From the rev'rence that I owe my Emperor.

Ques. If so, I can say nothing further—*here !*

Wal. I accepted the command but on conditions !
And this the first, that to the diminution
Of my authority no human being,
Not even the Emperor's self, should be entitled
To do aught, or to say aught, with the army.
If I stand warrantor of the *event*,
Placing my honour and my head in pledge,
Needs must I have full mastery in all
The means thereto. What rendered this Gustavus
Resistless, and unconquered upon earth ?
This that he was the monarch in his army !
A monarch, one who is indeed a monarch,
Was never yet subdued but by his equal.
But to the point ! The best is yet to come.
Attend now, generals !

Ques. The Prince Cardinal
Begins his route at the approach of spring
From the Milanese ; and leads a Spanish army
Through Germany into the Netherlands.
That he may march secure and unimpeded,
'Tis th' Emperor's will you grant him a detachment
Of eight horse-regiments from the army here.

Wal. Yes, yes ! I understand !—Eight regiments ! Well,
Right well concerted, father Lamormain !
Eight thousand horse ! Yes, yes ! 'Tis as it should be !
I see it coming.

Ques. There is nothing coming.
All stands in front : the counsel of state-prudence,
The dictate of necessity !——

Wal. What then ?
What, my Lord Envoy ? May I not be suffered
To understand, that folks are tired of seeing
The sword's hilt in *my* grasp : and that your court
Snatch eagerly at this pretence, and use
The Spanish title, to drain off my forces,
To lead into the empire a new army
Unsubjected to my control. To throw me
Plumply aside,—I am still too powerful for you

To venture that. My stipulation runs,
 That all the Imperial forces shall obey me
 Where'er the German is the native language.
 Of Spanish troops and of Prince Cardinals
 That take their route, as visitors, through the empire,
 There stands no syllable in my stipulation.
 No syllable! and so the politic court
 Steals in a-tiptoe, and creeps round behind it;
 First makes me weaker, then to be dispensed with,
 Till it dares strike at length a bolder blow
 And make short work with me.
 What need of all these crooked ways, Lord Envoy!
 Straight-forward, man! His compact with me pinches
 The Emperor. He would that I moved off!—
 Well!—I will gratify him!

(Here there commences an agitation among the Generals which increases continually.)

It grieves me for my noble officers' sakes!
 I see not yet, by what means they will come at
 The monies they have advanced, or how obtain
 The recompence their services demand.
 Still a new leader brings new claimants forward,
 And prior merit superannuates quickly.
 There serve here many foreigners in th' army
 And were the man in all else brave and gallant,
 I was not wont to make nice scrutiny
 After his pedigree or catechism.

This will be otherwise, i' the time to come.

Well—me no longer it concerns.

(He seats himself.)

Max. Pic. Forbid it, Heaven, that it should come to this!

Our troops will swell in dreadful fermentation—
 The Emperor is abused—it cannot be.

Iso. It cannot be; all goes to instant wreck.

Wal. Thou hast said truly, faithful Isolani!
 What we with toil and foresight have built up,
 Will go to wreck—all go to instant wreck.
 What then? another chieftain is soon found,
 Another army likewise (who dares doubt it?)
 Will flock from all sides to the Emperor
 At the first beat of his recruiting drum.

(During this speech, ISOLANI, TERTSKY, ILLO, and MARADAS talk confusedly with great agitation.)

Max. Pic. *(busily and passionately going from one to another and soothing them).* Hear, my commander! hear me, Generals!

Let me conjure you, Duke! Determine nothing,

Till we have met and represented to you
Our joint remonstrances.—Nay, calmer ! Friends !
I hope all may be yet set right again.

Ter. Away ! let us away ! in th' antechamber
Find we the others.

(They go.)

But. (to QUESTENBERG). If good counsel gain
Due audience from your wisdom, my Lord Envoy !
You will be cautious how you show yourself
In public for some hours to come—or hardly
Will that gold key protect you from maltreatment.

(Commotions heard from without.)

Wal. A salutary counsel—Thou, Octavio !
Wilt answer for the safety of our guest.
Farewell, Von Questenberg !

(QUESTENBERG is about to speak.)

Nay, not a word,

Not one word more of that detested subject !
You have performed your duty—We know how
To separate the office from the man.

*(As QUESTENBERG is going off with OCTAVIO, GOETZ, TIEF-
ENBACH, KOLATTO, press in ; several other Generals fol-
lowing them.)*

Goetz. Where's he who means to rob us of our general ?

Tief. (at the same time). What are we forced to hear ?

That thou wilt leave us ?

Kol. (at the same time). We will live with thee, we will die with
thee.

Wal. (pointing to ILLO). There ! the Field-Marshal knows our
will.

(Exit.)

(While all are going off the stage, the curtain drops.)

ACT II.

SCENE I.—A Small Chamber.

ILLO and TERTSKY.

Ter. Now for this evening's business ! How intend you
To manage with the generals at the banquet ?

Illo. Attend ! We frame a formal declaration
Wherein we to the Duke consign ourselves
Collectively, to be and to remain

His both with life and limb, and not to spare
 The last drop of our blood for *him*, provided
 So doing we infringe no oath nor duty,
 We may be under to the Emp'rour.—Mark!
 This reservation we expressly make
 In a particular clause, and save the conscience.
 Now hear! This formula so framed and worded
 Will be presented to them for perusal
 Before the banquet. No one will find in it
 Cause of offence or scruple. Hear now further!
 After the feast, when now the vap'ring wine
 Opens the heart, and shuts the eyes, we let
 A counterfeited paper, in the which
 This one particular clause has been left out,
 Go round for signatures.

Ter.

How? think you then

That they'll believe themselves bound by an oath,
 Which we had tricked them into by a juggle?

Illo. We shall have caught and caged them! Let them then
 Beat their wings bare against the wires, and rave
 Loud as they may against our treachery,
 At court their signatures will be believed
 Far more than their most holy affirmations.
 Traitors they are, and must be; therefore wisely
 Will make a virtue of necessity.

Ter. Well, well, it shall content me; let but something
 Be *done*, let only some decisive blow
 Set us in motion.

Illo. Besides, 'tis of subordinate importance
 How, or how far, we may thereby propel
 The generals. 'Tis enough that we persuade
 The Duke, that they are his—Let him but act
 In his determined mood, as if he had them,
 And he *will* have them. Where he plunges in,
 He makes a whirlpool, and all stream down to it.

Ter. His policy is such a labyrinth,
 That many a time when I have thought myself
 Close at his side, he's gone at once and left me
 Ignorant of the ground where I was standing.
 He lends the enemy his ear, permits me
 To write to them, to Arnheim; to Sesina
 Himself comes forward blank and undisguised;
 Talks with us by the hour about his plans,
 And when I think I have him—off at once——
 He has slipped from me, and appears as if

Illo had no scheme, but to retain his place.

Illo. He give up his old plans! I'll tell you, friend!
His soul is occupied with nothing else,
Even in his sleep—They are his thoughts, his dreams,
That day by day he questions for this purpose
The motions of the planets——

Ter. Ay! you know
This night, that is now coming, he with Seni
Shuts himself up in the astrological tower
To make joint observations—for I hear,
It is to be a night of weight and crisis;
And something great, and of long expectation,
Is to make its procession in the heaven.

Illo. Come! be we bold and make despatch. The work
In this next day or two must thrive and grow
More than it has for years. And let but only
Things first turn up auspicious here below——
Mark what I say—the right stars too will show themselves.
Come, to the generals. All is in the glow,
And must be beaten while 'tis malleable.

Ter. Do you go thither, Illo. I must stay
And wait here for the Countess Tertsy. Know,
That we, too, are not idle. Break one string,
A second is in readiness.

Illo. Yes! Yes!
I saw your lady smile with such sly meaning.
What's in the wind?

Ter. A secret. Hush! she comes.

(*Exit ILLO.*)

SCENE II.

(*The COUNTESS steps out from a Closet.*) COUNT and COUNTESS
TERTSKY.

Ter. Well—is she coming?—I can keep him back
No longer.

Coun. She will be there instantly.
You only send him.

Ter. I am not quite certain
I must confess it, Countess, whether or not
We are earning the Duke's thanks hereby. You know,
No ray has broken from him on this point.
You have o'er-ruled me, and yourself know best.
How far you dare proceed.

Coun.

I take it on me.

(Talking to herself, while she is advancing.)

Here's no need of full powers and commissions—
My cloudy Duke! we understand each other—
And without words. What, could I not unriddle,
Wherefore the daughter should be sent for hither,
Why first *he*, and no other, should be chosen
To fetch her hither! This sham of betrothing her
To a bridegroom,* whom no one knows—No! no!—
This may blind others! I see through thee, Brother!
But it besseems thee not, to draw a card
At such a game. Not yet!—It all remains
Mutely delivered up to my finessing——
Well—thou shalt not have been deceived, Duke Friedland!
In her who is thy sister.——

Servant (enters).

The commanders!

Ter. (to the Countess). Take care you heat his fancy and affections—

Possess him with a reverie, and send him,
Absent and dreaming, to the banquet; that
He may not boggle at the signature.

Coun. Take you care of your guests!—Go, send him hither.

Ter. All rests upon his undersigning.

Coun. (interrupting him). Go to your guests! Go——

Illo. (comes back). Where art staying, Tertsy?

The house is full, and all expecting you.

Ter. Instantly! Instantly! *(To the COUNTESS.)* And let him not

Stay here too long. It might awake suspicion
In the old man——

Coun.

A truce with your precautions!

(Exit TERTSKY and ILLO.)

SCENE III.

COUNTESS, MAX. PICCOLOMINI.

Max. (peeping on the stage, sily). Aunt Tertsy! may I venture?

(Advances to the middle of the stage, and looks around him with uneasiness.)

* In Germany, after honourable addresses have been paid and formally accepted, the lovers are called Bride and Bridegroom, even though the marriage should not take place till years afterwards.

She's not here!

Where is she?

Coun. Look but somewhat narrowly
In yonder corner, lest perhaps she lie
Concealed behind that screen.

Max. There lie her gloves!

(Snatches at them, but the COUNTESS takes them herself.)

You unkind lady! You refuse me this—
You make it an amusement to torment me.

Coun. And this the thanks you give me for my trouble?

Max. O, if you felt the oppression at my heart!
Since we've been here, so to constrain myself—
With such poor stealth to hazard words and glances—
These, these are not my habits!

Coun. You have still
Many new habits to acquire, young friend! -
But on this proof of your obedient temper
I must continue to insist; and only
On this condition can I play the agent
For your concerns.

Max. But wherefore comes she not?
Where is she?

Coun. Into my hands you must place it
Whole and entire. Whom could you find, indeed,
More zealously affected to your interest?
No soul on earth must know it—not your father.
He must not above all.

Max. Alas! what danger?
Here is no face on which I might concentrate
All the enraptured soul stirs up within me.
O lady! tell me. Is all changed around me?
Or is it only I?

I find myself
As among strangers! Not a trace is left
Of all my former wishes, former joys.
Where has it vanished to? There was a time
When even, methought, with such a world as this
I was not discontented. Now how flat!
How stale! No life, no bloom, no flavour in it!
My comrades are intolerable to me.
My father—Even to him I can say nothing.
My arms, my military duties—O!
They are such wearying toys!

Coun. But, gentle friend!
I must entreat it of your condescension,

You would be pleased to sink your eye, and favour
With one short glance or two this poor stale world
Where even now much, and of much moment,
Is on the eve of its completion.

Max.

Something,

I can't but know, is going forward round me.
I see it gathering, crowding, driving on,
In wild uncustomary movements. Well,
In due time, doubtless, it will reach even me.
Where think you I have been, dear lady? Nay,
No raillery. The turmoil of the camp,
The spring-tide of acquaintance rolling in,
The pointless jest, the empty conversation,
Oppressed and stifled me. I gasped for air—
I could not breathe—I was constrained to fly,
To seek a silence out for my full heart;
And a pure spot wherein to feel my happiness.
No smiling, Countess! In the church was I.
There is a cloister here to the* heaven's gate,
Thither I went, there found myself alone.
Over the altar hung a holy mother;
A wretched painting 'twas, yet 'twas the friend
That I was seeking in this moment. Ah,
How oft have I beheld that glorious form
In splendour, 'mid ecstatic worshippers,
Yet, still it moved me not! and now at once
Was my devotion cloudless as my love.

Coun. Enjoy your fortune and felicity!

Forget the world around you. Meantime, friendship
Shall keep strict vigils for you, anxious, active.
Only be manageable when that friendship
Points you the road to full accomplishment.
How long may it be since you declared your passion?

Max. This morning did I hazard the first word.

Coun. This morning the first time in twenty days?

Max. 'Twas at that hunting-castle, betwixt here
And Nepomuck, where you had joined us, and—
That was the last relay of the whole journey!
In a balcony we were standing mute,
And gazing out upon the dreary field:
Before us the dragoons were riding onward,
The safe-guard which the Duke had sent us—heavy

* I am doubtful whether this be the dedication of the cloister or the name of one of the city gates, near which it stood. I have translated it in the former sense; but fearful of having made some blunder, I add the original—

Es ist ein Kloster hier zur Himmelfahrt.

The inquietude of parting lay upon me,
 And trembling ventured I at length these words :
 This all reminds me, noble maiden, that
 To-day, I must take leave of my good fortune,
 A few hours more, and you will find a father,
 Will see yourself surrounded by new friends,
 And I henceforth shall be but as a stranger,
 Lost in the many—" Speak with my Aunt Tertsky !"
 With hurrying voice she interrupted me.
 She faltered. I beheld a glowing red
 Possess her beautiful cheeks, and from the ground
 Raised slowly up her eye met mine—no longer
 Did I control myself.

(The PRINCESS THEKLA appears at the door, and remains standing, observed by the COUNTESS, but not by PICCOLOMINI.)

With instant boldness
 I caught her in my arms, my mouth touched hers :
 There was a rustling in the room close by ;
 It parted us—"Twas you. What since has happened,
 You know.

Coun. (after a pause, with a stolen glance at THEKLA).

And is it your excess of modesty ;
 Or are you so incurious, that you do not
 Ask me too of my secret ?

Max. Of your secret ?

*Coun. Why, yes ! When in the instant after you
 I stepped into the room, and found my niece there,
 What she in this first moment of the heart
 Ta'en with surprise—*

Max. (with eagerness). Well !

SCENE IV.

THEKLA (hurries forward), COUNTESS, MAX. PICCOLOMINI.

*Thek. (to the COUNTESS). Spare yourself the trouble :
 That hears he better from myself.*

*Max. (stepping backward). My Princess !
 What have you let her hear me say, Aunt Tertsky ?*

Thek. (to the COUNTESS). Has he been here long ?

*Coun. Yes ; and soon must go.
 Where have you stayed so long ?*

Thek. Alas! my mother
Wept so again! and I—I see her suffer,
Yet cannot keep myself from being happy.

Max. Now once again I have courage to look on you.
To-day at noon I could not.
The dazzle of the jewels that played round you
Hid the beloved from me.

Thek. Then you saw me
With your eye only—and not with your heart?

Max. This morning, when I found you in the circle
Of all your kindred, in your father's arms,
Beheld myself an alien in this circle,
O! what an impulse felt I in that moment
To fall upon his neck, to call him *father*!
But his stern eye o'erpower'd the swelling passion—
It dared not but be silent. And those brilliants,
That like a crown of stars enwreathed your brows,
They scared me too! O wherefore, wherefore should he
At the first meeting spread as 'twere the ban
Of excommunication round you, wherefore
Dress up the angel as for sacrifice,
And cast upon the light and joyous heart
The mournful burthen of *his* station? Fitly
May love dare woo for love; but such a splendour
Might none but monarchs venture to approach.

Thek. Hush! not a word more of this mummery,
You see how soon the burthen is thrown off.
(*To the COUNTESS.*) He is not in spirits. Wherefore is he not?
'Tis you, aunt, that have made him all so gloomy!
He had quite another nature on the journey—
So calm, so bright, so joyous, eloquent.
(*To MAX.*) It was my wish to see you always so,
And never otherwise!

Max. You find yourself
In your great father's arms, beloved lady!
All in a new world, which does homage to you,
And which, wert only by its novelty,
Delights your eye.

Thek. Yes; I confess to you
That many things delight me here: this camp,
This motley stage of warriors, which renews
So manifold the image of my fancy,
And binds to life, binds to reality,
What hitherto had but been present to me
As a sweet dream!

Max. Alas! not so to me,
It makes a dream of my reality.
Upon some island in the ethereal heights
I've lived for these last days. This mass of men
Forces me down to earth. It is a bridge
That, reconducting to my former life,
Divides me and my heaven.

Thek. The game of life
Looks cheerful, when one carries in one's heart
The inalienable treasure. 'Tis a game,
Which having once reviewed, I turn more joyous
Back to my deeper and appropriate bliss.

(Breaking off, and in a sportive tone.)

In this short time that I've been present here,
What new unheard-of things have I not seen!
And yet they all must give place to the wonder
Which this mysterious castle guards.

Coun. (recollecting). And what
Can this be then; methought I was acquainted
With all the dusky corners of this house.

Thek. Ay, *(smiling,)* but the road thereto is watched by spirits.
Two griffins still stand sentry at the door.

Coun. (laughs). The astrological tower!—How happens it
That this same sanctuary, whose access
Is to all others so impracticable,
Opens before you even at your approach?

Thek. A dwarfish old man with a friendly face
And snow-white hairs, whose gracious services
Were mine at first sight, opened me the doors.

Max. That is the Duke's astrologer, old Seni.

Thek. He questioned me on many points; for instance,
When I was born, what month, and on what day,
Whether by day or in the night.

Coun. He wished
To erect a figure for your horoscope.

Thek. My hand too he examined, shook his head
With such sad meaning, and the lines, methought,
Did not square over truly with his wishes.

Coun. Well, Princess, and what found you in this tower?
My highest privilege has been to snatch
A side glance, and away!

Thek. It was a strange
Sensation that came o'er me, when at first
From the broad sunshine I stepped in; and now
The narrowing line of day-light, that ran after

The closing door, was gone ; and all about me
'Twas pale and dusky night, with many shadows
Fantastically cast. Here six or seven
Colossal statues, and all kings, stood round me
In a half-circle. Each one in his hand
A sceptre bore, and on his head a star ;
And in the tower no other light was there
But from these stars : all seemed to come from them.
"These are the planets," said that low old man,
"They govern worldly fates, and for that cause
Are imaged here as kings. He farthest from you,
Spiteful, and cold, an old man melancholy,
With bent and yellow forehead, he is Saturn.
He opposite, the king with the red light,
An armed man for the battle, that is Mars :
And both these bring but little luck to man."
But at his side a lovely lady stood,
The star upon her head was soft and bright,
And that was Venus, the bright star of joy.
On the left hand, lo ! Mercury, with wings.
Quite in the middle glittered silver bright,
A cheerful man, and with a monarch's mien ;
And this was Jupiter, my father's star :
And at his side I saw the Sun and Moon.

Max. O never rudely will I blame his faith
In the might of stars and angels ! 'Tis not merely
The human being's Pride that peoples space
With life and mystical predominance ;
Since likewise for the stricken heart of Love
This visible nature, and this common world,
Is all too narrow : yea, a deeper import
Lurks in the legend told my infant years
Than lies upon that truth, we live to learn.
For fable is Love's world, his home, his birth-place :
Delightedly dwells he 'mong fays and talismans,
And spirits ; and delightedly believes
Divinities, being himself divine.
The intelligible forms of ancient poets,
The fair humanities of old religion,
The power, the beauty, and the majesty,
That had their haunts in dale, or piny mountain,
Or forest by slow stream, or pebbly spring,
Or chasms and wat'ry depths ; all these have vanished ;
They live no longer in the faith of reason !
But still the heart doth need a language, still

Doth the old instinct bring back the old names,
And to yon starry world they now are gone,
Spirits or gods, that used to share this earth
With man as with their friend; and to the lover
Yonder they move, from yonder visible sky
Shoot influence down: and even at this day
'Tis Jupiter who brings whate'er is great,
And Venus who brings everything that's fair!

Thek. And if this be the science of the stars,
I too, with glad and zealous industry,
Will learn acquaintance with this cheerful faith.
It is a gentle and affectionate thought,
That in immeasurable heights above us,
At our first birth, the wroath of love was woven,
With sparkling stars for flowers.

Coun. Not only roses,
But thorns too hath the heaven; and well for you
I leave they your wreath of love inviolate;
What Venus twined, the bearer of glad fortune,
The sullen orb of Mars soon tears to pieces.

Max. Soon will his gloomy empire reach its close,
Blest be the General's zeal: into the laurel
Will we inweave the olive-branch, presenting
Peace to the shouting nations. Then no wish
Will have remained for his great heart! Enough
Has he performed for glory, and can now
Live for himself and his. To his domains
Will he retire; he has a stately seat
Of fairest view at Gitchin; Reichenberg,
And Friedland Castle, both lie pleasantly—
Even to the foot of the huge mountains here
Stretches the chase and covers of his forests:
His ruling passion, to create the splendid,
He can indulge without restraint; can give
A princely patronage to every art,
And to all worth a Sovereign's protection;
Can build, can plant, can watch the starry courses—

Coun. Yet I would have you look, and look again,
Before you lay aside your arms, young friend!
A gentle bride, as she is, is well worth it,
That you should woo and win her with the sword.

Max. O, that the sword could win her!

Coun. What was that?
Did you hear nothing? Seemed, as if I heard
Tumult and larum in the banquet-room.

(Exit COUNTESS.)

SCENE V.

THEKLA and MAX. PICCOLOMINI.

Thek. (as soon as the COUNTESS is out of sight, in a quick low voice to PICCOLOMINI). Don't trust them ! They are false !

Max. Impossible !

Thek. Trust no one here but me. I saw at once, They had a purpose.

Max. Purpose ! but what purpose ?
And how can we be instrumental to it ?

Thek. I know no more than you ; but yet believe me :
There's some design in this ! to make us happy,
To realise our union—trust me, love !
They but pretend to wish it.

Max. But these Tertskys—
Why use we them at all ? Why not your mother ?
Excellent creature ! she deserves from us
A full and filial confidence.

Thek. She doth love you,
Doth rate you high before all others—but—
But such a secret—she would never have
The courage to conceal it from my father.
For her own peace of mind we must preserve it
A secret from her too.

Max. Why any secret ?
I love not secrets. Mark, what I will do.
I'll throw me at your father's feet—let him
Decide upon my fortunes !—He is true,
He wears no mask—he hates all crooked ways—
He is so good, so noble !

Thek. (falls on his neck). That are you !

Max. You knew him only since this morn ; but I
Have lived ten years already in his presence,
And who knows whether in this very moment
He is not merely waiting for us both
To own our loves, in order to unite us.
You are silent !——

You look at me with such a hopelessness !
What have you to object against your father ?

Thek. I ? Nothing. Only he's so occupied—
He has no leisure time to think about

The happiness of us two. (Taking his hand tenderly.)

Follow me !

Let us not place too great a faith in men.
 These Tertskeys—we will still be grateful to them
 For every kindness, but not trust them further
 Than they deserve;—and in all else rely—
 On our own hearts!

Max. O! shall we e'er be happy?

Thek. Are we not happy now? Art thou not mine?
 Am I not thine? There lives within my soul
 A lofty courage—'tis love gives it me!
 I ought to be less open—ought to hide
 My heart more from thee—so decorum dictates:
 But whome in this place couldst thou seek for truth,
 If in my mouth thou didst not find it?

SCENE VI.

To them enters the COUNTESS TERTSKY.

Coun. (in a pressing manner). Come!
 My husband sends me for you.—It is now
 The latest moment. *(They not appearing to attend to what she says, she steps between them.)*

Part you!

Thek. O, not yet!
 It has been scarce a moment.

Coun. Ay! Then time
 Flies swiftly with your Highness, Princess niece!

Max. There is no hurry, aunt.

Coun. Away! away!
 The folks begin to miss you. Twice already
 His father has asked for him.

Thek. Ha! his father?

Coun. You understand *that*, niece!

Thek. Why needs he
 To go at all to that society?
 'Tis not his proper company. They may
 Be worthy men, but he's too young for them.
 In brief, he suits not such society.

*Coun.** You mean, you'd rather keep him wholly here?

Thek. (with energy). Yes! you have hit it, aunt! That is my
 meaning.

Leave him here wholly! Tell the company—

Coun. What? have you lost your senses, niece?

Count, you remember the conditions. Come!

Max. (to THEKLA). Lady, I must obey. Farewell, dear lady!

(THEKLA turns away from him with a quick motion.)

What say you then, dear lady?

Thek. (without looking at him). Nothing. Go!

Max. Can I, when you are angry—

(He draws up to her, their eyes meet, she stands silent a moment, then throws herself into his arms; he presses her fast to his heart.)

Coun. Off! Heavens! if any one should come!

Hark! What's that noise? It come's this way.—Off!

(MAX. tears himself away out of her arms, and goes. The COUNTESS accompanies him. THEKLA follows him with her eyes at first, walks restlessly across the room, then stops, and remains standing, lost in thought. A guitar lies on the table, she seizes it as by a sudden emotion, and after she has played awhile an irregular and melancholy symphony, she falls gradually into the music and sings.)

Thekla (plays and sings).

The cloud doth gather, the greenwood roar,
The damsel paces along the shore;
The billows they tumble with might, with might;
And she flings out her voice to the darksome night;
Her bosom is swelling with sorrow;
The world it is empty, the heart will die,
There's nothing to wish for beneath the sky:
Thou Holy One, call thy child away!
I've lived and loved, and that was to day—
Make ready my grave-clothes to-morrow.

SCENE VII.

COUNTESS (returns), THEKLA.

Coun. Fie, lady niece! to throw yourself upon him,
Like a poor gift to one who cares not for it,
And so must be flung after him! For you,
Duke Friedland's only child, I should have thought,
It had been more beseeching to have shown yourself
More chary of your person.

Thek. (rising). And what mean you?

Coun. I mean, niece, that you should not have forgotten
Who you are, and who he is. But perchance
That never once occurred to you.

Thek.

What then ?

Coun. That you are the daughter of the Prince Duke Fried-
land.

Thek. Well—and what further ?

Coun. What ? a pretty question !

Thek. He was *born* that which we have but *become*.

He's of an ancient Lombard family,

Son of a reigning princess.

Coun. Are you dreaming ?

Talking in sleep ? An excellent jest, forsooth !

We shall no doubt right courteously *entreat* him

To honour with his hand the richest heiress

In Europe.

Thek. That will not be necessary.

Coun. Methinks 'twere well though not to run the hazard.

Thek. His father loves him, Count Octavio

Will interpose no difficulty—

Coun. *His !*

His father ! *his !* But yours, niece, what of yours ?

Thek. Why I begin to think you fear his father.

So anxiously you hide it from the man !

His father, *his*, I mean.

Coun. (*looks at her as scrutinising*). Niece, you are *false*.

Thek. Are you then wounded ? O, be friends with me !

Coun. You hold your game for one already. Do not
Triumph too soon—

Thek. (*interrupting her, and attempting to soothe her*).

Nay now, be friends with me.

Coun. It is not yet so far gone.

Thek. I believe you.

Coun. Did you suppose your father had laid out

His most important life in toils of war,

Denied himself each quiet earthly bliss,

Had banished slumber from his tent, devoted

His noble head to care, and for this only,

To make a happy pair of you ? At length

To draw you from your convent, and conduct

In easy triumph to your arms the man

That chanced to please your eyes ! All this, methinks,

He might have purchased at a cheaper rate.

Thek. That which he did not plant for me might yet
Bear me fair fruitage of its own accord.

And if my friendly and affectionate fate,

Out of his fearful and enormous being,

Will but prepare the joys of life for me—

Coun. Thou seest it with a lovelorn maiden's eyes.
 Cast thine eye round, bethink thee who thou art.
 Into no house of joyance hast thou stepped,
 For no espousals dost thou find the walls
 Decked out, no guests the nuptial garland wearing.
 Here is no splendour but of arms. Or think'st thou
 That all these thousands are here congregated
 To lead up the long dances at thy wedding?
 Thou seest thy father's forehead full of thought,
 Thy mother's eye in tears: upon the balance
 Lies the great destiny of all our house.
 Leave now the puny wish, the girlish feeling,
 O thrust it far behind thee! Give thou proof,
 Thou'rt the daughter of the Mighty—*his*
 Who where he moves creates the wonderful.
 Not to herself the woman must belong,
 Annexed and bound to alien destinies.
 But she performs the best part, she the wisest,
 Who can transmute the alien into self;
 Meet and disarm necessity by choice,
 And what must be, take freely to her heart,
 And bear and foster it with mother's love.

Thek. Such ever was my lesson in the convent.
 I had no loves, no wishes, knew myself
 Only as his—his daughter—his, the Mighty!
 His fame, the echo of whose blast drove to me
 From the far distance, wakened in my soul
 No other thought than this—I am appointed
 To offer up myself in passiveness to him.

Coun. That is thy fate. Mould thou thy wishes to it.
 I and thy mother gave thee the example.

Thek. My fate hath shown me *him*, to whom behoves it
 That I should offer up myself. In gladness
Him will I follow.

Coun. Not thy fate hath shown him!
 Thy heart, say rather—'twas thy heart, my child!

Thek. Fate hath no voice but the heart's impulses.
 I am all *his*! *His* present—his alone,
 Is this new life, which lives in me. He hath
 A right to his own creature. What was I
 Ere his fair love infused a soul into me?

Coun. Thou wouldst oppose thy father then, should he
 Have otherwise determined with thy person?

(*THEKLA remains silent. The COUNTESS continues.*)
 Thou mean'st to force him to thy liking?—Child,

His name is Friedland.

Thck.

My name too is Friedland.

He shall have found a genuine daughter in me.

Coun. What? he has vanquished all impediment,
And in the wilful mood of his own daughter
Shall a new struggle rise for him? Child! child!
As yet thou hast seen thy father's smiles alone;
The eye of his rage thou hast not seen. Dear child,
I will not frighten thee. To that extreme,
I trust, it ne'er shall come. His will is yet
Unknown to me: 'tis possible his aims
May have the same direction as thy wish.
But this can never, never be his will
That thou, the daughter of his haughty fortunes,
Should'st e'er demean thee as a love-sick maiden;
And like some poor cost-nothing, fling thyself
Toward the man, who, if that high prize ever
Be destined to await him, yet, with sacrifices
The highest love can bring, must pay for it.

(Exit COUNTESS.)

Thck. (who, during the last speech, had been lost in her reflections).

I thank thee for the hint. It turns

My sad presentiment to certainty.

And it is so!—Not one friend have we here,
Not one true heart! we've nothing but ourselves!

O she said rightly—no auspicious signs

Beam on this covenant of our affections.

This is no theatre, where hope abides.

The dull thick noise of war alone stirs here.

And love himself, as he were armed in steel,

Steps forth, and girds him for the strife of death.

(Music from the banquet-room is heard.)

There's a dark spirit walking in our house,

And swiftly will the Destiny close on us.

It drove me hither from my calm asylum,

It mocks my soul with charming witchery,

It lures me forward in a seraph's shape,

I see it near, I see it nearer floating,

It draws, it pulls me with a god-like power—

And lo! the abyss—and thither am I moving—

I have no power within me not to move!

(The music from the banquet-room becomes louder.)

O when a house is doomed in fire to perish,

Many a dark heaven drives his clouds together,

Yea, shoots his lightnings down from sunny heights,

Flames burst from out the subterraneous chasms,
 *And fiends and angels mingling in their fury,
 Sling fire-brands at the burning edifice. (Exit THEKLA.)

SCENE VIII.

A large Saloon lighted up with festal splendour ; in the midst of it, and in the centre of the Stage, a Table richly set out, at which eight Generals are sitting, among whom are OCTAVIO PICCOLOMINI, TERTSKY, and MARADAS. Right and left of this, but farther back, two other Tables, at each of which six Persons are placed. The Middle Door, which is standing open, gives to the Prospect a fourth Table, with the same number of Persons. More forward stands the sideboard. The whole front of the Stage is kept open for the Pages and Servants in waiting. All is in motion. The band of Music belonging to TERTSKY's Regiment march across the Stage, and draw up round the Tables. Before they are quite off from the Front of the Stage, MAX. PICCOLOMINI appears, TERTSKY advances towards him with a Paper, ISOLANI comes up to meet him with a Beaker or Service-cup.

TERTSKY, ISOLANI, MAX. PICCOLOMINI.

Iso. Here, brother, what we love ! Why, where hast been ?
 Off to thy place—quick ! Tertsy here has given
 The mother's holiday wine up to free booty.
 Here it goes on as at the Heidelberg castle.
 Already hast thou lost the best. They're giving
 At yonder table ducal crowns in shares ;
 There's Sternberg's lands and chattels are put up,
 With Egenberg's, Stawata's, Lichtenstein's,
 And all the great Bohemian feodalities.
 Be nimble, lad ! and something may turn up
 For thee—who knows ? off—to thy place ! quick ! march !
Tiefenbach and Goetz. (call out from the second and third tables).
 Count Piccolomini !

Ter. Stop, ye shall have him in an instant.—Read

* There are few who will not have taste enough to laugh at the two concluding lines of this soliloquy ; and still fewer, I would fain hope, who would not have been more disposed to shudder, had I given a faithful translation. For the readers of German I have added the original :—

“ Blind-wüthend schleudert selbst der Gott der Freude
 Den Pechkranz in das brennende Gebäude.”

This oath here, whether as 'tis here set forth,
The wording satisfies you. They've all read it,
Each in his turn, and each one will subscribe
His individual signature.

Max. (reads). "Ingratis servire nefas."

Iso. That sounds to my ears very much like Latin,
And being interpreted, pray what may't mean?

Ter. No honest man will serve a thankless master.

Max. "Inasmuch as our supreme Commander the illustrious Duke of Friedland, in consequence of the manifold affronts and grievances which he has received, had expressed his determination to quit the Emperor, but on our unanimous entreaty has graciously consented to remain still with the army, and not to part from us without our approbation thereof, so we, collectively and *each in particular*, in the stead of an oath personally taken, do hereby oblige ourselves—likewise by him honourably and faithfully to hold, and in no wise whatsoever from him to part, and to be ready to shed for his interests the last drop of our blood, so far, namely, as *our oath to the Emperor will permit it.* (*These last words are repeated by ISOLANI.*) In testimony of which we subscribe our names."

Ter. Now!—are you willing to subscribe this paper?

Iso. Why should he not? All officers of honour
Can do it, ay, must do it. Pen and ink here!

Ter. Nay, let it rest till after meal.

Iso. (drawing Max. along).

Come, Max.

(Both seat themselves at their table.)

SCENE IX.

TERTSKY, NEUMANN.

Ter. (beckons to NEUMANN, who is waiting at the side-table, and steps forward with him to the edge of the stage).

Have you the copy with you, Neumann? Give it.

It may be changed for the other?

Neu.

I have copied it

Letter by letter, line by line; no eye

Would e'er discover other difference,

Save only the omission of that clause,

According to your Excellency's order.

Ter. Right! lay it yonder, and away with this—
It has performed its business—to the fire with it—

(NEUMANN lays the copy on the table, and steps back again to the side-table).

SCENE X.

ILLO (comes out from the second chamber), TERTSKY.

Illo. How goes it with young Piccolomini ?

Ter. All right, I think. He has started no objection.

Illo. He is the only one I fear about—

He and his father. Have an eye on both !

Ter. How looks it at your table : you forget not
To keep them warm and stirring ?

Illo. O, quite cordial,

They are quite cordial in the scheme. We have them.

And 'tis as I predicted, too. Already

It is the talk, not merely to maintain

The Duke in station. " Since we're once for all

Together and unanimous, why not,"

Says Montecuculi, " ay, why not onward,

And make conditions with the Emperor

There in his own Vienna ?" Trust me, Count,

Were it not for these said Piccolomini,

We might have spared ourselves the cheat.

Ter.

And Butler ?

How goes it there ? Hush !

SCENE XI.

To them enter BUTLER from the second table.

But.

Don't disturb yourselves.

Field Marshal, I have understood you perfectly.

Good luck be to the scheme ; and as to me,

(With an air of mystery,)

You may depend upon me.

Illo. (with vivacity). May we, Butler ?

But. With or without the clause, all one to me !

You understand me ? My fidelity

The Duke may put to any proof—I'm with him !

Tell him so ! I'm the Emperor's officer,

As long as 'tis his pleasure to remain

The Emperor's general ! and Friedland's servant,

As soon as it shall please him to become

His own lord.

Ter.

You would make a good exchange.

No stern economist, no Ferdinand,
Is he to whom you plight your services.

But. (with a haughty look). I do not put up my fidelity
To sale, Count Tertsy! Half a year ago
I would not have advised you to have made me
An overture to that, to which I now
Offer myself of my own free accord.—
But that is past! and to the Duke, Field Marshal,
I bring myself together with my regiment.
And mark you, 'tis my humour to believe,
The example which I give will not remain
Without an influence.

Illo. Who is ignorant,
That the whole army look to Colonel Butler,
As to a light that moves before them?

But. Ey?
Then I repent me not of that fidelity
Which for the length of forty years I held,
If in my sixtieth year my old good name
Can purchase for me a revenge so full.
Start not at what I say, sir Generals!
My real motives—they concern not you.
And you yourselves, I trust, could not expect
That this your game had crooked *my* judgment—or
That fickleness, quick blood, or such light cause,
Had driven the old man from the track of honour,
Which he so long had trodden.—Come, my friends!
I'm not thereto determined with less firmness,
Because I know and have looked steadily
At that on which I have determined.

Illo. Say,
And speak roundly, what are we to deem you?

But. A friend! I give you here my hand! I'm yours
With all I have. Not only men, but money
Will the Duke want.—Go, tell him, sirs!
I've earned and laid up somewhat in his service,
I lend it him; and is he my survivor,
It has been already long ago bequethed him.
He is my heir. For me, I stand alone,
Here in the world; nought know I of the feeling
That binds the husband to a wife and children.
My name dies with me, my existence ends.

Illo. 'Tis not your money that he needs—a heart
Like yours weighs tons of gold down, weighs down millions

But. I came a simple soldier's boy from Ireland

To Prague—and with a master, whom I buried.
 From lowest stable duty I climbed up,
 Such was the fate of war, to this high rank,
 The plaything of a whimsical good fortune.
 And Wallenstein too is a child of luck,
 I love a fortune that is like my own.

Illo. All powerful souls have kindred with each other.

But. This is an awful moment! to the brave,
 To the determined, an auspicious moment.
 The Prince of Weimar arms, upon the Maine
 To found a mighty dukedom. He of Halberstadt,
 That Mansfield, wanted but a longer life
 To have marked out with his good sword a lordship
 That should reward his courage. Who of these
 Equals our Friedland? There is nothing, nothing
 So high, but he may set the ladder to it!

Ter. That's spoken like a man!

But. Do you secure the Spaniard and Italian—
 I'll be your warrant for the Scotchman Lesly.
 Come! to the company!

Ter. Where is the master of the cellar? Ho!
 Let the best wines come up. Ho! cheerly, boy!
 Luck comes to-day, so give her hearty welcome.

(Exeunt, each to his table.)

SCENE XII.

The Master of the Cellar advancing with NEUMANN, Servants passing backwards and forwards.

Master of the Cel. The best wine! O! if my old mistress, his lady mother, could but see these wild goings on, she would turn herself round in her grave. Yes, yes, sir officer! 'tis all down the hill with this noble house! no end, no moderation! And this marriage with the Duke's sister, a splendid connection, a very splendid connection! but I tell you, sir officer, it bodes no good.

Neu. Heaven forbid! Why, at this very moment the whole prospect is in bud and blossom!

Master of the Cel. You think so?—Well, well! much may be said on that head.

1st Ser. (negro comes). Burgundy for the fourth table.

Master of the Cel. Now, sir lieutenant, if this isn't the seventieth flask

1st Ser. Why, the reason is, that German lord, Tiefenbach, sits at that table.

Mast of the Cel. (continuing his discourse to NEUMANN). They are soaring too high. They would rival kings and electors in their pomp and splendour; and wherever the Duke leaps, not a minute does my gracious master, the Count, loiter on the brink. ——— (to the Servants).—What do you stand there listening for? I will let you know you have legs presently. Off! see to the tables, see to the flasks! Look there! Count Palfi has an empty glass before him!

Runner (comes). The great service-cup is wanted, sir; that rich gold cup with the Bohemian arms upon it. The Count says you know which it is.

Mast of the Cel. Ay! that was made for Frederick's coronation by the artist William—there was not such another prize in the whole body at Prague.

Runner. The same!—a health is to go round in him.

Mast. of the Cel. (shaking his head while he fetches and rinses the cup). This will be something for the tale-bearers—this goes to Vienna.

Neu. Permit me to look at it.—Well, this is a cup indeed! How heavy! as well it may be, being all gold.—And what neat things are embossed on it! how natural and elegant they look! There, on that first quarter, let me see. That proud Amazon there on horseback, she that is taking a leap over the crosier and mitres, and carries on a wand a hat together with a banner, on which there's a goblet represented. Can you tell me what all this signifies?

Mast of the Cel. The woman whom you see there on horseback, is the Pice Election of the Bohemian Crown. That is signified by the round hat, and by that fiery steed on which she is riding. The hat is the pride of man; for he who cannot keep his hat on before kings and emperors is no free man.

Neu. But what is the cup there on the banner?

Mast. of the Cel. The cup signifies the freedom of the Bohemian Church, as it was in our forefathers' times. Our forefathers in the wars of the Hussites forced from the Pope this noble privilege: for the Pope, you know, will not grant the cup to any layman. Your true Moravian values nothing beyond the cup; it is his costly jewel, and has cost the Bohemians their precious blood in many and many a battle.

Neu. And what says that chart that hangs in the air there, over it all?

Mast. of the Cel. That signifies the Bohemian letter royal, which we forced from the Emperor Rudolph—a precious, never to be enough valued parchment, that secures to the new Church the old

privileges of free ringing and open psalmody. But since he of Steiermark has ruled over us, that is at an end; and after the battle at Prague, in which Count Palatine Frederick lost crown and empire, our faith hangs upon the pulpit and the altar—and our brethren look at their homes over their shoulders; but the letter royal the Emperor himself cut to pieces with his scissors.

Neu. Why, my good Master of the Cellar! you are deep read in the chronicles of your country!

Master of the Cell. So were my forefathers, and for that reason were they minstrels, and served under Procopius and Ziska. Peace be with their ashes! Well, well! they fought for a good cause though—There! carry it up!

Neu. Stay! let me but look at this second quarter. Look there! That is, when at Prague Castle the Imperial Counsellors, Martinitz and Stawata, were hurled down head over heels. 'Tis even so! there stands Count Thur who commands it.

(Runner takes the service-cup and goes off with it.)

Master of the Cell. O let me never more hear of that day. It was the three and twentieth of May, in the year of our Lord one thousand six hundred and eighteen. It seems to me as if it were but yesterday—from that unlucky day it all began, all the heart-aches of the country. Since that day it is now sixteen years, and there has never once been peace on the earth.

(Health drunk aloud at the second table.)

The Prince of Weimar! Hurra!

(At the third and fourth table.)

Long live Prince William! Long live Duke Bernard! Hurra!

(Music strikes up.)

1st Ser. Hear 'em! Hear 'em! What an uproar!

2d Ser. (comes in running). Did you hear? They have drunk the Prince of Weimar's health.

3d Ser. The Swedish Chief Commander!

1st Ser. (speaking at the same time). The Lutheran!

2d Ser. Just before when Count Deodate gave out the Emperor's health, they were all as mum as a nibbling mouse.

Master of the Cell. Poh, poh! When the wine goes in, strange things come out. A good servant hears, and hears not!—You should be nothing but eyes and feet, except when you are called.

2nd Ser. (to the Runner, to whom he gives secretly a flask of wine, keeping his eye on the Master of the Cellar, standing between him and the Runner). Quick, Thomas! before the Master of the Cellar runs this way!—tis a flask of Frontignac!—Snapped it up at the third table—Canst go off with it?

Run. (hides it in his pocket). All right!

(Exit the Second Servant.)

3rd Ser. (aside to the First). Be on the hark, Jack ! that we may have right plenty to tell to Father Quivoga—He will give us right plenty of absolution in return for it.

1st Ser. For that very purpose I am always having something to do behind Illo's chair.—He is the man for speeches to make you stare with !

Mast. of the Cel. (to NEUMANN). Who, pray, may that swarthy man be, he with the cross, that is chatting so confidentially with Esterhats ?

Neu. Ay ! he too is one of those to whom they confide too much. He calls himself Maradas, a Spaniard is he.

Mast. of the Cel. (impatiently). Spaniard ! Spaniard !—I tell you, friend ; nothing good comes of those Spaniards. All these outlandish* fellows are little better than rogues.

Neu. Fy, fy ! you should not say so, friend. There are among them our very best generals, and those on whom the Duke at this moment relies the most.

Mast. of the Cel. (taking the flask out of the Runner's pocket). My son, it will be broken to pieces in your pocket.

(TERTSKY hurries in, fetches away the paper, and calls to a Servant for pen and ink, and goes to the back of the stage.)

Mast. of the Cel. (to the Servants). The Lieutenant-General stands up.—Be on the watch.—Now ! They break up.—Off, and move back the forms.

(They rise at all the tables, the Servants hurry off the front of the stage to the tables ; part of the Guests come forward.)

SCENE XIII.

OCTAVIO PICCOLOMINI enters in conversation with MARADAS, and both place themselves quite on the edge of the stage on one side of the proscenium. On the side directly opposite, MAX. PICCOLOMINI, by himself, lost in thought, and taking no part in any thing that is going forward. The middle space between both, but rather more distant from the edge of the stage, is filled up by BUTLER, ISOLANI, GORTZ, TIEFENDACH, and KOLATTO.

Iso. (while the company is coming forward). Good night, good night, Kolatto ! Good night, Lieutenant-General !—I should rather say, good morning.

* There is a humour in the original which cannot be given in the translation. "Die welschen alle," &c. which word in classical German means the *Italians* alone ; but in its first sense, and at present in the vulgar use of the word, signifies foreigners in general. Our word wall-nuts, I suppose, means *outlandish* nuts—Wallis nucea, in German "Welsch-nüsse."

Goetz. (to TIEFENBACH, making the usual compliment after meals).
Noble brother!

Tief. Ay! 'twas a royal feast indeed.

Goetz. Yes, my Lady Countess understands these matters. Her mother-in-law, heaven rest her soul, taught her!—Ah! that was a housewife for you!

Tief. There was not her like in all Bohemia for setting out a table.

Oct. (aside to MARADAS). Do me the favour to talk to me—talk of what you will—or of nothing. Only preserve the appearance of talking. I would not wish to stand by myself, and yet I conjecture that there will be goings on here worthy of our attentive observation.

(He continues to fix his eye on the whole following scene.)

Iso. (on the point of going). Lights! lights!

Ter. (advances with the paper to ISOLANI). Noble brother! two minutes longer!—Here is something to subscribe.

Iso. Subscribe as much as you like—but you must excuse me from reading it.

Ter. There is no need. It is the oath which you have already read.—Only a few marks of your pen.

(ISOLANI hands over the paper to OCTAVIO respectfully.)

Ter. Nay, nay, first come first served. There is no precedence here.

(OCTAVIO runs over the paper with apparent indifference.

TERTSKY watches him at some distance.)

Goetz. (to TERTSKY). Noble Count! with your permission—Good night.

Ter. Where's the hurry? Come, one other composing draught. (To the Servants.)—Ho!

Goetz. Excuse me—an't able.

Ter. A thimble-full!

Goetz. Excuse me.

Tief. (sits down). Pardon me, nobles!—This standing does not agree with me.

Ter. Consult only your own convenience, General!

Tief. Clear at head, sound in stomach—only my legs won't carry me any longer.

Iso. (pointing at his corpulence). Poor legs! how should they? Such an unmerciful load!

(OCTAVIO subscribes his name and reaches over the paper to TERTSKY, who gives it to ISOLANI; and he goes to the table to sign his name.)

Tief. 'Twas that war in Pomerania that first brought it on. Out in all weathers—ice and snow—no help for it.—I shall never get the better of it all the days of my life.

Goetz. Why, in simple verity, your Swede makes no nice inquiries about the season.

Ter. (*observing ISOLANI, whose hand trembles excessively, so that he can scarce direct his pen.*) Have you had that ugly complaint long, noble brother?—Dispatch it.

Iso. The sins of youth! I have already tried the Chalybeate waters. Well—I must bear it.

(*TERTSKY gives the paper to MARADAS; he steps to the table to subscribe.*)

Oct. (*advancing to BUTLER.*) You are not over fond of the orgies of Bacchus, Colonel! I have observed it. You would, I think, find yourself more to your liking in the uproar of a battle, than of a feast

But. I must confess, 'tis not in my way.

Oct. (*stepping nearer to him friendly.*) Nor in mine either, I can assure you; and I am not a little glad, my much honoured Colonel Butler, that we agree so well in opinions. A half dozen good friends at most, at a small round table, a glass of genuine Tokay, open hearts, and a rational conversation—that's my taste!

But. And mine too, when it can be had.

(*The paper comes to TIEFENBACH, who glances over it at the same time with GOETZ and KOLATTO. MARADAS in the meantime returns to OCTAVIO; all this takes place, the conversation with BUTLER proceeding uninterrupted.*)

Oct. (*introducing MARADAS to BUTLER.*) Don Balthasar Maradas! likewise a man of our stamp, and long ago your admirer.

(*BUTLER bows.*)

Oct. (*continuing.*) You are a stranger here—'twas but yesterday you arrived—you are ignorant of the ways and means here. 'Tis a wretched place—I know, at our age, one loves to be snug and quiet—What if you moved your lodgings?—Come, be my visitor. (*BUTLER makes a low bow.*) Nay, without compliment!—For a friend like you, I have still a corner remaining.

But. (*coldly.*) Your obliged humble servant, My Lord Lieutenant-General!

(*The paper comes to BUTLER, who goes to the table to subscribe it. The front of the stage is vacant, so that both the PICCOLOMINI, each on the side where he had been from the commencement of the scene, remain alone.*)

Oct. (*after having some time watched his son in silence, advances somewhat nearer to him.*) You were long absent from us, friend!

Max. I—urgent business detained me.

Oct. And, I observe, you are still absent!

Max. You know this crowd and bustle always makes me silent.

Oct May I be permitted to ask what business 'twas that detained you? *Tertsky* knows it without asking!

Max What does *Tertsky* know?

Oct. He was the only one who did not miss you

Isa (*who has been attending to them from some distance, steps up*) Well done, father! Rout out his baggage! Beat up his quarters! there is something there that should not be.

Ter. (*with the paper*) Is there none wanting? Have the whole subscribed?

Oct. All

Ter. (*calling aloud*) *Ilo!* Who subscribes?

But (*to TERTSKY*) Count the names. There ought to be just thirty

Ter Here is a cross

Ther That's my mark

Isa He cannot write, but his cross is a good cross, and is honoured by Jews as well as Christians

Oct (*gives on to MAX*) Count General! let us go! It is late

Ter One Piccolomini only has signed

Isa (*pointing to MAX*) Look! that is your man that statue there, who has had neither eye ear, nor tongue for us the whole evening

(*MAX receives the paper from TERTSKY, which he looks up on vacantly*)

SCENE XIV

To these enter ILO from the inner room. He has in his hand the golden service-cup, and is extremely discomposed with drinking. GOITZ and BLUMER follow him, endeavouring to keep him back.

Ilo. What do you want? Let me go.

Goetz and But Drink no more, *Ilo!* For heaven's sake, drink no more

Ilo. (*goes up to OCTAVIO and shakes him cordially by the hand, and then drinks*). *Octavio!* I bring this to you! Let all grudge be drowned in this friendly bowl! I know well enough, ye never loved me—Devil take me!—and I never loved you!—I am always even with people in that way!—Let what's past be past—that is, you understand—forgotten! I esteem you infinitely. (*Embracing him repeatedly*) You have not a dearer friend on earth than I—but that you know! The fellow that cries rogue to you calls me villain—and I'll strangle him!—my dear friend!



Ter (*whispering to him*) Art in thy senses? For heaven's sake, Illo! think where you are!

Illo (*aloud*). What do you mean?—There are none but friends here, are there? (*Looks round the whole circle with a golly and triumphant air*) Not a speaker among us, thank heaven!

Ter (*to BUTLER, earnestly*) Take him off with you, force him off I entreat you, Butler!

But (*to ILLO*). Iield Marshal! a word with you!

(*Leads him to the side-door*.)

Illo A thousand for one, I ill—all it once more up to the brim—to this gallant man's health!

Iso (*to MAX, who all the while has been tampering on the paper with fixed but vacant eyes*) Slow and sure, my noble brother?—Hast thou asked it all yet?—Some words yet to go through?—Hast thou?

Max (*rising up as from a dream*) What am I to do?

Ter (*and at the same time OCTAVIO*) Sign your name.

(*OCTAVIO directs his eye on him with intense anxiety.*)

Max (*returns to paper*) Let it stay till to-morrow. It is business—to-day I am not sufficiently collected. Send it to me to-morrow.

Ter. Nay, collect yourself a little.

Iso. Awake man! awake!—Come thy signature, and have done with it! What? Thou art the youngest in the whole company, and wouldst be wiser than all of us together? Look there! thy father has signed—we have all signed.

Ter (*to OCTAVIO*) Use your influence. Instruct him.

Oct. My son is at the age of discretion.

Illo (*raises the service-cup on the side-board*) What's the dispute?

Ter. He declines subscribing the paper.

Max. I say, it may as well stay till to-morrow.

Illo. It cannot stay. We have all subscribed to it—and so must you—you must subscribe.

Max. Illo, good night!

Illo. No! You come not off so! The Duke shall learn who are his friends.

(*All collect round ILLO and MAX*.)

Max. What my sentiments are towards the Duke the Duke knows, every one knows—what need of this wild stuff?

Illo. This is the thanks the Duke gets for his partiality to Italians and foreigners—Us Bohemians he holds for little better than dullards—nothing pleases him but what's outlandish.

Ter (*in an embarrassed manner, to the Commanders, who at ILLO's words, gave a sudden start, as preparing to resist him*). It is the wine that speaks, and not his reason. Attend not to him, I entreat you.

Iso. (with a bitter laugh). Wine invents nothing: it only *tattles*.

Illo. He who is not with me, is against me. Your tender consciences! Unless they can slip out by a back-door, by a puny proviso—

Ter. (interrupting him). He is stark mad—don't listen to him!

Illo. (raising his voice to the highest pitch). Unless they can slip out by a proviso. What of the proviso? The devil take this proviso!

Max. (has his attention roused, and looks again into the paper). What is there here then of such perilous import? You make me curious—I must look closer at it.

Ter. (in a low voice to ILLO). What are you doing, Illo? You are ruining us.

Tief. (to KOLATTO). Ay, ay! I observed, that before we sat down to supper, it was read differently.

Goetz. Why, I seemed to think so too.

Iso. What do I care for that? Where there stand other names, mine can stand too.

Tief. Before supper there *was* a certain proviso therein, or short clause concerning our duties to the Emperor.

But. (to one of the Commanders). For shame, for shame! Be-think you. What is the main business here? The question now is, whether we shall keep our General, or let him retire. One must not take these things too nicely and over-scrupulously.

Iso. (to one of the Generals). Did the Duke make any of these provisos when he gave you your regiment?

Ter. (to GOETZ). Or when he gave you the office of army purveyancer, which brings you in yearly a thousand pistoles?

Illo. He is a rascal who makes us out to be rogues. If there be any one that wants satisfaction, let him say so, I am his man.

Tief. Softly, softly! 'Twas but a word or two.

Max. (having read the paper gives it back). Till to-morrow, therefore!

Illo. (stammering with rage and fury, loses all command over himself, and presents the paper to MAX. with one hand, and his sword in the other). Subscribe—Judas!

Iso. Out upon you, Illo!

Oct. Ter. But. (all together). Down with the sword!

Max. (rushes on him suddenly and disarms him, then to COUNT TERTSKY). Take him off to bed.

(MAX. leaves the stage. ILLO cursing and raving is held back by some of the officers, and amidst a universal confusion, the curtain drops.)

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Chamber in PICCOLOMINI'S Mansion. It is night.*
 OCTAVIO PICCOLOMINI. *A Valet de Chambre, with lights.*

Oct. — And when my son comes in conduct him hither,
 What is the hour?

Valet. 'Tis on the point of morning.

Oct. Set down the light. We mean not to undress.
 You may retire to sleep.

(Exit Valet. OCTAVIO paces, musing, across the Chamber.

MAX. PICCOLOMINI enters unobserved, and looks at his father for some moments in silence.)

Max. Art thou offended with me? Heaven knows
 That odious business was no fault of mine.
 'Tis true, indeed, I saw thy signature.
 What thou hadst sanctioned, should not, it might seem,
 Have come amiss to me. But—'tis my nature—
 Thou know'st that in such matters I must follow
 My own light, not another's.

Oct. (goes up to him and embraces him). Follow it,
 O follow it still further, my best son!
 To-night, dear boy! it hath more faithfully
 Guided thee than the example of thy father.

Max. Declare thyself less darkly.

Oct. I will do so,
 For after what has taken place this night,
 There must remain no secrets 'twixt us two.

(Both seat themselves.)

Max. Piccolomini! what think'st thou of
 The oath that was sent round for signatures?

Max. I hold it for a thing of harmless import,
 Although I love not these set declarations.

Oct. And on no other ground hast thou refused
 The signature they fain had wrested from thee?

Max. It was a serious business—I was absent—
 The affair itself seemed not so urgent to me.

Oct. Be open, Max. Thou hadst then no suspicion?

Max. Suspicion! what suspicion? Not the least.

Oct. Thank thy good angel, Piccolomini:
 He drew thee back unconscious from the abyss.

Max. I know not what thou meanest.

Oct. I will tell thee.

Fain would they have extorted from thee, son,
The sanction of thy name to villany ;
Yea, with a single flourish of the pen,
Made thee renounce thy duty and thy honour !

Max. (rises). Octavio !

Oct. Patience ! Seat yourself. Much yet
Hast thou to hear from me, friend !—hast for years
Lived in incomprehensible illusion.
Before thine eyes is treason drawing out
As black a web as e'er was spun for venom :
A power of hell o'erclouds thy understanding.
I dare no longer stand in silence—dare
No longer see thee wandering on in darkness,
Nor pluck the bandage from thine eyes.

Max. My father !

Yet, ere thou speak'st, a moment's pause of thought !
If your disclosures should appear to be
Conjectures only—and almost I fear
They will be nothing further—spare them ! I
Am not in that collected mood at present,
That I could listen to them quietly.

Oct. The deeper cause thou hast to hate this light,
The more impatient cause have I, my son,
To force it on thee. To the innocence
And wisdom of thy heart I could have trusted thee
With calm assurance—but I see the net
Preparing—and it is thy heart itself
Alarms me for thine innocence—that secret,

(Fixing his eyes stedfastly on his son's face.)

Which thou concealest, forces mine from me.

(MAX. attempts to answer, but hesitates, and casts his eyes to the ground, embarrassed.)

Oct. (after a pause). Know, then, they are duping thee !—a
most foul game

With thee and with us all—nay, hear me calmly—
The Duke even now is playing. He assumes
The mask, as if he would forsake the army :
And in this moment makes he preparations
That army from the Emperor to steal,
And carry it over to the enemy !

Max. That low priest's legend I know well, but did not
Expect to hear it from thy mouth.

Oct. That mouth,
From which thou hearest it at this present moment,
Doth warrant thee that it is no priest's legend.

Max. How mere a maniac they supposed the Duke ;
What, he can meditate ?—the Duke ?—can dream
That he can lure away full thirty thousand
Tried troops and true, all honourable soldiers,
More than a thousand noblemen among them,
From oaths, from duty, from their honour lure them,
And make them all unanimous to do
A deed that brands them scoundrels ?

Oct. Such a deed,
With such a front of infamy, the Duke
No wise desires—what he requires of us
Bears a far gentler appellation. Nothing
He wishes, but to give the Empire peace.
And so, because the Emperor hates *this* peace.
Therefore the Duke—the Duke will *force* him to it.
All parts of the Empire will he pacify,
And for his trouble will retain in payment
(What he has already in his gripe)—Bohemia !

Max. Has he, Octavio, merited of us,
That we—that we should think so vilely of him ?

Oct. What *we would* think is not the question here.
The affair speaks for itself—and clearest proofs !
Hear me, my son—'tis not unknown to thee,
In what ill credit with the Court we stand.
But little dost thou know, or guess, what tricks,
What base intrigues, what lying artifices,
Have been employed—for this sole end—to sow
Mutiny in the camp ! All hands are loosed—
Loosed all the bands, that link the officer
To his liege Emperor, all that bind the soldier
Affectionately to the citizen.

Lawless he stands, and threateningly beleaguers
The state he's bound to guard. To such a height
'Tis sworn, that at this hour the Emperor
Before his armies—his own armies—trembles ;
Yea, in his capital, his palace, fears
The traitor's poinards, and is meditating
To hurry off and hide his tender offspring——
Not from the Swedes, not from the Lutherans—
No: from his own troops hide and hurry them !

Max. Cease, cease ! thou torturest, shatter'st me. I know
That oft we tremble at an empty terror ;
But the false phantasm brings a real misery.

Oct. It is no phantasm. An intestine war,
Of all the most unnatural and cruel,

Will burst out into flames, if instantly
 We do not fly and stifle it. The Generals
 Are many of them long ago won over ;
 The subalterns are vacillating—whole
 Regiments and garrisons are vacillating.
 To foreigners our strongholds are intrusted ;
 To that suspected Schafgotch is the whole
 Force of Silesia given up : to Tertskey
 Five regiments, foot and horse—to Isolani,
 To Illo, Kinsky, Butler, the best troops.

Max. Likewise to both of us.

Oct. Because the Duke
 Believes he has secured us—means to lure us
 Still further on by splendid promises.
 To me he portions forth the principedoms, Glatz
 And Sagan ; and too plain I see the angle
 With which he doubts not to catch thee.

Max.

No ! no !

I tell thee—no !

Oct. O open yet thine eyes !
 And to what purpose think'st thou he has called us
 Hither to Pilsen ?—to avail himself
 Of our advice ?—O when did Friedland ever
 Need our advice ?—Be calm, and listen to me.
 To sell ourselves are we called hither, and,
 Decline we that—to be his hostages.
 Therefore doth noble Galas stand aloof !
 Thy father, too, thou would'st not have seen here,
 If higher duties had not held him fettered.

Max. He makes no secret of it—needs make none—
 That we're called hither for his sake—he owns it.
 He needs our aidance to maintain himself—
 He did so much for us ; and 'tis but fair
 That we too should do somewhat now for him.

Oct. And know'st thou what it is which we must do ?
 That Illo's drunken mood betrayed it to thee.
 Bethink thyself—what hast thou heard, what seen ?
 The counterfeited paper—the omission
 Of that particular clause, so full of meaning,
 Does it not prove, that they would bind us down
 To nothing good ?

Max.

That counterfeited paper
 Appears to me no other than a trick
 Of Illo's own device. These underhand
 Traders in great men's interests ever use

To urge and hurry all things to the extreme.
They see the Duke at variance with the court,
And fondly think to serve him, when they widen
The breach irreparably. Trust me, father,
The Duke knows nothing of all this.

Oct. It grieves me
That I must dash to earth, that I must shatter
A faith so specious; but I may not spare thee!
For this is not a time for tenderness.
Thou must take measures, speedy ones—must act.
I therefore will confess to thee, that all
Which I've intrusted to thee now—that all
Which seems to thee so unbelievable,
That—yes, I will tell thee—*(A pause.)* Max. ! I had it all
From his own mouth—from the Duke's mouth I had it.

Max. (in excessive agitation.) No!—No!—never!

Oct. Himself confided to me,
What I, 'tis true, had long before discovered
By other means—himself confided to me,
That 'twas his settled plan to join the Swedes;
And, at the head of the united armies,
Compel the Emperor——

Max. He is passionate,
The Court has stung him, he is sore all over
With injuries and affronts;—and in a moment
Of irritation, what if he, for once,
Forgot himself? He's an impetuous man.

Oct. Nay, in cold blood he did confess this to me:
And having construed my astonishment
Into a scruple of his power, he showed me
His written evidences—showed me letters,
Both from the Saxon and the Swede, that gave
Promise of aidance, and defin'd th' amount.

Max. It cannot be!—can not be! can not be!
Dost thou not see, it cannot!

Thou wouldest of necessity have shown him
Such horror, such deep loathing—that or he
Had tak'n thee for his better genius, or
Thou stood'st not now a living man before me—

Oct. I have laid open my objections to him,
Dissuaded him with pressing earnestness;
But my *abhorrence*, the full sentiment
Of my *whole* heart—that I have still kept sacred
To my own consciousness.

Max. And thou hast been

So treacherous! That looks not like my father:
I trusted not thy words, when thou didst tell me
Evil of him; much less can I *now* do it,
That thou calumniatest thy own self.

Oct. I did not thrust myself into his secrecy.

Max. Uprightness merited his confidence.

Oct. He was no longer worthy of sincerity.

Max. Dissimulation, sure, was still less worthy
Of thee, Octavio!

Oct. Gave I him a cause
To entertain a scruple of my honour?

Max. That he did not, evinced his confidence.

Oct. Dear son, it is not always possible
Still to preserve that infant purity
Which the voice teaches in our inmost heart.
Still in alarm, for ever on the watch
Against the wiles of wicked men, e'en Virtue
Will sometimes bear away her outward robes
Soiled in the wrestle with Iniquity.
This is the curse of every evil deed,
That, propagating still, it brings forth evil.
I do not cheat my better soul with sophisms:
I but perform my orders; the Emperor
Prescribes my conduct to me. Dearest boy,
Far better were it, doubtless, if we all
Obeyed the heart at all times; but so doing,
In this our present sojourn with bad men,
We must abandon many an honest object.
'Tis now our call to serve the Emperor,
By what means he can best be served—the heart
May whisper what it will—this is our call!

Max. It seems a thing appointed, that to-day
I should not comprehend, not understand thee.
The Duke thou say'st did honestly pour out
His heart to thee, but for an evil purpose;
And thou dishonestly has cheated him
For a good purpose! Silence, I entreat thee—
My friend thou stealest not from me—
Let me not lose my father!

Oct. (*suppressing resentment*). As yet thou know'st not all, my
son. I have
Yet somewhat to disclose to thee. (*After a pause.*)

Duke Friedland
Hath made his preparations. He relies
Upon his stars. He deems us unprovided,

And thinks to fall upon us by surprise.
Yea, in his dream of hope, he grasps already
The golden circle in his hand. He errs.
We too have been in action—he but grasps
His evil fate, most evil, most mysterious!

Max. O nothing rash, my sire! By all that's good
Let me invoke thee—no precipitation!

Oct. With light tread stole he on his evil way,
With light tread Vengeance stole on after him.
Unseen she stands already, dark behind him—
But one step more—he shudders in her grasp!
Thou hast seen Questenberg with me. As yet
Thou know'st but his ostensible commission;
He brought with him a *private* one, my son!
And that was for me only.

Max. May I know it?

Oct. (*cizes the patent*).

Max.!

(*A pause.*)

—In this disclosure place I in thy hands
The Empire's welfare and thy father's life.
Dear to thy inmost heart is Wallenstein:
A powerful tie of love, of veneration,
Hath knit thee to him from thy earliest youth.
Thou nourishest the *wish*.—O let me still
Anticipate thy loitering confidence!
The *hope* thou nourishest to knit thyself
Yet closer to him—

Max. Father—

Oct. O my son,

I trust thy heart undoubtingly. But am I
Equally sure of thy collectedness?
Wilt thou be able, with calm countenance,
To enter this man's presence, when that I
Have trusted to thee his whole fate?

Max. According

As thou dost trust me, father, with his crime.

(OCTAVIO takes a paper out of his *escrutoire*, and gives it to him.)

Max. What? how? a full Imperial patent!

Oct. Read it.

Max. (*just glances on it*). Duke Friedland sentenced and condemned!

Oct. Even so.

Max. (*throws down the paper*). O this is too much! O unhappy error!

Oct. Read on. Collect thyself.

Max. (*after he has read further, with a look of affright and astonishment on his father*). How! what! Thou! thou!

Oct. But for the present moment, till the King
Of Hungary may safely join the army,
Is the command assigned to me.

Max. And think'st thou,
Dost thou believe, that thou wilt tear it from him?
O never hope it!—Father! father! father!
An inauspicious office is enjoined thee.
This paper here—this! and wilt thou enforce it?
The mighty in the middle of his host,
Surrounded by his thousands, him would'st thou
Disarm—degrade! Thou art lost, both thou and all of us.

Oct. What hazard I incur thereby, I know.
In the great hand of God I stand. The Almighty
Will cover with his shield the Imperial house,
And shatter, in his wrath, the work of darkness.
The Emperor hath true servants still; and even
Here in the camp, there are enough brave men,
Who for the good cause will fight gallantly.
The faithful have been warned—the dangerous
Are closely watched. I wait but the first step,
And then immediately——

Max. What! on suspicion?
Immediately?

Oct. The Emperor is no tyrant.
The deed alone he'll punish, not the wish.
The Duke hath yet his destiny in his power.
Let him but leave the treason uncompleted,
He will be silently displaced from office,
And make way to his Emperor's royal son.
An honourable exile to his castles
Will be a benefaction to him rather
Than punishment. But the first open step——

Max. What callest thou such a step? A wicked step
No'er will he take; but thou might'st easily,
Yea, thou hast done it, misinterpret him.

Oct. Nay, howsoever punishable were
Duke Friedland's purposes, yet still the steps
Which he hath taken openly, permit
A mild construction. It is my intention
To leave this paper wholly unenforced
Till some act is committed which convicts him
Of high treason, without doubt or plea,

And that shall sentence him.

Max. But who the judge?

Oct. Thyself.

Max. For ever, then, this paper will lie idle.

Oct. Too soon, I fear, its powers must all be proved.

After the counter-promise of this evening,

It cannot be but he must deem himself

Secure of the majority with us;

And of the army's general sentiment

He hath a pleasing proof in that petition

Which thou deliverd'st to him from the regiments.

Add this too—I have letters that the Rhinegrave

Hath changed his route, and travels by forced marches

To the Bohemian Forest. What this purports,

Remains unknown; and, to confirm suspicion,

This night a Swedish nobleman arrived here.

Max. I have thy word. Thou'lt not proceed to action

Before thou hast convinced me—me myself.

Oct. Is it possible? Still, after all thou know'st,

Canst thou believe still in his innocence?

Max. (with enthusiasm). Thy judgment may mistake; my heart can not.

(Moderates his voice and manner.)

These reasons might expound thy spirit or mine;

But they expound not Friedland—I have faith:

For as he knits his fortunes to the stars,

Even so doth he resemble them in secret,

Wonderful, still inexplicable courses!

Trust me, they do him wrong. All will be solved.

These smokes, at once, will kindle into flame—

The edges of this black and stormy cloud

Will brighten suddenly, and we shall view

The Unapproachable glide out in splendour.

Oct. I will await it.

SCENE II.

OCTAVIO and MAX. as before. To them the Valet of the Chamber.

Oct. How, now, then?

Val. A despatch is at the door.

Oct. So early? From whom comes he then? Who is it?

Val. That he refused to tell me.

Oct. Lead him in :
And hark you—let it not transpire.

(Exit Valet—the Cornet steps in.)

Ha! Cornet—is it you? and from Count Galas?
Give me your letters.

Cor. The Lieutenant-General
Trusted it not to letters.

Oct. - And what is it?

Cor. He bade me tell you—dare I speak openly here?

Oct. My son knows all.

Cor. We have him.

Oct. Whom?

Cor. Sesina.

The old negotiator.

Oct. (*eagerly*). And you have him?

Cor. In the Bohemian Forest Captain Mohrbrandt Found and secured him yester morning early :
He was proceeding then to Regensburg,
And on him were despatches for the Swede.

Oct. And the despatches—

Cor. The Lieutenant-General
Sent them that instant to Vienna, and
The prisoner with them.

Oct. This is, indeed, a tidings!
That fellow is a precious casket to us,
Inclosing weighty things—Was much found on him?

Cor. I think, six packets, with Count Tertsky's arms.

Oct. None in the Duke's own hand?

Cor. Not that I know.

Oct. And old Sesina?

Cor. He was sorely frightened,
When it was told him he must to Vienna.
But the Count Altringer bade him take heart,
Would he but make a full and free confession.

Oct. Is Altringer then with your Lord? I heard
That he lay sick at Linz.

Cor. These three days past
He's with my master, the Lieutenant-General,
At Fraumburg. Already have they sixty
Small companies together, chosen men ;
Respectfully they greet you with assurances,
That they are only waiting your commands.

Oct. In a few days may great events take place.

• **And when must you return?**

Cor. I wait your orders.

• Oct. Remain till evening.

(Cornet signifies his assent and obeisance, and is going.)

No one saw you—ha?

Corn. No living creature. Through the cloister wicket
The Capuchins, as usual, let me in.

Oct. Go, rest your limbs, and keep yourself concealed.

I hold it probable, that yet ere evening
I shall despatch you. The development
Of this affair approaches: ere the day,
That even now is dawning in the heaven,
Ere this eventful day hath set, the lot
That must decide our fortunes will be drawn.

(Exit Cornet.)

SCENE III.

OCTAVIO and MAX. PICCOLOMINI.

Oct. Well—and what now, son? All will soon be clear;
For all, I'm certain, went through that Sesina.

Max. (who through the whole of the foregoing scene has been in a
visible struggle of feelings, at length starts as one resolved).

I will procure me light a shorter way. Farewell.

Oct. Where now?—Remain here.

Max. To the Duke.

Oct. (alarmed). What—

Max. (returning). If thou hast believed that I shall act
A part in this thy play—

Thou hast miscalculated on me grievously.

My way must be straight on. True with the tongue,

False with the heart—I may not, cannot be:

Nor can I suffer that a man should trust me—

As his friend trust me—and then lull my conscience

With such low pleas as these:—"I ask'd him not—

He did it all at his own hazard—and

My mouth has never lied to him."—No, no!

What a friend takes me for, that I must be:

—I'll to the Duke; ere yet this day is ended

Will I demand of him that he do save

His good name from the world, and with one stride

Break through and rend this fine-spun web of yours.

He can, he will;—I still am his believer.

Yet I'll not pledge myself, but that those letters

May furnish you, perchance, with proofs against him.

How far may not this Tertsky have proceeded—

What may not he himself too have permitted
Himself to do, to snare the enemy,
The laws of war excusing? Nothing, save
His own mouth shall convict him—nothing less!
And face to face will I go question him.

Oct. Thou wilt?

Max. I will, as sure as this heart beats.

Oct. I have, indeed, miscalculated on thee.

I calculated on a prudent son,
Who would have bless'd the hand beneficent
That plucked him back from the abyss—and lo!
A fascinated being I discover,
Whom his two eyes befool, whom passion wilders,
Whom not the broadest light of noon can heal.
Go, question him!—Be mad enough, I pray thee.
The purpose of thy father, of thy Emperor,
Go, give it up free booty.—Force me, drive me
To an open breach before the time. And now,
Now that a miracle of heaven had guarded
My secret purpose even to this hour,
And laid to sleep suspicion's piercing eyes,
Let me have lived to see that mine own son,
With frantic entorprise, annihilates
My toilsome labours and state policy.

Max. Ay—this state policy! O how I curse it!
You will some time, with your state policy,
Compel him to the measure: it may happen,
Because ye are *determined* that he is guilty,
Guilty ye'll *make* him. All retreat cut off,
You close up every outlet, hem him in
Narrower and narrower, till at length ye force him—
Yes, ye—ye *force* him, in his desperation,
To set fire to his prison. Father! Father!
That never can end well—it cannot—will not!
And let it be decided as it may,
I see with boding heart the near approach
Of an ill-starred, unblest catastrophe.
For this great monarch-spirit, if he fall,
Will drag a world into the ruin with him.
And as a ship (that midway on the ocean
Takes fire) at once, and with a thunder-burst
Explodes, and with itself shoots out its crew
In smoke and ruin betwixt sea and heaven;
So will he, falling, draw down in his fall
All us, who're fixed and mortised to his fortune.

Deem of it what thou wilt; but pardon me,
That I must bear me on in my own way.
All must remain pure betwixt him and me;
And, ere the day-light dawns, it must be known
Which I must lose—my father, or my friend.

(During his exit the curtain drops.)

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A room fitted up for astrological labours, and provided with celestial charts, with globes, telescopes, quadrants, and other mathematical instruments.—Seven colossal figures, representing the planets, each with a transparent star of a different colour on its head, stand in a semi-circle in the background, so that Mars and Saturn are nearest the eye.—The remainder of the Scene, and its disposition, is given in the Fourth Scene of the Second Act.—There must be a curtain over the figures, which may be dropped, and conceal them on occasions.*

(In the Fifth Scene of this Act it must be dropped; but in the Seventh Scene, it must be again drawn up wholly or in part.)

WALLENSTEIN *at a black table, on which a Speculum Astrologicum is described with chalk. SENI is taking observations through a window.*

Wal. All well—and now let it be ended, Seni.—Come,
The dawn commences, and Mars rules the hour.
We must give o'er the operation. Come,
We know enough.

Seni. Your Highness must permit me
Just to contemplate Venus. She's now rising:
Like as a sun, so shines she in the east.

Wal. She is at present in her perigee,
And shoots down now her strongest influences.

(Contemplating the figure on the table.)

Auspicious aspect! fateful in conjunction,
At length the mighty three corradiate;
And the two stars of blessing, Jupiter
And Venus, take between them the malignant
Slily-malicious Mars, and thus compel
Into my service that old mischief-founder;
For long he viewed me hostilely, and ever

With beam oblique, or perpendicular,
 Now in the Quartile, now in the Secundan,
 Shot his red lightnings at my stars, disturbing
 Their blessed influences and sweet aspects.
 Now they have conquered the old enemy,
 And bring him in the heavens a prisoner to me.

Seni. (who has come down from the window). And in a corner
 house, your Highness—think of that!

That makes each influence of double strength.

Wal. And sun and moon, too, in the Sextile aspect,
 The soft light with the veh'ment—so I love it.
 Sol is the heart, Luna the head of heaven,
 Bold be the plan, fiery the execution.

Seni. And both the mighty Lumina by no
 Maleficous affronted. Lo! Saturnus,
 Innocuous, powerless, in cadento Domo.*

Wal. The empire of Saturnus is he;
 Lord of the secret birth of things is he;
 Within the lap of earth, and in the depths
 Of the imagination dominates;
 And his are all things that eschew the light.
 The time is o'er of brooding and contrivance;
 For Jupiter, the lustrous, lordeth now,
 And the dark work, complete of preparation,
 He draws by force into the realm of light.
 Now must we hasten on to action, ere
 The scheme, and most auspicious posture
 Parts o'er my head, and takes once more its flight;
 For the heavens journey still, and sojourn not.

(There are knocks at the door.)

There's some one knocking there. See who it is.

Tertsky (from without). Open, and let me in.

Wal. Ay—'tis Tertsky.

What is there of such urgency? We are busy.

Ter. (from without). Lay all aside at present, I entreat you.
 It suffers no delaying.

Wal. Open, Seni!

*(While SENI opens the doors for TERTSKY, WALLENSTEIN
 draws the curtain over the figures.)*

Ter. (enters). Hast thou already heard it? He is taken.
 Galas has given him up to the Emperor.

(SENI draws off the black table and exit.)

* In the falling house.

SCENE II.

WALLENSTEIN, COUNT TERTSKY.

Wal. (to Tertsky). Who has been taken?—Who is given up?

Ter. The man who knows our secrets, who knows every
Negotiation with the Swede and Saxon,

Through whose hands all and every thing has passed—

Wal. (drawing back). Nay, not Sesina?—Say, No! I entreat
thee.

Ter. All on his road for Regensburg to the Swede
He was plunged down upon by Galas' agent,
Who had been long in ambush, lurking for him.
There must have been found on him my whole packet
To Thur, to Kinsky, to Oxenstirn, to Arnheim:
All this is in their hands; they have now an insight
Into the whole—our measures, and our motives.

SCENE III.

To them enters ILLO.

Illo (to TERTSKY). Has he heard it?

Ter. He has heard it.

Illo (to WALLENSTEIN). Thinkest thou still
To make thy peace with the Emp'r'r, to regain
His confidence?—E'en were it now thy wish
To abandon all thy plans, yet still they know
What thou hast wish'd; then forwards thou must press!
Retreat is now no longer in thy power.

Ter. They have documents against us, and in hands,
Which show beyond all power of contradiction—

Wal. Of my handwriting—no iota. Thee
I punish for thy lies.

Illo. And thou believest,
That what this man, that what thy sister's husband,
Did in thy name, will not stand on thy reck'ning?
His word must pass for thy word with the Swede,
And not with those that hate thee at Vienna.

Ter. In writing thou gav'st nothing—But bethink thee,
How far thou venturedst by word of mouth
With this Sesina? And will he be silent?

If he can save himself by yielding up
Thy secret purposes, will he retain them?

Illo. Thyself dost not conceive it possible;
And since they now have evidence authentic
How far thou hast already gone, speak!—tell us,
What art thou waiting for? thou canst no longer
Keep thy command; and beyond hope of rescue
Thou'rt lost, if thou resign'st it.

Wal. In the army
Lies my security. The army will not
Abandon me. Whatever they may know,
The power is mine, and they must gulp it down—
And substitute I caution for my fealty,
They must be satisfied, at least appear so.

Illo. The army, Duke, is thine now—for this moment—
'Tis thine: but think with terror on the slow,
The quiet power of time. From open violence
The attachment of thy soldiery secures thee
To-day—to-morrow; but grant'st thou them a respite,
Unheard, unseen, they'll undermine that love
On which thou now dost feel so firm a footing,
With wily theft will draw away from thee
One after th' other——

Wal. 'Tis a cursed accident!

Illo. O, I will call it a most blessed one,
If it work on thee as it ought to do,
Hurry thee on to action—to decision.
The Swedish General——

Wal. He's arrived! know'st thou
What his commission is——

Illo. To thee alone
Will he entrust the purpose of his coming.

Wal. A cursed, cursed accident! Yes, yes,
Sesina knows too much, and won't be silent.

Ter. He's a Bohemian fugitive and rebel,
His neck is forfeit. Can he save himself
At thy cost, think you he will scruple it?
And if they put him to the torture, will he,
Will he, that dastardling, have strength enough——

Wal. (lost in thought). Their confidence is lost—irreparably!
And I may act what way I will, I shall
Be and remain for ever in their thought
A traitor to my country. How sincerely
Soever I return back to my duty,
It will no longer help me——

Illo.

Ruin thee,

That it will do! Not thy fidelity,
Thy weakness will be deemed the sole occasion—

Wal. (pacing up and down in extreme agitation). What! I
must realise it now in earnest,

Because I toyed too freely with the thought?

Accursed he who dallies with a devil!

And must I—I *must* realise it now—

Now, while I have the power, it *must* take place?

Illo. Now—now—ere they can ward and parry it!

Wal. (looking at the paper of signatures). I have the General's
word—a written promise!

Max. Piccolomini stands not here—how's that?

Ter. It was—he fancied.—

Illo.

Mere self-willedness.

There needed no such thing 'twixt him and you.

Wal. He is quite right—there needeth no such thing,

The regiments, too, deny to march for Flanders—

Have sent me in a paper of remonstrance,

And openly resist the Imperial orders.

The first step to revolt's already taken.

Illo. Believe me, thou wilt find it far more easy

To lead them over to the enemy

Than to the Spaniard.

Wal. I will hear, however,

What the Swede has to say to me.

Illo (eagerly to TERTSKY). Go, call him!

He stands without the door in waiting.

Wal.

Stay!

Stay yet a little. It hath taken me

All by surprise,—it came too quick upon me;

'Tis wholly novel, that an accident,

With its dark lordship, and blind agency,

Should force me on with it.

Illo.

First hear him only,

And after weigh it.

(*Exeunt TERTSKY and ILLO.*)

SCENE IV.

WALLENSTEIN.

Wal. (in soliloquy). Is it possible?

Is't so? I can no longer what I *would*!

No longer draw back at my liking! I

Must *do* the deed, because I *thought* of it,
And fed this heart here with a dream ! Because
I did not scowl temptation from my presence,
Dallied with thoughts of possible fulfilment,
Commenced no movement, left all time uncertain,
And only kept the road, the access open !
By the great God of Heaven ! it was not
My serious meaning, it was ne'er resolve.
I but amused myself with thinking of it.
The free-will tempted me, the power to do
Or not to do it.—Was it criminal
To make the fancy minister to hope,
To fill the air with pretty toys of air,
And clutch fantastic sceptres moving t'ward me ?
Was not the will kept free ? Beheld I not
The road of duty close beside me—but
One little step, and once more I was in it !
Where am I ? Whithor have I been transported ?
No road, no track behind me, but a wall,
Impenetrable, insurmountable,
Rises obedient to the spells I muttered
And meant not—my own doings tower behind me.

(Pauses, and remains in deep thought.)

A punishable man I seem, the guilt,
Try what I will, I cannot roll off from me ;
The equivocal demeanour of my life
Bears witness on my prosecutor's party ;
And even my purest acts from purest motives
Suspicion poisons with malicious gloss.
Were I that thing, for which I pass, that traitor,
A goodly outside I had sure reserved,
Had drawn the cov'rings thick and double round me,
Been calm and chary of my utterance.
But being conscious of the innocence
Of my intent, my uncorrupted will,
I give way to my humours, to my passion :
Bold were my words, because my deeds were *not*.
Now every planless measure, chance event,
The threat of rage, the vaunt of joy and triumph,
And all the May-games of a heart o'erflowing,
Will they connect, and weave them all together
Into one web of treason ; all will be plan,
My eye ne'er absent from the far-off mark,
Step tracing step, each step a politic progress ;
And out of all they'll fabricate a charge

So specious, that I must myself stand *dumb*.
I am caught in my own net, and only force,
Nought but a sudden *rent* can liberate me.

(Pauses again.)

How else ! since that the heart's unbiassed instinct
Impelled me to the daring deed, which now
Necessity, self-preservation, *orders*.
Stern is the on-look of Necessity,
Not without shudder many a human hand
Grasps the mysterious urn of destiny.
My deed was mine, remaining in my bosom,
Once suffered to escape from its safe corner
Within the heart, its nursery and birth-place
Sent forth into the foreign, it belongs
For ever to those sly malicious powers
Whom never art of man conciliated.

(Paces in agitation through the Chamber, then pauses, and, after the pause, breaks out again into audible soliloquy.)

What is thy enterprise ? thy aim ? thy object ?
Hast honestly confessed it to thyself ?
Power seated on a quiet throne thou'dst shake,
Power on an ancient consecrated throne,
Strong in possession, founded in old custom ;
Power by a thousand tough and stringy roots
Fixed to the people's pious nursery-faith.
This, this will be no strife of strength with strength.
That feared I not. I brave each combatant,
Whom I can look on, fixing eye to eye,
Who full himself of courage kindles courage
In me too. 'Tis a foe invisible,
The which I fear—a fearful enemy,
Which in the human heart opposes me,
By its coward fear alone made fearful to me.
Not that, which full of life, instinct with power,
Makes known its present being, that is not
The true, the perilously formidable.
O no ! it is the common, the quite common,
The thing of an eternal yesterday,
What ever was, and evermore returns,
Sterling to-morrow, for to-day 'twas sterling !
For of the wholly common is man made,
And custom is his nurse ! Woe then to them,
Who lay irreverent hands upon his old
House furniture, the dear inheritance
From his forefathers. For time consecrates ;

And what is gray with age becomes religion.
Be in possession, and thou hast the right,
And sacred will the many guard it for thee!

(To the Page, who here enters.)

The Swedish officer?—Well, let him enter.

(The Page exit; WALLENSTEIN fixes his eye in deep thought on the door.)

Yet is it pure—as yet!—the crime has come
Not o'er this threshold yet—so slender is
The boundary that divideth life's two paths.

SCENE V.

WALLENSTEIN and WRANGEL.

Wal. (after having fixed a searching look on him). Your name
is Wrangel?

Wran. Gustavo Wrangel, General
Of the Sudermanian Blues.

Wal. It was a Wrangel
Who injured me materially at Stralsund,
And by his brave resistance was the cause
Of th' opposition which that sea-port made.

Wran. It was the doing of the element
With which you fought, my lord! and not my merit.
The Baltic Neptune did assert his freedom,
The sea and land, it seemed, were not to serve
One and the same.

Wal. (makes a motion for him to take a seat, and seats himself).
And where are your credentials?

Come you provided with full powers, Sir General?

Wran. There are so many scruples yet to solve——

Wal. (having read the credentials). An able letter!—Ay—he is
a prudent,

Intelligent master, whom you serve, Sir General!
The Chancellor writes me, that he but fulfils
His late departed Sovereign's own idea
In helping me to the Bohemian crown.

Wran. He says the truth. Our great king, now in heaven,
Did ever deem most highly of your Grace's
Pre-eminent sense and military genius;
And always the commanding Intellect,
He said, should have command, and be the king.

Wal. Yes, he *might* say it safely.—General Wrangel,

(Taking his hand affectionately.)

Come, fair and open—Trust me, I was always
A Swede at heart. Ey! that did you experience
Both in Silesia and at Nuremburg;
I had you often in my power, and let you
Always slip out by some back door or other.
'Tis this for which the Court can ne'er forgive me,
Which drives me to this present step: and since
Our interests so run in one direction,
E'en let us have a thorough confidence
Each in the other.

Wran. Confidence will come,
Has each but only first security.

Wal. The Chancellor still, I see, does not quite trust me,
And, I confess—the gain does not lie wholly
To my advantage—Without doubt he thinks
If I can play false with the Emperor,
Who is my sovereign, I can do the like
With th' enemy, and that *the one* too were
Sooner to be forgiven me than the *other*.
Is not this your opinion too, Sir General?

Wran. I have here an office merely, no opinion.

Wal. The Emperor hath urged me to the uttermost.
I can no longer honourably serve him.
For my security, in self-defence,
I take this hard step, which my conscience blames.

Wran. That I believe. So far would no one go
Who was not forced to it. *(After a pause.)*

What may have impelled
Your princely Highness in this wise to act
Toward your Sovereign Lord and Emperor,
Beseems not us to expound or criticise.
The Swede is fighting for his good old cause,
With his good sword and conscience. This concurrence,
This opportunity, is in our favour,
And all advantages in war are lawful.
We take what offers without questioning;
And if all have its due and just proportions——

Wal. Of what then are ye doubting? Of my will?
Or of my power? I pledged me to the Chancellor,
Would he trust *me* with sixteen thousand men,
That I would instantly go over to them
With eighteen thousand of the Emperor's troops.

Wran. Your Grace is known to be a mighty war-chief,

To be a second Attila and Pyrrhus.
 'Tis talked of still with fresh astonishment,
 How some years past, beyond all human faith
 You called an army forth, like a creation ;
 But yet——

Wal. But yet ?

Wran. But still the Chancellor thinks,
 It might yet be an easier thing from nothing
 To call forth sixty thousand men of battle,
 Than to persuade one-sixtieth part of them——

Wal. What now ? Out with it, friend ?

Wran. To break their oaths.

Wal. And he thinks so ?—He judges like a Swede,
 And like a Protestant. You Lutherans
 Fight for your Bible. You are int'rested
 About the cause ; and with your *hearts* you follow
 Your banners.—Among *you*, whoc'er deserts
 To the enemy, hath broken covenant
 With two Lords at one time. We've no such fancies.

Wran. Great God in Heaven ! Have then the people here
 No house and home, no fire-side, no altar ?

Wal. I will explain that to you, how it stands—
 The Austrian *has* a country, ay, and loves it,
 And has good cause to love it—but this army,
 That calls itself th' Imperial, this that houses
 Here in Bohemia, this has none—no country ;
 This is an outcast of all foreign lands,
 Unclaimed by town or tribe, to whom belongs
 Nothing, except the universal sun.

Wran. But then the nobles and the officers ?
 Such a desertion, such a felony,
 It is without example, my Lord Duke,
 In the world's history.

Wal. They are all mine—
 Mine unconditionally, mine on all terms.
 Not me, your own eyes you must trust.

*(He gives him the paper containing the written oath. WRAN-
 GEL reads it through, and having read it, lays it on the
 table, remaining silent.)*

So then ?

Now comprehend you ?

Wran. Comprehend who can !
 My Lord Duke ; I will let the mask drop—yes !
 I've full powers for a final settlement.
 The Rhinegrave stands but four days' march from here

With fifteen thousand men, and only waits
For orders to proceed and join your army.
Those orders *I* give out, immediately
We're compromised.

Wal. What asks the Chancellor?

Wran. (considerately). Twelve regiments, every man a Swede
—my head

The warranty—and all might prove at last
Only false play——

Wal. (starting). Sir Swede!

Wran. (calmly proceeding). Am therefore forced
T' insist thereon, that he do formally,
Irrevocably break with th' Emperor,
Else not a Swede is trusted to Duke Friedland.

Wal. Come, brief and open! what is the demand?

Wran. That he forthwith disarm the Spanish regiments
Attached to th' Emperor, that he seize Prague,
And to the Swedes give up that city, with
The strong pass Egra.

Wal. That is much indeed!

Prague!—Egra's granted—But—but Prague!—'Twon't do.
I give you every security
Which you may ask of me in common reason—
But Prague—Bohemia—these, Sir General,
I can myself protect.

Wran. We doubt it not.

But 'tis not the protection that is now
Our sole concern. We want security,
That we shall not expend our men and money
All to no purpose.

Wal. 'Tis but reasonable.

Wran. And till we are indemnified, so long
Stays Prague in pledge.

Wal. Then trust you us so little?

Wran. (rising). The Swede, if he would treat well with the
German,

Must keep a sharp look-out. We have been called
Over the Baltic, we have saved the empire
From ruin—with our best blood have we scaled
The liberty of faith, and gospel truth.
But now already is the benefaction
No longer felt, the load alone is felt.——
Ye look askance with evil eye upon us,
As foreigners, intruders in the empire,
And would fain send us, with some paltry sum

Of money, home again to our old forests.
 No, no! my Lord Duke! no!—it never was
 For Judas' pay, for chinking gold and silver,
 That we did leave our king by the great Stone.*
 No, not for gold and silver have there bled
 So many of our Swedish nobles—neither
 Will we, with empty laurels for our payment,
 Hoist sail for our own country. *Citizens*
 Will we remain upon the soil, the which
 Our monarch conquered for himself, and died.

Wal. Help to keep down the common enemy,
 And the fair border land must needs be yours.

Wran. But when the common enemy lies vanquished,
 Who knits together our new friendship then?
 We know, Duke Friedland! though perhaps the Swede
 Ought not t'have known it, that you carry on
 Secret negotiations with the Saxons.
 Who is our warranty, that *we* are not
 The sacrifices in those articles
 Which 'tis thought needful to conceal from us?

Wal. (rises). Think you of something better, Gustave Wrangel!
 Of Prague no more.

Wran. Here my commission ends.

Wal. Surrender up to you my capital!
 Far liever would I face about, and step
 Back to my Emperor.

Wran. If time yet permits——

Wal. That lies with me, even now, at any hour.

Wran. Some days ago, perhaps. To-day, no longer,
 No longer since Sesina is a prisoner.

(*WALLENSTEIN is struck, and silenced.*)

My Lord Duke hear me—We believe that you
 At present do mean honourably by us.
 Since *yesterday* we're sure of that—and now
 This paper warrants for the troops, there's nothing
 Stands in the way of our full confidence.
 Prague shall not part us. Hear! The Chancellor
 Contents himself with Albstadt, to your Grace
 He gives up Ratschin and the narrow side.
 But Egra above all must open to us,
 Ere we can think of any junction.

Wal.

You,

* A great stone near Lutzen, since called the Swede's Stone, the body of their great king having been found at the foot of it, after the battle in which he lost his life.

You therefore must I trust, and you not me ?
I will consider of your proposition.

Wran. I must entreat, that your consideration
Occupy not too long a time. Already
Has this negotiation, my Lord Duke !
Crept on into the second year. If nothing
Is settled this time, will the Chancellor
Consider it as broken off for ever.

Wal. Ye press me hard. A measure such as this
Ought to be *thought of*.

Wran. Ay ! but think of this too,
That sudden action only can procure it
Success—think first of this, your Highness.

(*Exit WRANGLER.*)

SCENE VI.

WALLENSTEIN, TERTSKY, and ILLO (*re-enter*).

Illo. Is't all right ?

Ter. Are you compromised ?

Illo. This Swede

Went smiling from you. Yes ! you're compromised.

Wal. As yet is nothing settled : and (well weighed)
I feel myself inclined to leave it so.

Ter. How ? What is that ?

Wal. Come on me what will come,
The doing evil to avoid an evil
Cannot be good !

Ter. Nay, but bethink you, Duke ?

Wal. To live upon the mercy of these Swedes !
Of these proud-hearted Swedes, I could not bear it.

Illo. Goest thou as fugitive, as mendicant ?
Bringest thou not more to them than thou receivest ?

SCENE VII.

To these enter the COUNTESS TERTSKY.

Wal. Who sent for you ? There is no business here
For women.

Coun. I am come to bid you joy.

Wal. Use thy authority, Tertsky, bid her go.

Coun. Come I perhaps too early? I hope not.

Wal. Set not this tongue upon me, I entreat you.
You know it is the weapon that destroys me.
I am routed, if a woman but attack me.
I cannot traffic in the trade of words
With that unreasoning sex.

Coun. I had already
Given the Bohemians a king.

Wal. (sarcastically). They have one,
In consequence, no doubt.

Coun. (to the others). Ha! what new scruple?

Ter. The Duke will not.

Coun. He will not what he must!

Illo. It lies with you now. Try. For I am silenced,
When folks begin to talk to me of conscience,
And of fidelity.

Coun. How? then, when all
Lay in the far off distance, when the road
Stretched out before thine eyes interminably,
Then hadst thou courage and resolve; and now,
Now that the dream is being realised,
The purpose ripe, the issue ascertained,
Dost thou begin to play the dastard now?
Planned merely, 'tis a common felony;
Accomplished, an immortal undertaking:
And with success comes pardon hand in hand;
For all event is God's arbitrement.

Servant (enters). The Colonel Piccolomini.

Coun. (hastily). —Must wait.

Wal. I cannot see him now. Another time.

Ser. But for two minutes he entreats an audience.
Of the most urgent nature is his business.

Wal. Who knows what he may bring us? I will hear him.

Coun. (laughs). Urgent for him, no doubt; but thou mayest
wait.

Wal. What is it?

Coun. Thou shalt be informed hereafter.
First let the Swede and thee be compromised.

(Exit Servant.)

Wal. If there were yet a choice! if yet some milder
Way of escape were possible—I still
Will choose it, and avoid the last extreme.

Coun. Desir'st thou nothing further? Such a way
Lies still before thee. Send this Wrangel off.
Forget thou thy old hopes, cast far away

All thy past life ; determine to commence
 A new one. Virtue hath her heroes too,
 As well as fame and fortune.—To Vienna—
 Hence—to the Emperor—kneel before the throne ;
 Take a full coffer with thee—say aloud—
 Thou didst but wish to prove thy fealty ;
 Thy whole intention but to dupe the Swede.

Illo. For that too, 'tis too late. They know too much.
 He would but bear his own head to the block.

Coun. I fear not that. They have not evidence
 To attain him legally, and they avoid
 The avowal of an arbitrary power.
 They'll let the Duke resign without disturbance.
 I see how all will end. The King of Hungary
 Makes his appearance, and 'twill of itself
 Be understood, that then the Duke retires.
 There will not want a formal declaration.
 The young king will administer the oath
 To the whole army ; and so all returns
 To the old position. On some morrow morning
 The Duke departs ; and now 'tis stir and bustle
 Within his castles. He will hunt, and build,
 Superintend his horses' pedigrees ;
 Creates himself a court, gives golden keys,
 And introduceth strictest ceremony
 In fine proportions, and nice etiquette ;
 Keeps open table with high cheer ; in brief,
 Commenceth mighty king—in miniature.
 And while he prudently demeans himself,
 And gives himself no actual importance,
 He will be let appear whate'er he likes ;
 And who dares doubt, that Friedland will appear
 A mighty prince to his last dying hour ?
 Well now, what then ? Duke Friedland is as others
 A fire-new noble, whom the war hath raised
 To price and currency, a Jonah's gourd,
 An over-night creation of court-favour,
 Which with an undistinguishable ease
 Makes baron or makes prince.

Wal. (in extreme agitation). Take her away.
 Let in the young Count Piccolomini.

Coun. Art thou in earnest ? I entreat thee ! Canst thou
 Consent to bear thyself to thy own grave,
 So ignominiously to be dried up ?
 Thy life, that arrogated such a height

To end in such a nothing ! To be nothing,
 When one was always nothing, is an evil
 That asks no stretch of patience, a light evil,
 But to become a nothing, having been——

Wal. (*starts up in violent agitation*). Show me a way out of this
 stifling crowd,

Ye powers of aidance ! Show me such a way
 As *I* am capable of going.—*I*
 Am no tongue-hero, no fine virtue-prattler ;
 I cannot warm by thinking ; cannot say
 To the good luck that turns her back upon me,
 Magnanimously : “ Go ; I heed thee not.”
 Cease *I* to work, *I* am annihilated.
 Dangers nor sacrifices will *I* shun,
 If so *I* may avoid the last extreme ;
 But ere *I* sink down into nothingness,
 Leave off so little, who began so great
 Ere that the world confuses me with those
 Poor wretches, whom a day creates and crumbles,
 This age and after-ages speak my name
 With hate and dread ; and Friedland be redemption
 For each accursed deed !

Coun. What is there here, then,
 So against nature ? Help me to perceive it !
 O let not superstition's nightly goblins
 Subdue thy clear bright spirit ! Art thou bid
 To murder ?—with abhorred accursed poignard,
 To violate the breasts that nourished thee ?
 That *were* against our nature, that might aptly
 Make thy flesh shudder, and thy whole heart sicken ;—
 Yet not a few, and for a meaner object,
 Have ventured even this, ay, and performed it.
 What is there in thy case so black and monstrous ?
 Thou art accused of treason—whether with
 Or without justice is not now the question—
 Thou art lost if thou dost not avail thee quickly
 Of the power which thou possessest—Friedland ! *Duke* !
 Tell me, where lives that thing so meek and tame,
 That doth not all his living faculties
 Put forth in preservation of his life ?
 What deed so daring, which necessity
 And desperation will not sanctify ?

Wal. Once was this Ferdinand so gracious to me :
 He loved me ; he esteemed me ; *I* was placed
 The nearest to his heart. Full many a time

We like familiar friends, both at one table,
Have banquetted together. He and I—
And the young kings themselves held me the basin
Wherewith to wash me—and is't come to this?

Coun. So faithfully preserv'st thou each small favour,
And hast no memory for contumelies?
Must I remind thee, how at Regensburg
This man repaid thy faithful services?
All ranks and all conditions in the empire
Thou hadst wronged, to make him great,—hadst loaded on thee,
On *thee*, the hate, the curse of the whole world.
No friend existed for thee in all Germany;
And why? because thou hadst existed only
For the Emperor. To the Emperor alone
Clung Friedland in that storm which gathered round him
At Regensburg in that Diet,—and he dropped thee!
He let thee fall! He let thee fall a victim
To the Bavarian, to that insolent!
Deposed, stript bare of all thy dignity
And power, amid the taunting of thy foes.
Thou wert let drop into obscurity.—
Say not, the restoration of thy honour
Hath made atonement for that first injustice.
No honest good-will was it that replaced thee.
The law of hard necessity replaced thee,
Which they had fain opposed, but that they could not.

Wal. Not to their good wishes, that is certain,
Nor yet to his affection I'm indebted
For this high office; and if I abuse it,
I shall therein abuse no confidence.

Coun. Affection! confidence!—They *needed* thee.
Necessity, impetuous remonstrant!
Who not with empty names, or shows of proxy,
Is served, who'll have the thing and not the symbol,
Ever seeks out the greatest and the best,
And at the rudder places *him*, e'en though
She had been forced to take him from the rabble—
She, this necessity, it was that placed thee
In this high office, it was she that gave thee
Thy letters patent of inauguration.
For, to the uttermost moment that they can,
This race still help themselves at cheapest rate
With slavish souls, with puppets! At the approach
Of extreme peril, when a hollow image
Is found a hollow image and no more,

Then falls the power into the mighty hands
Of nature, of the spirit giant-born,
Who listens only to himself, knows nothing
Of stipulations, duties, reverences,
And, like the emancipated force of fire,
Unmastered scorches, ere it reaches them,
Their fine-spun webs, their artificial policy.

Wal. 'Tis true! they saw me always as I am—
Always! I did not cheat them in the bargain.
I never held it worth my pains to hide
The bold all-grasping habit of my soul.

Coun. Nay rather—thou hast ever shown thyself
A formidable man, without restraint;
Hast exercised the full prerogatives
Of thy impetuous nature, which had been
Once granted to thee. Therefore, Duke, not *thou*,
Who hast still remained consistent with thyself,
But *they* are in the wrong, who fearing thee,
Entrusted such a power in hands they feared.
For, by the laws of spirit, in the right
Is every individual character

That acts in strict consistence with itself.
Self-contradiction is the only wrong.

Wert thou another being, then, when thou
Eight years ago pursuedst thy march with fire
And sword, and desolation, through the Circles
Of Germany, the universal scourge,
Didst mock all ordinances of the empire,
The fearful rights of strength alone exerted-t,
Trampledst to earth each rank, each magistracy,
All to extend thy Sultan's domination?
Then was the time to break thee in, to curb
Thy haughty will, to teach thee ordinance.
But no! the Emperor felt no touch of conscience;
What served him pleased him, and without a murmur
He stamped his broad seal on these lawless deeds.
What at that time was right, because thou didst it
For him, to-day is all at once become
Opprobrious, foul, because it is directed
Against him.—O most flimsy superstition!

Wal. (rising). I never saw it in this light before.
'Tis even so. The Emperor perpetrated
Deeds through my arm, deeds most unorderedly.
And even this prince's mantle, which I wear,
I owe to what were services to him,

But most high misdemeanours 'gainst the empire.

Coun. Then betwixt thee and him (confess it, Friedland !)

The point can be no more of right and duty,

Only of power and opportunity.

That opportunity, lo ! it comes yonder,

Approaching with swift steeds ; then with a swing

Throw thyself up into the chariot seat,

Seize with firm hand the reins, ere thy opponent

Anticipate thee, and himself make conquest

Of the now empty seat. The moment comes—

It is already here, when thou must write

The absolute total of thy life's vast sum.

The constellations stand victorious o'er thee,

The planets shoot good fortune in fair junctions,

And tell thee, " Now's the time !" The starry courses

Hast thou thy life-long measured to no purpose ?

The quadrant and the circle were they playthings ?

(Pointing to the different objects in the room.)

The zodiacs, the rolling orbs of heaven,

Hast pictured on these walls, and all around thee

In dumb foreboding symbols hast thou placed

These seven presiding Lords of Destiny—

For toys ? Is all this preparation nothing ?

Is there no marrow in this hollow art,

That even to thyself it doth avail

Nothing, and has no influence over thee

In the great moment of decision ?——

Wal. (during this last speech walks up and down with inward struggles, labouring with passions : stops suddenly, stands still, then interrupting the Countess).

Send Wrangel to me—I will instantly

Despatch three couriers——

Illo (hurrying out). God in heaven be praised !

Wal. It is his evil genius and mine.

Our evil genius ! It chastises him

Through me, the instrument of his ambition ;

And I expect no less, than that Revenge

E'en now is whetting for *my* breast the poignard.

Who sows the serpent's teeth, let him not hope

To reap a joyous harvest. Every crime

Has, in the moment of its perpetration,

Its own avenging angel—dark Misgiving,

An ominous Sinking at the inmost heart.

He can no longer trust me—Then no longer

Can I retreat—so come that which must come.—

Still destiny preserves its due relations,
The heart within us is its absolute
Vicegerent.

(To TERTSKY.)

Go, conduct you Gustave Wrangel
To my state-cabinet.—Myself will speak to
The couriers.—And despatch immediately
A servant for Octavio Piccolomini.

(To the COUNTESS, who cannot conceal her triumph.)

No exultation!—woman, triumph not!
For jealous are the Powers of Destiny.
Joy premature, and shouts ere victory,
Inroach upon their rights and privileges.
We sow the seed, and they the growth determine.

(While he is making his exit the curtain drops.)

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*As in the preceding Act.*

WALLENSTEIN, OCTAVIO PICCOLOMINI.

Wal. (coming forward in conversation). He sends me word from
Linz, that he lies sick ;
But I have sure intelligence, that he
Secrets himself at Frauenberg with Galas.
Secure them both, and send them to me hither.
Remember, thou tak'st on thee the command
Of those same Spanish regiments,—constantly
Make preparation, and be never ready ;
And if they urge thee to draw out against me,
Still answer yes, and stand as thou wert fettered.
I know, that it is doing thee a service
To keep thee out of action in this business.
Thou lov'st to linger on in fair appearances ;
Steps of extremity are not thy province,
Therefore have I sought out this part for thee.
Thou wilt this time be of most service to me
By thy inertness. The mean time, if fortune
Declare itself on my side, thou wilt know
What is to do.

Enter MAX. PICCOLOMINI.
Now go, Octavio.

This night must thou be off, take my own horses :
 Him here I keep with me—make short farewell—
 Trust me, I think we all shall meet again
 In joy and thriving fortunes.

Oct. (to his son). I shall see you
 Yet ere I go.

SCENE II.

WALLENSTEIN, MAX. PICCOLOMINI.

Max. (advances to him). My General !

Wal. That am I no longer, if

Thou styl'st thyself the Emperor's officer.

Max. Then thou wilt leave the army, General ?

Wal. I have renounced the service of the Emperor.

Max. And thou wilt leave the army ?

Wal. Rather hope I

To bind it nearer still and faster to me. *(He seats himself.)*

Yes, Max., I have delayed to open it to thee

Even till the hour of acting 'gins to strike.

Youth's fortunate feeling doth seize easily

The absolute right, yea, and a joy it is

To exercise the single apprehension

Where the sums square in proof ;

But where it happens, that of two sure evils

One must be taken, where the heart not wholly

Brings itself back from out the strife of duties,

There 'tis a blessing to have no election,

And blank necessity is grace and favour.

—This is now present : do not look behind thee,—

It can no more avail thee. Look thou forwards ;

Think not ! judge not ! prepare thyself to act !

The Court—it hath determined on my ruin,

Therefore I will to be beforehand with them.

We'll join the Swedes—right gallant fellows are they,

And our good friends.

(He stops himself expecting PICCOLOMINI's answer.)

I have ta'en thee by surprise. Answer me not.

I grant thee time to recollect thyself.

(He rises, and retires at the back of the stage. MAX. remains for a long time motionless, in a trance of excessive anguish.)

At his first motion WALLENSTEIN returns, and places himself before him.)

Max. My General, this day thou makest me
Of age to speak in my own right and person,
For till this day I have been spared the trouble
To find out my own road. Thee have I followed
With most implicit unconditional faith,
Sure of the right path if I followed thee.
To-day, for the first time, dost thou refer
Me to myself, and forcest me to make
Election between thee and my own heart.

Wal. Soft cradled thee thy Fortune till to-day ;
Thy duties thou couldst exercise in sport,
Indulge all lovely instincts, act for ever
With undivided heart. It can remain
No longer thus. Like enemies, the roads
Start from each other. Duties strive with duties.
Thou must needs choose thy party in the war
Which is now kindling 'twixt thy friend and him
Who is thy Emperor.

Max. War ! is that the name ?
War is as frightful as heaven's pestilence.
Yet it is good, is it heaven's will as that is.
Is that a good war, which against the Emperor
Thou wagest with the Emperor's own army ?
O God of heaven ! what a change is this.
Beseems it me to offer such persuasion
To thee, who like the fixt star of the pole
Wert all I gazed at on life's trackless ocean ?
O ! what a rent thou makest in my heart !
The ingrained instinct of old reverence,
The holy habit of obedience,
Must I pluck live asunder from thy name ?
Nay, do not turn thy countenance upon me—
It always was as a god looking at me !
Duke Wallenstein, its power is not departed :
The senses still are in thy bonds, although,
Bleeding, the soul hath freed itself.

Wal. *Max., hear me.*

Max. O ! do it not, I pray thee, do it not !
There is a pure and noble soul within thee,
Knows not of this unblest, unlucky doing.
Thy will is chaste, it is thy fancy only
Which hath polluted thee—and innocence,
It will not let itself be driven away
From that world-awing aspect. Thou wilt not,
Thou canst not, end in this. It would reduce

All human creatures to disloyalty
 Against the nobleness of their own nature.
 'Twill justify the vulgar misbelief,
 Which holdeth nothing noble in free will,
 And trusts itself to impotence alone
 Made powerful only in an unknown power.

Wal. The world will judge me sternly, I expect it.
 Already have I said to my own self
 All thou canst say to me. Who but avoids
 Th' extreme,—can he by going round avoid it?
 But here there is no choice. Yes—I must use
 Or suffer violence—so stands the case,
 There remains nothing possible but that.

Max. O that is never possible for thee!
 'Tis the last desperate resource of those
 Cheap souls, to whom their honour, their good name
 Is their poor *saving*, their last worthless *keep*,
 Which having staked and lost, they stake themselves
 In the mad rage of gaming. Thou art rich,
 And glorious; with an unpolluted heart
 Thou canst make conquest of whate'er seems highest;
 But he, who once hath acted infamy,
 Does nothing more in this world.

Wal. (grasps his hand). Calmly, Max. !
 Much that is great and excellent will we
 Perform together yet. And if we only
 Stand on the height with dignity, 'tis soon
 Forgotten, Max., by what road we ascended.
 Believe me, many a crown shines spotless now,
 That yet was deeply sullied in the winning.
 To the evil spirit doth the earth belong,
 Not to the good. All, that the powers divine
 Send from above, are universal blessings:
 Their light rejoices us, their air refreshes,
 But never yet was man enriched by them:
 In their eternal realm no *property*
 Is to be struggled for—all there is general.
 The jewel, the all-valued gold we win
 From the deceiving Powers, depraved in nature,
 That dwell beneath the day and blessed sunlight;
 Not without sacrifices are they rendered
 Propitious, and there lives no soul on earth
 That e'er retired unsullied from their service.

Max. Whate'er is human, to the human being
 Do I allow—and to the vehement

And striving spirit readily I pardon
 Th' excess of action ; but to thee, my General !
 Above *all* others make I large concession.
 For thou must move a world, and be the master—
 He kills thee, who condemns thee to inaction.
 So be it then ! maintain thee in thy post
 By violence. Resist the Emperor,
 And if it must be, force with force repel :
 I will not praise it, yet I can forgive it,
 But not—not to the traitor—yes !—the word
 Is spoken out—

Not to the traitor can I yield a pardon.
 That is no mere excess ! that is no error
 Of human nature—that is wholly different ;
 O that is black, black as the pit of hell !

(WALLENSTEIN *betrays a sudden agitation.*)

Thou canst not hear it *named*, and wilt thou do it ?
 O turn back to thy duty. That thou canst,
 I hold it certain. Send me to Vienna.

I'll make thy peace for thee with th' Emperor.
 He knows thee not. But I do know thee. He
 Shall see thee, Duke ! with my unclouded eye,
 And I bring back his confidence to thee.

Wal. It is too late. Thou know'st not what has happened.

Max. Were it too late, and were things gone so far,
 That a crime only could prevent thy fall,
 Then—fall ! fall honourably, even as thou stood'st,
 Lose the command. Go from the stage of war.
 Thou canst with splendour do it—do it too
 With innocence. Thou hast lived much for others,
 At length live thou for thy own self. I follow thee.
 My destiny I never part from thine.

Wal. It is too late ! Even now, while thou art losing
 Thy words, one after the other are the mile-stones
 Left fast behind by my post couriers,
 Who bear the order on to Prague and Egra.

(*MAX. stands as convulsed, with a gesture and countenance
 expressing the most intense anguish.*)

Yield thyself to it. We act as we are forced.
 I cannot give assent to my own shame
 And ruin. Thou—no—*thou* canst not forsake me !
 So let us do, what must be done, with dignity,
 With a firm step. What am I doing worse
 Than did famed Cæsar at the Rubicon,
 When he the legions led against his country,

The which his country had delivered to him?
 Had he thrown down the sword, he had been lost,
 As I were, if I but disarmed myself.
 I traced out something in me of his spirit.
 Give me his luck, *that other thing* I'll bear.

(MAX. quits him abruptly. WALLENSTEIN, startled and overpowered, continues looking after him, and is still in this posture when TERTSKY enters.)

SCENE III.

WALLENSTEIN, TERTSKY.

Ter. Max. Piccolomini just left you?

Wal. Where is Wrangel?

Ter. He is already gone.

Wal. In such a hurry?

Ter. It is as if the earth had swallowed him.

He had scarce left thee, when I went to seek him.

I wished some words with him—but he was gone.

How, when, and where, could no one tell me. Nay

I half believe it was the devil himself;

A human creature could not so at once

Have vanished.

Illo (enters). Is it true that thou wilt send
 Octavio?

Ter. How, Octavio! Whither send him!

Wal. He goes to Frauenberg, and will lead hither
 The Spanish and Italian regiments.

Illo. No!

Nay, Heaven forbid!

Wal. And why should Heaven forbid?

Illo. Him!—that deceiver! Wouldst thou trust to him
 The soldiery? Him wilt thou let slip from thee,
 Now, in the very instant that decides us——

Ter. Thou wilt not do this!—no! I pray thee, no!

Wal. Ye are whimsical.

Illo. O but for this time, Duke,

Yield to our warning! Let him not depart.

Wal. And why should I not trust him only this time,
 Who have always trusted him? What, then, has happened,
 That I should lose my good opinion of him?
 In complaisance to your whims, not my own,

I must, forsooth, give up a rooted judgment.
Think not I am a woman. Having trusted him
E'en till to-day, to-day too will I trust him.

Ter. Must it be he—he only! Send another.

Wal. It must be he, whom I myself have chosen;
He is well-fitted for the business. Therefore
I gave it him.

Illo. Because he's an Italian—

Therefore is he well fitted for the business.

Wal. I know you love them not—nor sire nor son—
Because that I esteem them, love them—visibly
Esteem them, love them more than you and others,
E'en as they merit. Therefore are they eye-blights,
Thorns in your foot-path. But your jealousies,
In what affect they me or my concerns?
Are they the worse to *me* because you hate them?
Love or hate one another as you will,
I leave to each man his own moods and likings;
Yet know the worth of each of you to me.

Illo. Von Questenberg, while he was here, was always
Lurking about with this Octavio.

Wal. It happened with my knowledge and permission.

Illo. I know that secret messengers came to him
From Galas——

Wal. That's not true.

Illo. O thou art blind

With thy deep-seeing eyes.

Wal. Thou wilt not shake

My faith for me—my faith, which founds itself
On the profoundest science. If 'tis false,
Then the whole science of the stars is false.
For know, I have a pledge from fate itself,
That he is the most faithful of my friends.

Illo. Hast thou a pledge, that this pledge is not false?

Wal. There exist moments in the life of man

When he is nearer the great Soul of the world

Than is man's custom, and possesses freely

The power of questioning his destiny:

And such a moment 'twas, when in the night

Before the action in the plains of Lützen,

Leaning against a tree, thoughts crowding thoughts,

I looked out far upon the ominous plain.

My whole life, past and future, in this moment

Before my mind's eye glided in procession,

And to the destiny of the next morning

The spirit, filled with anxious presentiment,
 Did knit the most removed futurity.
 Then said I also to myself, "So many
 Dost thou command. They follow all thy stars,
 And as on some great number set their All
 Upon thy single head, and only man
 The vessel of thy fortune. Yet a day
 Will come, when destiny shall once more scatter
 All these in many a several direction :
 Few be they who will stand out faithful to thee."
 I yearned to know which one was faithfullest
 Of all, this camp included. Great Destiny,
 Give me a sign ! And he shall be the man,
 Who, on the approaching morning, comes the first
 To meet me with a token of his love :
 And thinking this, I fell into a slumber.
 Then midmost in the battle was I led
 In spirit. Great the pressure and the tumult !
 Then was my horse killed under me : I sank :
 And over me away all unconcernedly,
 Drove horse and rider—and thus trod to pieces
 I lay, and panted like a dying man.
 Then seized me suddenly a saviour arm ;
 It was Octavio's—I awoke at once,
 'Twas broad day, and *Octavio* stood before me.
 "My brother," said he, "do not ride to-day
 The dapple, as you're wont ; but mount the horse
 Which I have chosen for thee. Do it, brother !
 In love to me. A strong dream warned me so."
 It was the swiftness of this horse that snatched me
 From the hot pursuit of Bannier's dragoons.
 My cousin rode the dapple on that day,
 And never more saw I or horse or rider.

Illo. That was a chance.

Wal. (significantly). There's no such thing as chance.
 In brief, 'tis signed and sealed that this Octavio
 Is my good angel—and now no word more.

(He is retiring)

Ter. This is my comfort—Max. remains our hostage.

Illo. And he shall never stir from here alive.

Wal. (stops and turns himself round). Are ye not like the women, who for ever

Only recur to their first word, although
 One had been talking reason by the hour ?
 Know, that the human being's thoughts and deeds

Are not, like ocean billows, blindly moved.
 The inner world, his micocosmos, is
 The deep shaft, out of which, they spring eternally.
 They grow by certain laws, like the tree's fruit—
 No juggling chance can metamorphose them.
 Have I the human *kernel* first examined?
 Then I know, too, the future will and action.

SCENE IV.

A Chamber in PICCOLOMINI'S Dwelling-house. OCTAVIO PICCOLOMINI, ISOLANI (entering).

Iso. Here am I—Well! who comes yet of the others?

Oct. (with an air of mystery). But, first, a word with you, Count Isolani.

Iso. (with the same air of mystery). Will it explode, ha?—Is the Duke about

To make th' attempt? In me, friend, you may place
 Full confidence.—Nay, put me to the proof

Oct. That may happen.

Iso. Noble brother, I am
 Not one of those men who in words are valiant,
 And when it comes to action skulk away.
 The Duke has acted t'wards me as a friend.
 God knows it is so; and I owe him all—
 He may rely on my fidelity.

Oct. That will be seen hereafter.

Iso. Be on your guard,
 All think not as I think; and there are many
 Who still hold with the Court—yes, and they say
 That those stol'n signatures bind them to nothing

Oct. I am rejoiced to hear it.

Iso. You rejoice!

Oct. That the Emperor has yet such gallant servants,
 And loving friends.

Iso. Nay, jeer not, I entreat you.
 They are no such worthless fellows, I assure you.

Oct. I am assured already. God forbid
 That I should jest!—In very serious earnest
 I am rejoiced to see an honest cause
 So strong.

Iso. The devil!—what!—why, what means this?

Are you not, then——For what, then, am I here?

Oct. That you make full declaration, whether
You will be called the friend or enemy
Of th' Emperor.

Isa. (*with an air of defiance*). That declaration, friend,
I'll make to him in whom a right is placed
To put that question to me.

Oct. Whether, Count,
That right is mine, this paper may instruct you.

Isa. (*stammering*). Why,—why—what! This is the Emperor's
hand and seal! (*Heads.*)

"Whereas the officers collectively
Throughout our army will obey the orders
Of the Lieutenant-General Piccolomini.
As from ourselves."—*Hem!*—Yes! so!—Yes! yes!—
I—I give you joy, Lieutenant-General!

Oct. And you submit you to the order?

Isa. I——

But you have taken me so by surprise—
Time for reflection one *must* have——

Oct. Two minutes.

Isa. My God! But then the case is——

Oct. Plain and simple.

You must declare you, whether you determine
To act a treason 'gainst your Lord and Sovereign,
Or whether you will serve him faithfully.

Isa. Treason!—My God!—But who talks then of treason?

Oct. That is the case. The Prince-duke is a traitor—
Means to lead over to the enemy
The Emperor's army.—Now, Count!—brief and full—
Say, will you break your oath to th' Emperor?
Sell yourself to the enemy?—Say, will you?

Isa. What mean you? I—break my oath, d'ye say,
To his Imperial Majesty?

Did I say so?—When, when have I said that?

Oct. You have not said it yet—not yet. This instant
I wait to hear, Count, whether you *will* say it.

Isa. Ay! that delights me now, that you yourself
Bear witness for me that I never said so.

Oct. And you renounce the Duke then?

Isa. If he's planning

Treason—why, treason breaks all bonds asunder.

Oct. And are determined, too, to fight against him?

Isa. He has done me service—but if he's a villain,
Perdition seize him!—All scores are rubbed off.

Oct. I am rejoiced that you're so well disposed.
This night break off in the utmost secrecy
With all the light-armed troops—it must appear
As came the order from the Duke himself.
At Frapenberg's the place of rendezvous;
There will Count Galas give you further orders.

Iso. It shall be done. But you'll remember me
With th' Emperor—how well disposed you found me.

Oct. I will not fail to mention it honourably.

(*Exit ISOLANI. A Servant enters.*)

What, Colonel Butler!—Show him up.

Iso. (*returning*). Forgive me too my bearish ways, old father!
Lord God! how should I know, then, what a great
Person I had before me.

Oct. No excuses!

Iso. I am a merry lad, and if at time
A rash word might escape me 'gainst the Court
Amidst my wine—You know no harm was meant.

(*Exit*)

Oct. You need not be uneasy on that score.
That has succeeded. Fortune favour us
With all the others only but as much!

SCENE V.

OCTAVIO PICCOLOMINI, BUTLER.

But. At your command, Lieutenant-General.

Oct. Welcome, as honoured friend and visitor.

But. You do me too much honour.

Oct. (*after both have seated themselves*). You have not
Returned the advances which I made you yesterday—
Misunderstood them, as mere empty forms.
That wish proceeded from my heart—I was
In earnest with you—for 'tis now a time
In which the honest should unite most closely.

But. 'Tis only the like-minded can unite.

Oct. True! and I name all honest men like-minded.
I never charge a man but with those acts
To which his character deliberately
Led him; for alas! the violence
Of misunderstandings often thrusts
The best of us from the right track.

You came through Frauenberg. Did the Count Gallas
Say nothing to you? Tell me. He's my friend.

But. His words were lost on me.

Oct.

It grieves me sorely,

To hear it: for his counsel was most wise.
I had myself the like to offer.

But.

Spare

Yourselves the trouble—me th' embarrassment,
To have deserved so ill your good opinion.

Oct. The time is precious—let us talk openly.

You know how matters stand here. Wallenstein

Meditates treason—I can tell you further—

He has committed treason; but few hours

Have past, since he a covenant concluded

With th' enemy. The messengers are now

Full on their way to Egra and to Prague.

To-morrow he intends to lead us over

To th' enemy. But he deceives himself;

For prudence wakes—the Emperor has still

Many and faithful friends here, and they stand

In closest union, mighty though unseen.

This manifesto sentences the Duke—

Recalls the obedience of the army from him,

And summons all the loyal, all the honest,

To join and recognise in me their leader.

Choose—will you share with us an honest cause,

Or with the evil share an evil lot?

But. (rises). His lot is mine.

Oct.

Is that your last resolve?

But. It is.

Oct. Nay, but bethink you, Colonel Butler!

As yet you have time. Within my faithful breast

That rashly uttered word remains interred.

Recall it, Butler! choose a better party:

You have not chosen the right one.

But. (going).

Any other

Commands for me, Lieutenant-general?

Oct. See your white hairs! Recall that word!

But.

Farewell!

Oct. What! would you draw this good and gallant sword

In such a cause? Into a curse would you

Transform the gratitude which you have earned

By forty years' fidelity from Austria?

But. (laughing with bitterness). Gratitude from the House of
Austria.
(He is going.)

Oct. (permits him to go as far as the door, then calls after him).

Butler!

But. What wish you?

Oct. How was't with the Count?

But. Count? what?

Oct. (coldly). The title that you wished I mean.

But. (starts in sudden passion). Hell and damnation!

Oct. (coldly). You petitioned for it—

And your petition was repelled—Was it so?

But. Your insolent scoff shall not go by unpunished.

Draw!

Oct. Nay! your sword to 'ts sheath! and tell me calmly,
How all that happened. I will not refuse you
Your satisfaction afterwards—Calmly, Butler!

But. Be the whole world acquainted with the weakness
For which I never can forgive myself.

Lieutenant-General! Yes—I have ambition.

Ne'er was I able to endure contempt.

It stung me to the quick, that birth and title
Should have more weight than merit has in th' army.

I would fain not be meamer than my equal,

So in an evil hour I let myself

Be tempted to that measure—It was folly!

But yet so hard a penance it deserved not.

It might have been refused; but wherefore barb

And venom the refusal with contempt?

Why dash to earth and crush with heaviest scorn

The grey-haired man, the faithful Veteran?

Why to the baseness of his parentage

Refer him with such cruel roughness, only

Because he had a weak hour and forgot himself!

But nature gives a sting e'en to the worm

Which wanton power treads on in sport and insult.

Oct. You must have been calumniated. Guess you

The enemy, who did you this ill service?

But. Be't who it will—a most low-hearted scoundrel,

Some vile court-minion must it be, some Spaniard,

Some young squire of some ancient family,

In whose light I may stand, some envious knave,

Stung to his soul by my fair self-earned honours!

Oct. But tell me! Did the Duke approve that measure?

But. Himself impelled me to it, used his interest

In my behalf with all the warmth of friendship.

Oct. Ay! Are you sure of that?

I read the letter.

Oct. And so did I—but the contents were different.

(BUTLER is suddenly struck.)

By chance I'm in possession of that letter—

Can leave it to your own eyes to convince you.

(He gives him the letter.)

But. Ha! what is this?

Oct. I fear me, Colonel Butler,
An infamous game have they been playing with you.
The Duke, you say, impelled you to this measure?
Now, in this letter talks he in contempt
Concerning you, counsels the Minister
To give sound chastisement to your conceit,
For so he calls it.

(BUTLER reads through the letter, his knees tremble, he seizes a chair, and sinks down in it.)

You have no enemy, no persecutor;
There's no one wishes ill to you. Ascribe
The insult you received to the Duke only.
His aim is clear and palpable. He wished
To tear you from your Emperor—he hoped
To gain from your revenge what he well knew
(What your long-tried fidelity convinced him)
He ne'er could dare expect from your calm reason.
A blind tool would he make you, in contempt
Use you, as means of most abandoned ends.
He has gained his point. Too well has he succeeded
In luring you away from that good path
On which you had been journeying forty years!

But, *(his voice trembling)*. Can e'er the Emperor's Majesty forgive me?

Oct. More than forgive you. He would fain compensate
For that affront, and most unmerited grievance
Sustained by a deserving, gallant veteran.
From this free impulse he confirms the present,
Which the Duke made you for a wicked purpose.
The regiment, which you now command, is yours.

(BUTLER attempts to rise, sinks down again. He labours inwardly with violent emotions; tries to speak, and cannot. At length he takes his sword from his belt, and offers it to PICCOLOMINI.)

Oct. What wish you? Recollect yourself, friend.

But.

Take it.

Oct. But to what purpose? Calm yourself.

But.

O take it!

I am no longer worthy of this sword.

Oct. Receive it then anew from my hands—and
Wear it with honour for the right cause ever.

But. ——— Perjure myself to such a gracious Sovereign!

Oct. You'll make amends. Quick! break off from the Duke

But. Break off from him!

Oct. What now? Bethink thyself.

But. *(no longer governing his emotion)*. Only break off from him?
He dies! he dies!

Oct. Come after me to Frauenberg, where now
All who are loyal are assembling under
Counts Altringer and Galas. Many others
I've brought to a remembrance of their duty.
This night be sure that you escape from Pilsen.

(BUTLER strides up and down in excessive agitation, then steps up to OCT. with resolved countenance.)

But. Count Piccolomini! Dare that man speak
Of honour to you, who once broke his troth.

Oct. He who repents so deeply of it, dares.

But. Then leave me here, upon my word of honour!

Oct. What's your design?

But. Leave me and my regiment.

Oct. I have full confidence in you. But tell me
What are you brooding?

But. That the deed will tell you.
Ask me no more at present. Trust to me.

Ye may trust safely. By the living God

Ye give him over not to his good angel!

Farewell.

(Exit BUTLER.)

Ser. *(enters with a billet)*. A stranger left it, and is gone.
The Prince-duke's horses wait for you below.

(Exit Servant.)

Oct. *(reads)*. "Be sure, make haste! Your faithful Isolan."

—O that I had but left this town behind me.

To split upon a rock so near the haven!—

Away! this is no longer a safe place for me!

Where can my son be tarrying?

SCENE VI.

OCTAVIO, and MAX. PICCOLOMINI.

MAX. enters in a state of derangement from extreme agitation, his eyes roll wildly, his walk is unsteady, he appears not to observe his father, who stands at a distance, and gazes at him with a countenance expressive of compassion. He paces with long strides through the chamber, then stands still again, and at last throws himself into a chair, staring vacantly at the object directly before him.

Oct. (advances to MAX.). I am going off, my son.
(Receiving no answer, he takes his hand.)
 My son, farewell.

Max. Farewell.

Oct. Thou wilt soon follow me?

Max. I follow thee?

Thy way is crooked—it is not my way.

(OCTAVIO drops his hand, and starts back.)

O, hadst thou been but simple and sincere,
 Ne'er had it come to this—all had stood otherwise.
 He had not done that foul and horrible deed,
 The virtuous had retained their influence o'er him:
 He had not fallen into the snares of villains.
 Wherefore so like a thief, and thief's accomplice,
 Did'st creep behind him—lurking for thy prey?
 O, unblest falsehood! Mother of all evil!
 Thou misery-making demon, it is thou
 That sink'st us in perdition. Simple truth,
 Sustainer of the world, had saved us all!
 Father, I will not, I cannot excuse thee!
 Wallenstein has deceived me—O, most foully!
 But thou hast acted not much better.

Oct. Son!

My son, ah! I forgive thy agony!

Max. (rises and contemplates his father with looks of suspicion).
 Was't possible? had'st thou the heart, my father,
 Had'st thou the heart to drive it to such lengths,
 With cold premeditated purpose? Thou—
 Had'st thou the heart, to wish to see him guilty,
 Rather than saved? Thou risest by his fall.

Octavio, will not please me.

Oct. God in Heaven!

Max O woe is me ! sure I have changed my nature.
 How comes suspicion here—in the free soul ?
 Hope, confidence, belief, are gone, for all
 Laid to me, all what I e'er loved or honoured
 No ! No ! Not all ! She—she yet lives for me,
 And she is true, and open as the heavens !
 Deceit is every where, hypocrisy,
 Murder, and poisoning, treason, perjury.
 The single holy spot is now our love,
 The only unprofaned in human nature

Oct *Max* '—we will go together I will be better.

Max. What ? ere I've taken a last parting leave,
 The very last—no, never !

Oct Spare thyself
 The pang of necessary separation
 Come with me ! Come, my son !

(Attempts to take him with him)

Max No ! as sure as God lives, no !

Oct (more urgently) Come with me, I command thee ! I, thy
 father.

Max. Command me what is human I stay here

Oct. *Max* ! in the Emperor's name I bid thee come.

Max No Emperor has power to prescribe
 Laws to the heart ! and wouldst thou wish to rob me
 Of the sole blessing which my fate has left me,
 Her sympathy ? Must then a cruel deed
 Be done with cruelty ? The unalterable
 Shall I perform ignobly—steal away,
 With stealthy coward flight forsake her ? No !
 She shall behold my suffering, my sore anguish,
 Hear the complaints of the departed soul,
 And weep tears o'er me Oh ! the human race
 Have steely souls—but she is an angel
 From the black deadly madness of despair
 Will she redeem my soul, and in soft words
 Of comfort, plaining, loose this pang of death !

Oct Thou wilt not tear thyself away, thou canst not.
 O, come, my son ! I bid thee save thy virtue

Max Squander not thou thy words in vain.
 The heart I follow, for I dare trust to it

Oct (trembling and losing all self-command). *Max* ! *Max* !
 if that most damned thing could be,

If thou—my son—my own blood—(dare I think it)
 Do sell thyself to him, the infamous,
 Do stamp this brand upon our noble house,

Then shall the world behold the horrible deed,
And in unnatural combat shall the steel
Of the son trickle with the father's blood.

Max. O hadst thou always better thought of men,
Thou hadst then acted better. Curs't suspicion!
Unholy miserable doubt! To him.
Nothing on earth remains unwrenched and firm,
Who has no faith.

Oct. And if I trust thy heart,
Will it be always in thy power to follow it?

Max. The heart's voice thou hast not o'erpower'd—as little
Will Wallenstein be able to o'erpower it.

Oct. O, Max.! I see thee never more again!

Max. Unworthy of thee wilt thou never see me.

Oct. I go to Frauenberg—the Pappenheimers
I leave thee here, the Lothrings too; Tuskana
And Tiefenbach remain here to protect thee.
They love thee, and are faithful to their oath,
And will far rather fall in gallant contest
Than leave their rightful leader, and their honour.

Max. Rely on this, I either leave my life
In the struggle, or conduct them out of Pilsen.

Oct. Farewell, my son!

Max. Farewell!

Oct. How? not one look
Of filial love? No grasp of th' hand at parting?
It is a bloody war, to which we are going,
And the event uncertain and in darkness.
So used we not to part—it was not so!
Is it then true, I have a son no longer?

(*MAX. falls into his arms; they hold each other for a long
time in a speechless embrace, then go away at different
sides.*)

The Curtain drops.

THE
DEATH OF WALLENSTEIN.

A TRAGEDY IN FIVE ACTS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

WALLENSTEIN, *Duke of Friedland, Generalissimo of the Imperial Forces in the Thirty Years' War.*

DUCHESS OF FRIEDLAND, *Wife of Wallenstein.*

THEKLA, *her Daughter, Princess of Friedland.*

THE COUNTESS TERTSKY, *Sister of the Duchess.*

LADY NEUBRUNN.

OCTAVIO PICCOLOMINI, *Lieutenant-General.*

MAX. PICCOLOMINI, *his Son, Colonel of a Regiment of Cuirassiers.*

COUNT TERTSKY, *the Commander of several Regiments, and Brother-in-Law of Wallenstein.*

ILLO, *Field-Marshal, Wallenstein's Confidant.*

BUTLER, *an Irishman, Commander of a Regiment of Dragoons.*

GORDON, *Governor of Egra.*

MAJOR GERALDIN.

CAPTAIN DEVEREUX.

CAPTAIN MACDONALD.

NEUMANN, *Captain of Cavalry, Aide-de-Camp to Tertsky.*

SWEDISH CAPTAIN.

SENİ.

BURGOMASTER of Egra.

ANSPESSADE of the Cuirassiers.

GROOM OF THE CHAMBER, } *belonging to the Duke.*

A PAGE,

Cuirassiers, Dragoons, Servants.

THE
PICCOLOMINI;
OR
DEATH OF WALLENSTEIN.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Chamber in the House of the DUCHESS OF FRIED-*

LAND. COUNTLESS TERTSKY, THEKLA, LADY NEUBRUNN.

(The two latter sit at the same table at work.)

Coun. (watching them from the opposite side). So you have nothing, niece, to ask me? Nothing?

I have been waiting for a word from you.

And could you then endure in all this time

Not once to speak his name?

(THEKLA remaining silent, the COUNTESS rises and advances to her.)

Why comes this?

Perhaps I am already grown superfluous,

And other ways exist, besides through me?

Confess it to me, Thekla! have you seen him?

Thek. To-day and yesterday I have not seen him.

Coun. And not heard from him either? Come, be open!

Thek. No syllable.

Coun. And still you are so calm?

Thek. I am.

Coun. May't please you, leave us, Lady Neubrunn!

(Exit LADY NEUBRUNN.)

SCENE II.

The COUNTESS, THEKLA.

Coun. It does not please me, Princess! that he holds Himself so still, exactly at this time.

Thek. Exactly at *this* time?

Coun. He now knows all.

'Twas now the moment to declare himself.

Thek. If I'm to understand you, speak less darkly.

Coun. 'Twas for that purpose that I bade her leave us.

Thekla, you are no more a child Your heart

Is now no more in nonage: for you love,

And boldness dwells with love— that *you* have proved

Your nature moulds itself upon your father's

More than your mother's spirit. Therefore may you

Hear, what were too much for her fortitude.

Thek. Enough! no further preface, I entreat you.

At once out with it! Be it what it may,

It is not possible that it should torture me

More than this introduction. What have you

To say to me? Tell me the whole and briefly!

Coun. You'll not be frightened—

Thek. Name it, I entreat you.

Coun. It lies within your power to do your father

A weighty service—

Thek. Lies within my power?

Coun. Max. Piccolomini loves you. You can link him

Indissolubly to your father.

Thek. I?

What need of me for that? And is he not

Already linked to him?

Coun. He was.

Thek. And wherefore

Should he not be so now—not be so always?

Coun. He cleaves to th' Emperor too

Thek. Not more than duty

And honour may demand of him.

Coun. We ask

Proofs of his love, and not proofs of his honour.

Duty and honour!

Those are ambiguous words with many meanings.

You should interpret them for him—his love

Should be the sole definer of his honour.

Thek. How?

Coun. Th' Emperor or you must he renounce.

Thek. He will accompany my father gladly

In his retirement. From himself you heard,

How much he wished to lay aside the sword.

Coun. He must not lay the sword aside, we mean;

He must unsheath it in your father's cause.

Thok. He'll spend with gladness and alacrify
His life, his heart's blood in my father's cause,
If shame or injury be intended him.

Coun. You will not understand me. Well, hear then!
Your father has fallen off from the Emperor,
And is about to join the enemy
With the whole soldiery—

Thok. Alas, my mother!

Coun. There needs a great example to draw on
The army after him The Piccolomini
Possess the love and reverence of the troops;
They govern all opinions, and wherever
They lead the way, none hesitate to follow.
The son secures the father to our interests—
You've much in your hands at this moment.

Thok. Ah,

My miserable mother! what a death-stroke
Awaits thee!—No! She never will survive it

Coun. She will accommodate her soul to that
Which is and must be I do know your mother.
The far-off future weighs upon her heart
With torture of anxiety, but is it
Unalterably, actually present,
She soon resigns herself, and bears it calmly.

Thok. O my foreboding bosom! Even now,
Even now 'tis here, that icy hand of horror!
And my young hope lies shuddering in his grasp,
I knew it well—no sooner had I entered,
A heavy ominous presentiment
Revealed to me, that spirits of death were hovering
Over my happy fortune. But why think I
First of myself? My mother! O my mother!

Coun. Calm yourself! Break not out in vain lamenting!
Preserve you for your father the firm friend,
And for yourself the lover, all will yet
Prove good and fortunate.

Thok. Prove good? What good?
Must we not part? Part never to meet again?

Coun. He parts not from you. He can not part from you.

Thok. Alas for his sore anguish! It will rend
His heart asunder.

Coun. If indeed he loves you,
His resolution will be speedily taken.

Thok. His resolution will be speedily taken—
O do not doubt of that! A resolution!

Does there remain one to be taken?

Coun.

Hush!

Collect yourself! I hear your mother coming.

Thek. How shall I bear to see her?

Coun.

Collect yourself.

SCENE III.

To them enter the DUCHESS.

Duch. (to the COUNTESS). Who was here, sister? I heard some one talking,
And passionately too.

Coun.

Nay! There was no one.

Duch. I am grown so timorous, every trifling noise
Scatters my spirits, and announces to me
The footstep of some messenger of evil.
And can you tell me, sister, what the event is?
Will he agree to do the Emperor's pleasure,
And send th' horse regiments to the Cardinal?
Tell me, has he dismissed Von Questenberg
With a favourable answer?

Coun.

No, he has not.

Duch. Alas! then all is lost! I see it coming,
The worst that can come! Yes, they will depose him;
The accursed business of the Regensburg diet
Will all be acted o'er again!

Coun.

No! never!

Make your heart easy, sister, as to that.

*(THEKLA, in extreme agitation, throws herself upon her Mother,
and enfolds her in her arms, weeping.)*

Duch. Yes, my poor child!

Thou too hast lost a most affectionate godmother
In th' Empress. O that stern unbending man!
In this unhappy marriage what have I
Not suffered, not endured. For ev'n as if
I had been linked on to some wheel of fire
That restless, ceaseless, whirls impetuous onward,
I have passed a life of frights and horrors with him,
And ever to the brink of some abyss
With dizzy headlong violence he whirls me.
Nay, do not weep, my child! Let not my sufferings
Designify unhappiness to thee,
Nor blacken with their shade the fate that waits thee.
There lives no second Friedland; thou, my child

Hast not to fear thy mother's destiny.

Thek. O let us supplicate him, dearest mother!
Quick! quick! here's no abiding-place for us.
Here every coming hour broods into life
Some new affrightful monster.

Duch. Thou wilt share
An easier, calmer lot, my child! We too,
I and thy father, witnessed happy days.
Still think I with delight of those first years,
When he was making progress with glad effort,
When his ambition was a genial fire,
Not that consuming *flame* which now it is.
The Emperor loved him, trusted him: and all
He undertook could not but be successful.
But since that ill-starred day at Regenspurg,
Which plunged him headlong from his dignity,
A gloomy uncompanionable spirit,
Unsteady and suspicious, has possessed him.
His quiet mind forsook him, and no longer
Did he yield up himself in joy and faith
To his old luck, and individual power;
But thenceforth turned his heart and best affections
All to those cloudy sciences, which never
Have yet made happy him who followed them.

Coun. You see't, sister! as *your* eyes permit you.
But surely this is not the conversation
To pass the time in which we are waiting for him.
You know he will be soon here. Would you have him
Find *her* in this condition?

Duch. Come, my child!
Come, wipe away thy tears, and show thy father
A cheerful countenance. See, the tie-knot here
Is off—this hair must not hang so dishevelled.
Come, dearest! dry thy tears up. They deform
Thy gentle eye.—Well now—what was I saying?
Yes, in good truth, this Piccolomini
Is a most noble and deserving gentleman.

Coun. That is he, sister!

Thek. (to the COUNTESS, with marks of great oppression of spirits.)

Aunt, you will excuse me?

(*Is going.*)

Coun. But whither? See, your father comes.

Thek. I cannot see him now.

Coun. Nay, but bethink you.

Thek. Believe me, I cannot sustain his presence.

Coun. But he will miss you, will ask after you.

Duch. What now? Why is she going?

Coun. She's not well.

Duch. (*anxiously*). What ails then my beloved child?

(*Both follow the PRINCES, and endeavour to detain her.*
During this WALLENSTEIN appears, engaged in conversation with ILLO.)

SCENE IV.

WALLENSTEIN, ILLO, COUNTESS, DUCHESS, THEKLA.

Wal. All quiet in the camp?

Illo. It is all quiet.

Wal. In a few hours may couriers come from Prague
With tidings, that this capital is ours.
Then we may drop the mask, and to the troops
Assembled in this town make known the measure
And its result together. In such cases
Example does the whole. Whoever is foremost
Still leads the herd. An imitative creature
Is man. The troops at Prague conceive no other,
Than that the Pilsen army has gone through
The forms of homage to us; and in Pilsen
They shall swear fealty to us, because
The example has been given them by Prague.
Butler, you tell me, has declared himself.

Illo. At his own bidding, unsolicited,
He came to offer you himself and regiment.

Wal. I find we must not give implicit credence
To every warning voice that makes itself
Be listened to in th' heart. To hold us back,
Oft does the lying spirit counterfeit
The voice of truth and inward revelation,
Scattering false oracles. And thus have I
To intreat forgiveness, for that secretly
I've wrong'd this honourable gallant man,
This Butler: for a feeling, of the which
I am not master (*fear I would not call it*)
Creeps o'er me instantly, with sense of shuddering,
At his approach, and stops love's joyous motion.
And this same man, against whom I am warned,
This honest man is he, who reaches to me
The first pledge of my fortune.

Illo. And doubt not
That his example will win over to you

The best men in the army.

Wal.

Go and send

Isolani hither. Send him immediately.

He is under recent obligations to me.

With him will I commence the trial. (Go. (ILLO exit.)

Wal. (*turns himself round to the female*). Lo, there the mother
with the darling daughter!

For once we'll have an interval of rest—

Come! my heart yearns to live a cloudless hour

In the beloved circle of my family.

Coun. 'Tis long since we've been thus together, brother.

Wal. (*to the COUNTESS aside*) Can she sustain the news? Is
she prepared?

Coun. Not yet.

Wal. Come here, my sweet girl! Seat thee by me,

For there is a good spirit on thy lips.

Thy mother praised to me thy ready skill:

She says a voice of melody dwells in thee,

Which doth enchant the soul. Now such a voice

Will drive away from me the evil demon

That beats his black wings close above my head.

Duch. Where is thy lute, my daughter? Let thy father
Hear some small trial of thy skill

Thek.

My mother!

I—

Duch. Trembling? Come, collect thyself. Go, cheer
Thy father.

Thek. O my mother! I—I cannot.

Coun. How, what is that, niece?

Thek. (*to the COUNTESS*). O spare me—sing—now—in this sore
anxiety, .

Of the o'erburthened soul—to sing to him,

Who is thrusting, even now, my mother headlong

Into her grave!

Duch. How, Thekla? Humoursome?

What! shall thy father have expressed a wish
In vain?

Coun. Here is the lute.

Thek.

My God! how can I—

(*The orchestra plays. During the ritornello, THEKLA expresses in her gestures and countenance the struggle of her feelings: and at the moment that she should begin to sing, contracts herself together, as one shuddering, throws the instrument down, and retires abruptly.*)

Duch. My child! O she is ill—

Wal. What ails the maiden?
Say, is she often so?

Coun. Since then herself
Has now betrayed it, I too must no longer
Conceal it.

Wal. What?

Coun. She loves him!

Wal. Loves him! Whom?

Coun. Max. does she love! Max. Piccolomini.
Hast thou ne'er noticed it? Nor yet my sister?

Duch. Was it this that lay so heavy on her heart
God's blessing on thee, my sweet child! Thou needest
Never take shame upon thee for thy choice.

Coun. This journey,—if 'twere not thy aim, ascribe it
To thine own self. Thou should'st have chosen another
To have attended her.

Wal. And does he know it?

Coun. Yes, and he hopes to win her.

Wal. Hopes to win her!

Is the boy mad?

Coun. Well—hear it from themselves.

Wal. He thinks to carry off Duke Friedland's daughter!
Aye!—the thought pleases me.
The young man has no grovelling spirit.

Coun. Since

Such and such constant favour you have shown him—

Wal. He chooses finally to be my heir.

And true it is, I love the youth; yea, honour him.
But must he therefore be my daughter's husband!
Is it daughters only? Is it only children
That we must show our favour by?

Duch. His noble disposition and his manners—

Wal. Win him my heart, but not my daughter.

Duch. Then

His rank, his ancestors—

Wal. Ancestors! What?

He is a subject, and my son-in-law
I will seek out upon the thrones of Europe.

Duch. O dearest Albrecht! Climb we not too high,
Lest we should fall too low.

Wal. What? have I paid

A price so heavy to ascend this eminence,
To put out high above the common herd,
To chose the mighty part I play
In this great drama, with a common kinsman?

Have I for this—

(Stops suddenly, repressing himself.)

She is the only thing

That will remain behind of me on earth ;

And I will see a crown around her head,

Or die in the attempt to place it there.

I hazard all—all ! and for this alone,

To lift her into greatness—

Yea, in this moment, in the which we are speaking—

(He recollects himself.)

And I must now, like a soft-hearted father,

Couple together in good peasant fashion

The pair, that chance to suit each other's liking—

And I must do it now, even now, when I

Am stretching out the wreath that is to twine

My full accomplished work—no ! she is the jewel

Which I have treasured long, my last, my noblest,

And 'tis my purpose not to let her from me

For less than a king's sceptre.

Duch.

O my husband !

You're ever building, building to the clouds,

Still building higher, and still higher building,

And ne'er reflect, that the poor narrow basis

Cannot sustain the giddy tottering column.

Wal. (to the COUNTESS). Have you announced the place of residence

Which I have destined for her ?

Coun.

No ! not yet.

'Twere better you yourself disclosed it to her.

Duch. How ? Do we not return to Karn then ?

Wal.

No.

Duch. And to no other of your lands or seats ?

Wal. You would not be secure there.

Duch.

Not secure

In the Emperor's realms, beneath the Emperor's

Protection ?

Wal. Friedland's wife may be permitted

No longer to hope *that*.

Duch.

O God in heaven !

And have you brought it even to this ?

Wal.

In Holland

You'll find protection.

Duch.

In a Lutheran country ?

What ? And you send us into Lutheran countries ?

Wal. Duke Franz of Lauenburg conducts you thither.

Duch. Duke Franz of Lauenberg ?

The ally of Sweden, the Emperor's enemy.

Wal. The Emperor's enemies are mine no longer.

Duch. (*casting a look of terror on the DUKE and the COUNTESS*).

Is it then true? It is. You are degraded?

Deposed from the command? O God in heaven!

Coun. (*aside to the DUKE*). Leave her in this belief. Thou seest she cannot

Support the real truth.

SCENE V.

To them enter COUNT TERTSKY.

Coun.

—Tertsy,

What ails him? What an image of affright!

He looks as he had seen a ghost.

Ter. (*leading WALLENSTEIN aside*). Is it thy command that all the Croats—

Wal.

Mine?

Ter. We are betrayed.

Wal.

What?

Ter.

They are off! This night

The Jagers likewise—all the villages

In the whole round are empty.

Wal.

Isolani?

Ter. Him thou hast sent away. Yes, surely.

Wal.

I?

Ter. No! Hast thou not sent him off? Nor Deodate?
They are vanished both of them.

SCENE VI.

To them enter ILL.

Mo. Has Tertsy told thee?

Ter.

He knows all.

Illo.

And likewise

That Esterhazy, Goetz, Maradas, Kaunitz,

Kolatto, Palfi, have forsaken thee?

Ter. Damnation!

Wal. (*winks at them*). Hush!

Coun. (who has been watching them anxiously from the distance, and now advances to them). Tertsy! Heaven! What is it? What has happened?

Wal. (scarcely suppressing his emotions). Nothing! let us be gone!

Ter. (following him). Theresa, it is nothing.

Coun. (holding him back). Nothing? Do I not see, that all the life-blood

Has left your cheeks—look you not like a ghost?

That even my brother but affects a calmness?

Page (enters). An Aide-de-Camp inquires for the Count Tertsy. (TERTSKY follows the Page.)

Wal. Go, hear his business.

(To ILLO.) This could not have happened

So unsuspected without mutiny.

Who was on guard at the gates?

Illo. 'Twas Tiefenbach.

Wal. Let Tiefenbach leave guard without delay,

And Tertsy's grenadiers relieve him. (ILLO is going.)

Stop!

Hast thou heard aught of Butler?

Illo. Him I met.

He will be here himself immediately.

Butler remains unshaken.

(ILLO exit. WALLENSTEIN is following him.)

Coun. Let him not leave thee, sister! go, detain him!

There's some misfortune.

Duch. (clinging to him). Gracious heaven! What is it?

Wal. Be tranquil! leave me, sister! dearest wife!

We are in camp, and this is nought unusual;

Here storm and sunshine follow one another

With rapid interchanges. These fierce spirits

Champ the curb angrily, and never yet

Did quiet bless the temples of the leader.

If I am to stay, go you. The complaints of women

Ill suit the scene where men must act.

(He is going: TERTSKY returns.)

Ter. Remain here. From this window must we see it.

Wal. (to the COUNTESS). Sister, retire!

Coun. No—never.

Wal. 'Tis my will.

Ter. (leads the COUNTESS aside, and drawing her attention to the DUCHESS). Theresa!

Duch. Sister, come! since he commands it.

SCENE VII.

WALLENSTLIN, TILTSKY.

Wal. (stepping to the window). What now, then?

Ter. There are strange movements among all the troops,
And no one knows the cause. Mysteriously,
With gloomy silentness, the several corps
Marshal themselves, each under its own banners.
Tiefenbach's corps makes threatening movements; only
The Pappenheimers still remain aloof
In their own quarters, and let no one enter.

Wal. Does Piccolomini appear among them?

Ter. We are seeking him: he is nowhere to be met with.

Wal. What did the Aide-de-Camp deliver to you?

Ter. My regiments had dispatched him, yet once more
They swear fidelity to thee, and wait
The shout for onset, all prepared, and eager.

Wal. But whence arose this larum in the camp?
It should have been kept secret from the army,
Till fortune had decided for us at Prague.

Ter. O that thou hadst believed me! Yester evening
Did we conjure thee not to let that skulker,
That fox, Octavio, pass the gates of Pilsen
Thou gav'st him thy own horses to flee from thee.

Wal. The old tune still! Now, once for all, no more
Of this suspicion—it is doting folly.

Ter. Thou didst confide in Isolani too;
And lo! he was the first that did desert thee.

Wal. It was but yesterday I rescued him
From abject wretchedness. Let that go by.
I never reckon'd yet on gratitude
And wherein doth he wrong in going from me?
He follows still the god whom all his life
He has worshipped at the gambling table. With
My fortune, and my seeming destiny,
He made the bond, and broke it not with me.
I am but the ship in which his hopes were stowed,
And with the which well-pleased and confident
He traversed the open sea; now he beholds it
In imminent jeopardy among the coast-rocks,
And huries to preserve his wares. As light
As the free bird from the hospitable twig
Where it had nested, he flies off from me:

No human tie is snapped betwixt us two.
 Yes, he deserves to find himself deceived,
 Who seeks a heart in the unthinking man.
 Like shadows on a stream, the forms of life
 Impress their characters on the smooth forehead,
 Nought sinks into the bosom's silent depth :
 Quick sensibility of pain and pleasure
 Moves the light fluids lightly ; but no soul
 Warmeth the inner frame.

Ter. Yet, would I rather
 Trust the smooth brow than that deep furrowed one.

SCENE VIII.

WALLENSTEIN, TERTSKY, ILLO, *who enters agitated with rage.*

Illo. Treason and mutiny !

Ter. And what further now ?

Illo. Tiefenbach's soldiers, when I gave the orders
 To go off guard—Mutinous villains !

Ter. Well !

Wal. What followed ?

Illo. They refused obedience to them.

Ter. Fire on them instantly ! Give out the order.

Wal. Gently ! what cause did they assign ?

Illo. No other,

They said, had right to issue orders but

Lieutenant-General *Piccolomini*.

Wal. (*in convulsion of agony*). What ? How is that ?

Illo. He takes that office on him by commission,
 Under sign-manual of the Emperor.

Ter. From th' Emperor—hear'st thou, Duke ?

Illo. At his incitement
 The Generals made that stealthy flight—

Ter. Duke ! hearest thou ?

Illo. Caraffa too and Montecuculi,
 Are missing, with six other Generals,
 All whom he had induced to follow him.
 This plot he has long had in writing by him
 From the Emperor ; but 'twas finally concluded
 With all the detail of the operation
 Some days ago with the Envoy Questenberg.

(*WALLENSTEIN sinks down into a chair and covers his face.*)

Ter. O hadst thou but believed me !

SCENE IX.

To them enter the COUNTESS.

Coun. This suspense,
This horrid fear—I can no longer bear it.
For heaven's sake, tell me, what has taken place.
Illo. The regiments are all falling off from us.
Ter. Octavio Piccolomini is a traitor.
Coun. O my foreboding!

(Rushes out of the room).

Ter. Hadst thou but believed me!
Now seest thou how the stars have lied to thee.
Wal. The stars lie not; but we have here a work
Wrought counter to the stars and destiny.
The science is still honest: this false heart
Forces a lie on the truth-telling heaven.
On a divine law divination rests;
Where nature deviates from that law, and stumbles
Out of her limits, there all science errs.
True, I did not suspect! Were it superstition
Never by such suspicion t' have affronted
The human form, O may that time no'er come
In which I shame me of the infirmity.
The wildest savage drinks not with the victim,
Into whose breast he means to plunge the sword.
This, this, Octavio, was no hero's deed:
'Twas not thy prudence that did conquer mine;
A bad heart triumphed o'er an honest one.
No shield received the assassin's stroke; thou plungest
Thy weapon on an unprotected breast—
Against such weapons I am but a child.

SCENE X.

To them enter BUTLER.

Ter. (meeting him). O look there! Butler! Here we've still
a friend!

Wal. (throws him with outspread arms, and embraces him with warmth). Come to my heart, old comrade!

Not the sun

Shines out upon us more revivingly

In the earliest month of spring,
Than a friend's countenance in such an hour.

But. My General! I come—

Wal. (leaning on BUTLER'S shoulder). Know'st thou already?
That old man has betrayed me to the Emperor.
What say'st thou? Thirty years have we together
Lived out, and held out, sharing joy and hardship.
We have slept in one camp-bed, drunk from one glass.
One morsel shared! I leaned myself on *him*,
As now I lean me on *thy* faithful shoulder.
And now in the very moment, when, all love,
All confidence, my bosom beat to his,
He sees and takes the advantage, stabs the knife
Slowly into my heart. (*He hides his face on BUTLER'S breast.*)

But. Forget the false one.

What is your present purpose?

Wal. Well remembered!

Courage my soul! I am still rich in friends,
Still loved by destiny; for in the moment,
That it unmasks the plotting hypocrite,
It sends and proves to me one *faithful* heart.
Of the hypocrite no more! Think not, his loss
Was that which struck the pang: O no! his treason
Is that which strikes this pang! No more of him!
Dear to my heart and honoured were they both,
And the young man—yes—he *did* truly love me,
He—he—has not deceived me. But enough,
Enough of thi—Swift counsel now beseeems us.
The courier, whom Count Kinsky sent from Prague,
I expect him every moment: and whatever
He may bring with him, we must take good care
To keep it from the mutineers. Quick, then!
Despatch some messenger you can rely on
To meet him, and conduct him to me. (*ILLO is going.*)

But. (detaining him). My General, whom expect you then?

Wal. The courier

Who brings me word of the event at Prague.

But. (hesitating). Hem!

Wal. And what now?

But. You do not know it?

Wal. Well!

But. From what that larum in the camp arose?

Wal. From what?

But. That courier—

Wal. (with eager expectation). Well?

But. Is already here.

Ter. and Illo. (at the same time). Already here!

Wal. My courier!

But. For some hours.

Wal. And I not know it!

But. The sentinels detained him
In custody.

Illo. (stamping with his foot). Damnation!

But. And his letter

Was broken open, and is circulated
Through the whole camp.

Wal. You know what it contains!

But. Question me not.

Ter. Illo! alas for us.

Wal. Hide nothing from me—I can bear the worst.
Prague then is lost. It is. Confess it freely.

But. Yes! Prague is lost. And all the several regiments
At Budweiss, Tabor, Brannau, Koniggratz,
At Brun and Znaym, have forsaken you,
And ta'en the oaths of fealty anew
To the Emperor. Yourself, with Kinsky, Tertsy,
And Illo have been sentenced.

(*TERTSKY and ILLO express alarm and fury. WALLEN-
STEIN remains firm and collected.*)

Wal. 'Tis decided!

'Tis well! I have received a sudden cure
From all the pangs of doubt: with steady stream
Once more my life-blood flows! My soul's secure!
In the night only Friedland's stars can beam.
Lingering irresolute, with fitful fears
I drew the sword—'twas with an inward strife,
While yet the choice was mine. The murderous knife
Is lifted for my heart! Doubt disappears!
I fight now for my head and for my life.

(*Exit WALLENSTEIN; the others follow him.*)

SCENE XI.

COUNTESS TERTSKY (*enters from a side Room*).

I can endure no longer. No. (*Looks around her.*)

Where are they?

No one is here. They leave me all alone,

Alone in this sore anguish of suspense.
 And I must wear the outward show of calmness
 Before my sister, and shut in within me
 The pangs and agonies of my crowded bosom.
 It is not to be borne.—If all should fail;
 If—if he must go over to the Swedes,
 An empty-handed fugitive, and not
 As an ally, a covenanted equal,
 A proud commander with his army following;
 If we must wander on from land to land,
 Like the Count Palatine, of fallen greatness
 An ignominious monument—But no!
 That day I will not see! And could himself
 Endure to sink so low, I would not bear
 To see him so low sunken.

SCENE XII.

COUNTESS, DUCHESS, THEKLA.

Thek. (*endeavouring to hold back the DUCHESS*). Dear mother,
 do stay here!

Duch. No! Here is yet
 Some frightful mystery that is hidden from me.
 Why does my sister shun me? Don't I see her
 Full of suspense and anguish roam about
 From room to room?—Art thou not full of terror?
 And what import these silent nods and gestures
 Which stealthwise thou exchangest with her?

Thek.

Nothing:

Nothing, dear mother!

Duch. (*to the COUNTESS*). Sister, I will know.

Coun. What boots it now to hide it from her? Sooner
 Or later she *must* learn to hear and bear it.
 'Tis not the time now to indulge infirmity;—
 Courage befits us now, a heart collected,
 And exercise and previous discipline
 Of fortitude. One word and over with it!
 Sister, you are deluded. You believe,
 The Duke has been deposed—The Duke is not
 Deposed—he is—

Thek. (*going to the COUNTESS*). What? do you wish to kill her?*Coun.* The Duke is—

Thek. (*throwing her arms round her mother*). O stand firm!
stand firm, my mother!

Coun. Revolted is the Duke, he is preparing
To join the enemy, the army leave him,
And all has failed.

(*During these words the DUCHESS totters, and falls in a faint-
ing fit into the arms of her daughter. While THEKIA is
calling for help, the Curtain drops.*)

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A spacious Room in the DUKE OF FRIEDLAND'S Palace.*

Wal. (*in armour*). Thou hast gained thy point, Octavio! Once
more am I

Almost as friendless as at Regensburg.
There I had nothing left me, but myself—
But what one man can do, you have now experience.
The twigs have you hewed off, and here I stand
A leafless trunk But in the sap within
Lives the creating power, and a new world
May sprout forth from it. Once already have I
Proved myself worth an army to you—I alone!
Before the Swedish strength your troops had melted;
Beside the Lech sank Tilly, your last hope;
Into Bavaria, like a winter torrent,
Did that Gustavus pour, and at Vienna
In his own palace did the Emperor tremble.
Soldiers were scarce, for still the multitude
Follow the luck; all eyes were turned on me,
Their helper in distress: the Emperor's pride
Bowed itself down before the man he had injured.
'Twas I must rise, and with creative word
Assemble forces in the desolate camps.
I did it. Like a god of war, my name
Went through the world. The drum was beat—and, lo!
The plough, the work-shop is forsaken, all
Swarm to the old familiar long-loved banners;
And as the wood-choir rich in melody
Assemble quick around the bird of wonder,
When first his throat swells with his magic song,

So did the warlike youth of Germany
Crowd in around the image of my eagle.
I feel myself the being that I was.
It is the soul that builds itself a body,
And Friedland's camp will not remain unfilled.
Lead then your thousands out to meet me—true!
They are accustomed under me to conquer,
But not against me. If the head and limbs
Separate from each other, 'twill be soon
Made manifest, in which the soul abode.

(ILLO and TERTSKY enter.)

Courage, friends! Courage! We are still unvanquished;
I feel my footing firm; five regiments, Tertsky,
Are still our own, and Butler's gallant troops;
And a host of sixteen thousand Swedes to-morrow.
I was not stronger, when nine years ago
I marched forth, with glad heart and high of hope,
To conquer Germany for the Emperor.

SCENE II.

WALLENSTEIN, ILLO, TERTSKY. (*To them enter NEUMANN,
who leads TERTSKY aside, and talks with him.*)

Ter. What do they want?

Wal. What now?

Ter. Ten Cuirassiers

From Pappenheim request leave to address you
In the name of the regiment.

Wal. (*hastily to NEUMANN*). Let them enter.

(*Exit NEUMANN.*)

This

May end in something. Mark you. They are still
Doubtful, and may be won.

SCENE III.

WALLENSTEIN, TERTSKY, ILLO, *etc.* Cuirassiers (*led by an Anspessade,* march up and arrange themselves, after the word of command, in one front before the DUKE, and make their obeisance. He takes his hat off, and immediately covers himself again.*).

Ans. Halt! Front! Present!

Wal. (*after he has run through them with his eye, to the Anspessade*). I know thee well. Thou art out of Brüggin in Flanders: Thy name is Meray.

Ans. Henry Meray.

Wal. Thou wert cut off on the march, surrounded by the Hessians, and didst fight thy way with a hundred and eighty men through their thousand.

Ans. 'Twas even so, General!

Wal. What reward hadst thou for this gallant exploit?

Ans. That which I asked for: the honour to serve in this corps.

Wal. (*turning to the second*). Thou wert among the volunteers that seized and made booty of the Swedish battery at Altenburg.

2nd Cui. Yes, General!

Wal. I forget no one with whom I have exchanged wo ds. (*A pause.*) Who sends you?

Ans. Your noble regiment, the Cuirassiers of Precolomini.

Wal. Why does not your colonel deliver in your request, according to the custom of service?

Ans. Because we would first know *whom* we serve.

Wal. Begin your address.

Ans. (*giving the word of command*) Shoulder your arms!

Wal. (*turning to a third*). Thy name is Risbeck, Cologne is thy birth-place.

3d Cui. Risbeck of Cologne.

Wal. It was thou that broughtest in the Swedish colonel, Diebold, prisoner, in the camp at Nuremberg.

3d Cui. It was not I, General!

Wal. Perfectly right! It was thy elder brother: thou hadst a younger brother too: Where did he stay?

3d Cui. He is stationed at Olmutz with the Imperial army.

Wal. (*to the Anspessade*). Now then—begin.

Ans. There came to hand a letter from the Emperor Commanding us—

* Anspessade, in German, *Gefreiter*, a soldier inferior to a corporal, but above the *Landknecht*. The German name implies that he is exempt from mounting guard.

Wal. (interrupting him). Who chose you?

Ans.

Every company

Drew its own man by lot.

Wal.

Now! to the business.

Ans. There came to hand a letter from the Emperor
Commanding us collectively, from thee
All duties of obedience to withdraw,
Because thou wert an enemy and traitor.

Wal. And what did you determine?

Ans.

All our comrades

At Brannau, Budweiss, Prague and Olmütz, have
Obeyed already, and the regiments here,
Tiefenbach and Roscana, instantly
Did follow their example. But—but we
Do not believe that thou art an enemy,
A traitor to thy country, hold it merely
For lie and trick, and a trumped up Spanish story!

(With warmth)

Thyself shalt tell us what thy purpose is,
For we have found thee still sincere and true
No mouth shall interpose itself betwixt
The gallant General and the gallant troops

Wal. Therein I recognise my Pappenheimers

Ans. And this proposal makes thy regiment to thee.
Is it thy purpose merely to preserve
In thy own hands this military sceptre,
Which so becomes thee, which the Emperor
Made over to thee by a covenant?

Is it thy purpose merely to remain
Supreme commander of the Austrian armies?—
We will stand by thee, General! and guarantee
Thy honest rights against all opposition
And should it chance, that all the other regiments
Turn from thee, by ourselves will we stand forth
Thy faithful soldiers, and, as is our duty,
Far rather let ourselves be cut to pieces,
Than suffer thee to fall. But if it be
As the Emperor's letter says, if it be true,
That thou in traitorous wise wilt lead us over
To the enemy, which God in heaven forbid!
Then we too will forsake thee, and obey
That letter—

Wal.

Hear me, children!

Ans.

Yes, or no!

There needs no other answer.

Wal.

Yield attention.

You're men of sense, examine for yourselves;
 Ye think, and do not follow with the herd:
 And therefore have I always shown you honour
 Above all others, suffered you to reason,
 Have treated you as free men, and my orders
 Were but the echoes of your prior suffrage—

Ans. Most fair and noble has thy conduct been
 To us, my General! With thy confidence
 Thou hast honoured us, and shown us grace and favour
 Beyond all other regiments; and thou seest
 We follow not the common herd We will
 Stand by thee faithfully. Speak but one word—
 Thy word shall satisfy us, that it is not
 A treason which thou meditatest—that
 Thou meanest not to lead the army over
 To the enemy; nor e'er betray thy country.

Wal. Me, me are they betraying The Emperor
 Hath sacrificed me to my enemies,
 And I must fall, unless my gallant troops
 Will rescue me. See! I confide in you.
 And be your hearts my stronghold! At this breast
 The aim is taken at this hoary head.
 This is your Spanish gratitude, this is our
 Requital for that murderous fight at Lutzen!
 For this we throw the naked breast against
 The halbert, made for this the frozen earth
 Our bed, and the hard stone our pillow! never stream
 Too rapid for us, nor wood too impervious.
 With cheerful spirit we pursued that Mansfold
 Through all the turns and windings of his flight,
 Yea, our whole life was but one restless march;
 And homeless, as the stirring wind, we travelled
 O'er the war-wasted earth. And now, even now,
 That we have well nigh finished the hard toil,
 The unthankful, the curse-laden toil of weapons,
 With faithful indefatigable arm
 Have rolled the heavy war-load up the hill,
 Behold! this boy of the Emperor's bears away
 The honours of the peace, an easy prize!
 He'll weave, forsooth, into his flaxen locks
 The olive branch, the hard-earned ornament
 Of this grey head, grown grey beneath the helmet
Ans. That shall be not, while we can hinder it!
 No one, but thou, who hast conducted it

With fame, shall end this war, this frightful war,
Thou led'st us out into the bloody field
Of death, thou and no other shalt conduct us home,
Rejoicing to the lovely plains of peace—
Shalt share with us the fruits of the long toil—

Wal. What? Think you then at length in late old age
To enjoy the fruits of toil? Believe it not.
Never, no never, will you see the end
Of the contest! you and me, and all of us,
This war will swallow up! War, war, not peace,
Is Austria's wish; and therefore, because I
Endeavoured after peace, therefore I fall.
For what cares Austria, how long the war
Wears out the armies and lays waste the world?
She will but wax and grow amid the ruin,
And still win new domains.

(The Cuirassiers express agitation by their gestures.)

Ye're moved—I see

A noble rage flash from your eyes, ye warriors!
Oh that my spirit might possess you now
Daring as once it led you to the battle!
Ye would stand by me with your veteran arms,
Protect me in my rights; and this is noble!
But think not that you can accomplish it,
Your scanty number! to no purpose will you
Have sacrificed you for your General.

(Confidentially.)

No! let us tread securely, seek for friends;
The Swedes have proffered us assistance, let us
Wear for a while the appearance of good will,
And use them for your profit, till we both
Carry the fate of Europe in our hands,
And from our camp to the glad jubilant world
Lead Peace forth with the garland on her head!

Ans. 'Tis then but mere appearances which thou
Dost put on with the Swede? Thou'lt not betray
The Emperor? Wilt not turn us into Swedes?
This is the only thing which we desire
To learn from thee.

Wal. What care I for the Swedes?
I hate them as I hate the pit of hell,
And under Providence I trust right soon
To chase them to their homes across their Baltic.
My cares are only for the whole: I have
A heart—it bleeds within me for the miseries
And piteous groaning of my fellow Germans.

Ye are but common men, but yet ye think
 With minds not common; ye appear to me
 Worthy before all others, that I whisper ye
 A little word or two in confidence!
 See now! already for full fifteen years
 The war-torch has continued burning, yet
 No rest, no pause of conflict. Swede and German,
 Papist and Lutheran! neither will give way
 To the other, every hand's against the other.
 Each one is party, and no one a judge.
 Where shall this end? Where's he that will unravel
 This tangle, ever tangling more and more.
 It must be cut asunder.
 I feel that I am the man of destiny,
 And trust, with your assistance, to accomplish it.

SCENE IV.

To these enter BUTLER.

But. (passionately). General! This is not right!

Wal. What is not right?

But. It must needs injure us with all honest men.

Wal. But what?

But. It is an open proclamation
 Of insurrection.

Wal. Well, well—but what is it?

But. Count Tertsky's regiments tear the Imperial Eagle
 From off the banners, and instead of it,
 Have reared aloft thy arms.

Ans. (abruptly to the Cuirassiers). Right about! March!

Wal. Cursed be this counsel, and accursed who gave it!

(To the Cuirassiers, who are retiring.)

Halt, children, halt! There's some mistake in this;

Hark! I will punish it severely. Stop!

They do not hear. *(To ILLO.)* Go after them, assure them,
 And bring them back to me, cost what it may.

(ILLO hurries out.)

This hurls us headlong. Butler! Butler!

You are my evil genius, wherefore must you

Announce it in their presence? It was all

In a fair way. They were half won, those madmen

With their improvident over-readiness:——

A cruel game is Fortune playing with me.
 The zeal of friends it is that razes me,
 And not the hate of enemies.

SCENE V.

*To these enter the DUCHESS, who rushes into the Chamber.
 THEKLA and the COUNTESS follow her.*

Duch. O, Albrecht!

What hast thou done?

Wal. And now comes this beside.

Coun. Forgive me, brother! It was not in my power.
 They know all.

Duch. What hast thou done?

Coun. (to TERTSKY). Is there no hope? Is all lost utterly?

Ter. All lost. No hope. Prague in the Emperor's hands,
 The soldiery have ta'en their oaths anew.

Coun. That lurking hypocrite, Octavio!
 Count Max. is off too?

Ter. Where can he be? He's
 Gone over to the Emperor with his father.

*(THEKLA rushes out into the arms of her mother, hiding her
 face in her bosom.)*

Duch. (enfolding her in her arms). Unhappy child! and more
 unhappy mother!

Wal. (aside to TERTSKY). Quick! Let a carriage stand in
 readiness

In the court behind the palace. Scherfenberg
 Be their attendant; he is faithful to us;
 To Egra he'll conduct them, and we follow.

(To ILLO, who returns.)

Thou hast not brought them back?

Illo. Hear'st thou the uproar?

The whole corps of the Pappenheimers is
 Drawn out: the younger Piccolomini,
 Their Colonel, they require; for they affirm,
 That he is in the palace here, a prisoner;
 And if thou dost not instantly deliver him,
 They will find means to free him with the sword.

(All stand amazed.)

Ter. What shall we make of this?

Wal. Said I not so?

O my prophetic heart! he is still here.

He has not betrayed me—he could not betray me,
I never doubted of it.

Coun. If he be
Still here, then all goes well; for I know what
(*Embracing THEKLA*)

Will keep him here for ever.

Ter. It can't be.
His father has betrayed us, is gone over
To the Emperor—the son could not have ventured
To stay behind.

Thek. (*her eye fixed on the door*). There he is!

SCENE VI.

To these enter MAX. PICCOLOMINI.

Max. Yes! here he is! I can endure no longer
To creep on tiptoe round this house, and lurk
In ambush for a favourable moment.
This loitering, this suspense exceeds my powers.

(*Advancing to THEKLA, who has thrown herself into her
mother's arms.*)

Turn not thine eyes away. O look upon me!
Confess it freely before all. Fear no one.
Let who will hear that we both love each other.
Wherefore continue to conceal it? Secrecy
Is for the happy—misery, hopeless misery,
Needeth no veil! Beneath a thousand suns
It dares act openly.

(*He observes the COUNTESS looking on THEKLA, with ex-
pressions of triumph.*)

No, lady! No!

Expect not, hope it not. I am not come
To stay: to bid farewell, farewell for ever,
For this I come! 'Tis over! I must leave thee!
Thekla, I must—*must* leave thee! Yet thy hatred
Let me not take with me. I pray thee, grant me
One look of sympathy, only one look.
Say that thou dost not hate me. Say it to me, Thekla!

(*Grasps her hand.*)

O God! I cannot leave this spot—I cannot—
Cannot let go this hand. O tell me, Thekla!
That thou dost suffer with me, art convinced
That I can not act otherwise.

(THEKLA, avoiding his look, points with her hand to her father. MAX. turns round to the DUKE, whom he had not till then perceived.)

Thou here? It was not thou, whom here I sought.
I trusted never more to have beheld thee.
My business is with her alone. Here will I
Receive a full acquittal from this heart—
For any other I am no more concerned.

Wal. Think'st thou, that fool-like, I shall let thee go,
And act the mock-magnanimous with thee?
Thy father is become a villain to me;
I hold thee for his son, and nothing more:
Nor to no purpose shalt thou have been given
Into my power. Think not, that I will honour
That ancient love, which so remorselessly
He mangled. They are now past by, those hours
Of friendship and forgiveness. Hate and vengeance
Succeed—'tis now their turn—I too can throw
All feelings of the man aside—can prove
Myself as much a monster as thy father!

Max. (calmly). Thou wilt proceed with me, as thou hast power.
Thou know'st, I neither brave nor fear thy rage.
What has detained me here, that too thou know'st.

(Taking THEKLA by the hand.)

See, Duke! All—all would I have owed to thee,
Would have received from thy paternal hand
The lot of blessed spirits. This hast thou
Laid waste for ever—that concerns not thee.
Indifferent thou tramplest in the dust
Their happiness, who most are thine. The god
Whom thou dost serve, is no benignant deity.
Like as the blind irreconcilable
Fierce element, incapable of compact,
Thy heart's wild impulse only dost thou follow.*

Wal. Thou art describing thy own father's heart.
• The adder! O, the charms of hell o'erpowered me.
He dwelt within me, to my inmost soul
Still to and fro he passed, suspected never!
On the wide ocean, in the starry heaven
Did mine eyes seek the enemy, whom I
In my heart's heart had folded! Had I been
To Ferdinand what Octavio was to me,
War had I ne'er denounced against him. No,

* I have here ventured to omit a considerable number of lines, which it is difficult to believe that Schiller could have written.

I never could have done it. The Emperor was
 My austere master only, not my friend.
 There was already war 'twixt him and me
 When he delivered the Commander's staff
 Into my hands; for there's a natural
 Unceasing war 'twixt cunning and suspicion;
 Peace exists only betwixt confidence
 And faith. Who poisons confidence, he murders
 The future generations.

Max. I will not
 Defend my father. Woe is me, I cannot!
 Hard deeds and luckless have ta'en place, one crime
 Drags after it the other in close link.
 But we are innocent: how have we fallen
 Into this circle of mis-hap and guilt?
 To whom have we been faithless? Wherefore must
 The evil deeds and guilt reciprocal
 Of our two fathers twine like serpents round us?

Why must our fathers'
 Unconquerable hate rend us asunder,
 Who love each other?

Wal. *Max.*, remain with me.
 Go you not from me, *Max.*! Hark! I will tell thee—
 How when at Prague, our winter quarters, thou
 Wert brought into my tent a tender boy,
 Not yet accustomed to the German winters;
 Thy hand was frozen to the heavy colours;
 Thou wouldst not let them go.—
 At that time did I take thee in my arms,
 And with my mantle did I cover thee;
 I was thy nurse, no woman could have been
 A kinder to thee; I was not ashamed
 To do for thee all little offices,
 However strange to me; I tended thee
 Till life returned; and when thine eyes first opened,
 I had thee in my arms. Since then, when have I
 Altered my feelings t'wards thee? Many thousands
 Have I made rich, presented them with lands;
 Rewarded them with dignities and honours;
 Thee have I *loved*: my heart, myself, I gave
 To thee! They were all aliens: THOU wert
 Our child and inmate.* *Max.*! thou canst not leave me;

* This is a poor and inadequate translation of the affectionate simplicity of the original:—

"Sie alle waren Fremdlinge, Du warst

Das kind des Hauses."

Indeed, the whole speech is in the best style of Maasinger. O si sic omnia!

It cannot be ; I may not, will not think
That Max. can leave me.

Max. O my God ?

Wal. I have

Held and sustained thee from thy tottering childhood.
What holy bond is there of natural love,
What human tie, that does not knit thee to me ?
I love thee, Max. ! What did thy father for thee,
Which I too have not done, to the height of duty ;
Go hence, forsake me, serve thy Emperor ;
He will reward thee with a pretty chain
Of gold ; with his ram's fleece will he reward thee ;
For that the friend, the father of thy youth,
For that the holiest feeling of humanity,
Was nothing worth to thee.

Max. O God ! how can I

Do otherwise ? Am I not forced to do it ?

My oath—my duty—honour—

Wal. How ? Thy duty ?

Duty to whom ? Who art thou ? Max. ! bethink thee
What duties mayst thou have ? If I am acting
A criminal part toward the Emperor,
It is my crime, not thine. Dost thou belong
To thine own self ? Art thou thine own commander
Stand'st thou, like me, a freeman in the world,
That in thy actions thou shouldst plead free agency .
On me thou'rt planted, I am thy Emperor ;
To obey me, to belong to me, this is
Thy honour, this a law of nature to thee !
And if the planet on the which thou liv'st
And hast thy dwelling, from its orbit starts,
It is not in thy choice, whether or no
Thou'lt follow it !—unfelt it whirls thee onward
Together with his ring and all his moons.
With little guilt stepp'st thou into this contest,
Thee will the world not censure, it will praise thee,
For that thou held'st thy friend more worth to thee
Than names and influences more removed.
For justice is the virtue of the ruler,
Affection and fidelity the subject's.
Not every one doth it beseem to question
The far-off Arcturus. Most securely
Wilt thou pursue the nearest duty—let
The pilot fix his eye upon the pole-star.

SCENE VII.

To these enter NEUMANN.

Wal. What now?

Neu. The Pappenheimers are dismounted,
And are advancing now on foot, determined
With sword in hand to storm the house, and free
The Count, their colonel.

Wal. (to TERTSKY). Have the cannon planted.
I will receive them with chain-shot. *(Exit TERTSKY.)*
Prescribe to me with sword in hand! Go, Neumann!
'Tis my command that they retreat this moment,
And in their ranks in silence wait my pleasure.

(NEUMANN exit. ILL0 steps to the window.)

Coun. Let him go, I entreat thee, let him go.

Illo (at the window). Hell and perdition!

Wal. What is it?

Illo. They scale the council-house, the roof's uncovered.
They level at this house the cannon——

Max. Madmen!

Illo. They are making preparations now to fire on us.

Duch. and Coun. Merciful Heaven!

Max. (to WALLENSTEIN). Let me go to them!

Wal. Not a step:

Max. (pointing to THEKLA and the DUCHESS). But their life!
Think!

Wal. What tidings bring'st thou, Tertsky?

SCENE VIII.

To these TERTSKY (returning).

Ter. Message and greeting from our faithful regiments.
Their ardour may no longer be curbed in.
They entreat permission to commence th' attack,
And if thou wouldst but give the word of onset,
They could now charge the enemy in rear,
Into the city wedge them, and with ease
O'erpower them in the narrow streets.

Illo. O come!

Let not their ardour cool. The soldiery
Of Butler's corps stand by us faithfully;

We are the greater number. Let us charge them,
And finish here in Pilsen the revolt.

Wal. What? shall this town become a field of slaughter,
And brother-killing discord, fire-eyed,
Be let loose through its streets to roam and rage?
Shall the decision be delivered over
To deaf remorseless rage, that hears no leader?
Here is not room for battle, only for butchery.
Well, let it be! I have long thought of it,
So let it burst then! (*Turns to MAX.*)

Well, how is it with thee?
Wilt thou attempt a heat with me. Away!
Thou art free to go. Oppose thyself to me.
Front against front, and lead them to the battle;
Thou'rt skilled in war, thou hast learned somewhat under me,
I need not be ashamed of my opponent,
And never hadst thou fairer opportunity
To pay me for thy schooling.

Coun. Is it then,
Can it have come to this?—What! Cousin! Cousin!
Have you the heart?

Max. The regiments that are trusted to my care
I have pledged my troth to bring away from Pilsen
True to the Emperor, and this promise will I
Make good, or perish. More than this no duty
Requires of me. I will not fight against thee,
Unless compelled: for though an enemy,
Thy head is holy to me still.

(*Two reports of cannon. ILLO and TERTSKY
hurry to the window.*)

Wal. What's that?

Ter. He falls.

Wal. Falls! Who?

Illo. Tiefenbach's corps

Discharged the ordnance.

Wal. Upon whom?

Illo. On Neumann,

Your messenger.

Wal. (starting up). Ha! Death and hell! I will—

Ter. Expose thyself to their blind frenzy?

Duch. and Coun. No

For God's sake, no!

Illo. Not yet, my general!

Coun. O hold him! hold him!

Wal. Leave me—

Max. Do it not ;
Not yet ! This rash and bloody deed has thrown them
Into a frenzy-fit—allow them time——

Wal. Away ! too long already have I loitered.
They are emboldened to these outrages,
Beholding not my face. They shall behold
My countenance, shall hear my voice——
Are they not *my* troops ? Am I not their General,
And their long-feared commander ! Let me see
Whether indeed they do no longer know
That countenance, which was their sun in battle !
From the balcony, (mark !) I show myself
To these rebellious forces, and at once
Revolt is mounded, and the high-swoln current
Shrinks back into the old bed of obedience.
(*Exit WALLENSTEIN ; ILLO, TERTSKY, and BUTLER follow.*)

SCENE IX.

COUNTESS, DUCHESS, MAX. and THEKLA.

Coun. (to the DUCHESS). Let them but see him—there is hope,
still, sister.

Duch. Hope ! I have none !

Max. (who during the last scene has been standing at a distance,
in a visible struggle of feelings, advances).

This can I not endure.

With most determined soul did I come hither.
My purposed action seemed unblameable
To my own conscience—and I must stand here
Like one abhorred, a hard inhuman being ;
Yes, loaded with the curse of all I love !
Must see all whom I love in this sore anguish,
Whom I with one word can make happy—O !
My heart revolts within me, and two voices
Make themselves audible within my bosom.
My soul's benighted ; I no longer can
Distinguish the right tract. O well and truly
Didst thou say, father, I relied too much
On my own heart. My mind moves to and fro—
I know not what to do.

Coun. What ? you know not ?
Does not your own heart tell you ? Oh ! then I

Will tell it you. Your father is a traitor,
 A frightful traitor to us—he has plotted
 Against our General's life, has plunged us all
 In misery,—and you're his son! 'Tis yours
 To make the *amends*—Make you the son's fidelity
Outweigh the father's treason, that the name
 Of Piccolomini be not a proverb
 Of infamy, a common form of cursing
 To the posterity of Wallenstein.

Max. Where is that voice of truth which I dare follow?
 It speaks no longer in *my* heart. We all
 But utter what our passionate wishes dictate:
 O that an angel would descend from Heaven,
 And scoop for me the right, the uncorrupted,
 With a pure hand from the pure font of Light.

(*His eyes glance on THEKLA.*)

What other angel seek I? To this heart,
 To this unerring heart, will I submit it,
 Will ask thy love, which has the power to bless
 The happy man alone, averted ever
 From the disquieted and guilty—*canst* thou
 Still love me if I stay? Say that thou *canst*,
 And I am the Duke's——

Coun.

Think, niece——

Max.

Think nothing, Thekla

Speak what thou *feelest*.

Coun.

Think upon your father.

Max. I did not question thee as Friedland's daughter.

Thee, the beloved and the unerring god
 Within thy heart, I question. What's at stake?
 Not whether diadem of royalty
 Be to be won or not—that mightst thou *think* on.
 Thy friend, and *his* soul's quiet, are at stake
 The fortune of a thousand gallant men,
 Who will all follow me; shall I forswear
 My oath and duty to the Emperor?
 Say, shall I send into Octavio's camp
 The parricidal ball? For when the ball
 Has left its cannon, and is on its flight,
 It is no longer a dead instrument!
 It lives, a spirit passes into it,
 The avenging furies seize possession of it,
 And with sure malice guide it the worst way.

Thek. O! *Max.*——

Max. (*interrupting her*). Nay, not precipitately either, Thekla.

I understand thee. To thy noble heart,
 The hardest duty might appear the highest.
 The human, not the great part, would I act.
 Ev'n from my childhood to this present hour,
 Think what the Duke has done for me, how loved me,
 And think too, how my father has repaid him.
 O likewise the free lovely impulses
 Of hospitality, the pious friend's
 Faithful attachment, these too are a holy
 Religion to the heart; and heavily
 The shudders of nature do avenge
 Themselves on the barbarian that insults them.
 Lay all upon the balance, all—then speak,
 And let thy heart decide it.

Thek. O, thy own
 Hath long ago decided. Follow thou
 Thy heart's first feeling—

Coun. Oh! ill-fated woman!

Thek. Is it possible that that can be the right,
 The which thy tender heart did not at first
 Detect and seize with instant impulse? Go,
 Fulfil thy duty! I should ever love thee.
 Whate'er thou hadst chosen, thou wouldst still have acted
 Nobly and worthy of thee—but repentance
 Shall ne'er disturb thy soul's fair peace.

Max. Then I
 Must leave thee, must part from thee!

Thek. Being faithful
 To thine own self, thou art faithful too to me:
 If our fates part, our hearts remain united.
 A bloody hatred will divide for ever
 The houses Piccolomini and Friedland;
 But we belong not to our houses—Go!
 Quick! quick! and separate thy righteous cause
 From our unholy and unblessed one!
 The curse of Heaven lies upon our head:
 'Tis dedicate to ruin. Even me
 My father's guilt drags with it to perdition.
 Mourn not for me:
 My destiny will quickly be decided.

(MAX. clasps her in his arms in extreme emotion. There is heard from behind the Scene a loud, wild, long continued cry, Vivat FERDINANDUS! accompanied by warlike instruments. MAX. and THEKLA remain without motion in each other's embraces.)

SCENE X.

To these enter TERTSKY.

Coun. (meeting him). What meant that cry? What was it?

Ter. All is lost!

Coun. What! they regarded not his countenance?

Ter. 'Twas all in vain.

Duch. They shouted Vivat!

Ter. To the Emperor.

Coun. The traitors!

Ter. Nay! he was not once permitted

Even to address them. Soon as he began,

With deafening noise of warlike instruments

They drowned his words. But here he comes.

SCENE XI.

To these enter WALLENSTEIN, accompanied by ILLO and BUTLER.

Wal. (as he enters). Tertsy!

Ter. My General?

Wal. Let our regiments hold themselves

In readiness to march; for we shall leave

Pilsen ere evening. (*Exit TERTSKY.*)

Butler!

But. Yes, my General.

Wal. The Governor at Egra is your friend

And countryman. Write to him instantly

By a post-courier. He must be advised,

That we are with him early on the morrow.

You follow us yourself, your regiment with you.

But. It shall be done, my General!

Wal. (steps between MAX and THEKLA, who have remained in each other's arms during this time). Part!

Max. O God!

(Cuirassiers enter with drawn swords, and assemble in the back-ground. At the same time there are heard from below some spirited passages out of the Pappenheim March, which seem to address MAX.)

Wal. (to the Cuirassiers). Here he is, he is at liberty: I keep him

No longer.

(He turns away, and stands so that MAX. cannot pass by him nor approach the PRINCESS.)

Max. Thou know'st that I have not yet learned to live
Without thee! I go forth into a desert;
Leaving my all behind me. O do not turn
Thine eyes away from me! O once more show me
Thy ever dear and honoured countenance.

(MAX. attempts to take his hand, but is repelled; he turns to the COUNTESS.)

Is there no eye that has a look of pity for me?

(The COUNTESS turns away from him; he turns to the DUCHESS.)

My mother!

Duch. Go where duty calls you. Haply
The time may come, when you may prove to us
A true friend, a good angel at the throne
Of the Emperor.

Max. You give me hope; you would not
Suffer me wholly to despair. No! no!
Mine is a certain misery—thanks to Heaven
That offers me a means of ending it.

(The military music begins again. The Stage fills more and more with armed men. MAX. sees BUTLER, and addresses him.)

And you here, Colonel Butler—and will you
Not follow me? Well, then! remain more faithful
To your new lord, than you have proved yourself
To the Emperor. Come, Butler! promise me,
Give me your hand upon it, that you'll be
The guardian of his life, its shield, its watchman.
He is attainted, and his princely head
Fair booty for each slave that trades in murder.
Now he doth need the faithful eye of friendship,
And those whom here I see—

(Casting suspicious looks on ILLO and BUTLER.)

Illo.

Go—seek for traitors

In Galas', in your father's quarters. Here
Is only one. Away! away! and free us
From his detested sight! Away!

(MAX. attempts once more to approach THEKLA. WALLENSTEIN prevents him. MAX. stands irresolute, and in apparent anguish. In the meantime the stage fills more and more; and the horns sound from below louder and louder, and each time after a shorter interval.)

Max. Blow, blow! O were it but the Swedish trumpets,
And all the naked swords which I see here,

Were plunged into my breast? What purpose you?
You come to tear me from this place! Beware,
Ye drive me not to desperation.—Do it not!
Ye may repent it! *(the stage is entirely filled with armed men.)*
Yet more! weight upon weight to drag me down!
Think what ye're doing. It is not well done
To choose a man despairing for your leader;
You tear me from my happiness. Well, then,
I dedicate your souls to vengeance. Mark!
For your own ruin you have chosen me:
Who goes with me must be prepared to perish.

(He turns to the back-ground; there ensues a sudden and violent movement among the Cuirassiers; they surround him, and carry him off in wild tumult. WALLENSTEIN remains immovable. THEKLA sinks into her mother's arms. The curtain falls. The music becomes loud and overpowering, and passes into a complete war-march—the orchestra joins it—and continues during the interval between the second and third Act.)

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The Burgomaster's House at Egra.*—BUTLER.

But. (just arrived). Here then he is, by his destiny conducted.
Here, Friedland! and no farther! From Bohemia
Thy meteor rose, traversed the sky awhile,
And here upon the borders of Bohemia
Must sink.

Thou hast forsworn the ancient colours,
Blind man! yet trustest to thy ancient fortunes.
Profaner of the altar and the hearth,
Against thy Emperor and fellow-citizens
Thou mean'st to wage the war. Friedland, beware—
The evil spirit of revenge impels thee—
Beware thou, that revenge destroy thee not!

SCENE II.

BUTLER and GORDON.

Gor. Is it you ?

How my heart sinks ! The Duke a fugitive traitor !
His princely head attainted ! O my God !

But. You have received the letter which I sent you
By a post-courier ?—

Gor. Yes ! and in obedience to it
Opened the stronghold to him without scruple.
For an imperial letter orders me
To follow your commands implicitly.
But yet forgive me ; when even now I saw
The Duke himself, my scruples recommenced.
For truly, not like an attainted man,
Into this town did Friedland make his entrance ;
His wonted majesty beamed from his brow,
And calm, as in the days when all was right,
Did he receive from me the accounts of office ;
'Tis said that fallen pride learns condescension :
But sparing and with dignity the Duke
Weighed every syllable of approbation,
As masters praise a servant who has done
His duty, and no more.

But. 'Tis all precisely
As I related in my letter. Friedland
Has sold the army to the enemy,
And pledged himself to give up Prague and Egra.
On this report the regiments all forsook him,
The five excepted that belong to Tertsky,
And which have followed him as thou hast seen.
The sentence of attainder is passed on him,
And every loyal subject is required
To give him in to justice, dead or living.

Gor. A traitor to the Emperor—such a noble !
Of such high talents ! What is human greatness !
I often said, this can't end happily,
His might, his greatness, and this obscure power,
Are but a covered pit-fall. The human being
May not be trusted to self-government.
The clear and written law, the deep trod footmarks
Of ancient custom, are all necessary
To keep him in the road of faith and duty.

The authority entrusted to this man
 Was unexampled and unnatural;
 It placed him on a level with his Emperor,
 Till the proud soul unlearned submission. Woe is me;
 I mourn for him! for where he fell, I deem
 Might none stand firm. Alas! dear General,
 We in our lucky mediocrity
 Have ne'er experienced, cannot calculate,
 What dangerous wishes such a height may breed
 In the heart of such a man.

But. Spare your laments
 Till he need sympathy; for at this present
 He is still mighty, and still formidable.
 The Swedes advance to Egra by forced marches,
 And quickly will the junction be accomplished.
 This must not be! The Duke must never leave
 This stronghold on free footing; for I have
 Pledged life and honour here to hold him prisoner,
 And your assistance 'tis on which I calculate.

Gor. O that I had not lived to see this day:
 From his hand I received this dignity,
 He did himself entrust this stronghold to me,
 Which I am now required to make his dungeon.
 We subalterns have no will of our own:
 The free, the mighty man alone may listen
 To the fair impulse of his human nature.
 Ah! we are but the poor tools of the law,
 Obedience the sole virtue we dare aim at!

But. Nay, let it not afflict you, that your power
 Is circumscribed. Much liberty, much error!
 The narrow path of duty is securest.

Gor. And all then have deserted him, you say?
 He has built up the luck of many thousands;
 For kingly was his spirit: his hand
 Was ever open! Many a one from dust

(With a side glance on TITLER)

Hath he selected, from the very dust
 Hath raised him into dignity and honour.
 And yet no friend, not one friend hath he purchased,
 Whose heart beats true to him in the evil hour.

But. Here's one, I see.

Gor. I have enjoyed from him
 No grace or favour. I could almost doubt,
 If ever in his greatness he once thought on
 An old friend of his youth. For still my office

Kept me at distance from him ; and when first
 He to this citadel appointed me,
 He was sincere and serious in his duty.
 I do not then abuse his confidence,
 If I preserve my fealty in that
 Which to my fealty was first delivered.

But. Say, then, will you fulfil the attainder on him ?

Gor. (*pauses, reflecting, then as in deep dejection*). If it be so—
 if all be as you say—

If he've betrayed the Emperor, his master,
 Have sold the troops, have purposed to deliver
 The strongholds of the country to the enemy—
 Yea, truly !—there is no redemption for him !
 Yet it is hard, that me the lot should destine
 To be the instrument of his perdition ;
 For we were pages at the court of Bergau
 At the same period ; but I was the senior.

But. I have heard so——

Gor. 'Tis full thirty years since then

A youth who scarce had seen his twentieth year
 Was Wallenstein, when he and I were friends :
 Yet even then he had a daring soul :
 His frame of mind was serious and severe
 Beyond his years : his dreams were of great objects.
 He walked amidst us of a silent spirit,
 Communing with himself : yet I have known him
 Transported on a sudden into utterance
 Of strange conceptions ; kindling into splendour
 His soul revealed itself, and he spake so
 That we looked round perplexed upon each other,
 Not knowing whether it were craziness,
 Or whether it were a god that spoke in him.

But. But was it where he fell two story high
 From a window-ledge, on which he had fallen asleep ;
 And rose up free from injury ? From this day
 (It is reported) he betrayed clear marks
 Of a distempered faucy.

Gor. He became

Doubtless more self-anwrapt and melancholy :
 He made himself a Catholic. Marvellously
 His marvellous preservation had transformed him.
 Thenceforth he held himself for an exempted
 And privileged being, and, as if he were
 Incapable of dizziness or fall,
 He ran along the unsteady rope of life.

But now our destinies drove us asunder :
 He paced with rapid step the way of greatness,
 Was Count, and Prince, Duke-regent, and Dictator.
 And now is all, all this too little for him ;
 He stretches forth his hands for a king's crown,
 And plunges in unfathomable ruin.

But. No more, he comes.

SCENE III.

To these enter WALLENSTEIN, in conversation with the BURGOMASTER OF EGRA.

Wal. You were at one time a free town. I see,
 Ye bear the half eagle in your city arms.
 Why the *half* eagle only ?

Burg. We were free,
 But for these last two hundred years has Egra
 Remained in pledge to the Bohemian crown,
 Therefore we bear the half eagle, the other half
 Being cancelled till the empire ransom us,
 If ever that should be.

Wal. Ye merit freedom.
 Only be firm and dauntless. Lend your ears
 To no designing whispering court-minions.
 What may your imposts be ?

Burg. So heavy that
 We totter under them. The garrison
 Lives at our costs.

Wal. I will relieve you. Tell me,
 There are some Protestants among you still ?

(The BURGOMASTER hesitates.)

Yes, yes ; I know it. Many lie concealed
 Within these walls—confess now—you yourself—

(Fixes his eye on him. The BURGOMASTER alarmed.)

Be not alarmed. I hate the Jesuits.
 Could my will have determined it, they had
 Been long ago expelled the empire. Trust me—
 Mass-book or Bible—'tis all one to me.
 (Of that the world has had sufficient proof.
 I built a church for the reformed in Glogau
 At my own instance. Hark'ee, Burgomaster !
 What is your name ?

Burg. Pachhälbel, may it please you.

Wal. Hark'ee!—

But let it go no further, what I now
Disclose to you in confidence.

(*Laying his hand on the BURGOMASTER'S shoulder, with a certain solemnity.*)

The times
Draw near to their fulfilment, Burgomaster!
The high will fall, the low will be exalted.
Hark'ee! But keep it to yourself! The end
Approaches of the Spanish double monarchy—
A new arrangement is at hand. You saw
The three moons that appeared at once in the Heaven.

Burg. With wonder and affright!

Wal. Whereof did two
Strangely transform themselves to bloody daggers,
And only one, the middle moon, remained
Steady and clear.

Burg. We applied it to the Turks.

Wal. The Turks! That all!—I tell you, that two empires
Will set in blood, in the East and in the West,
And Luth'ranism alone remain.

(*Observing GORDON and BUTLER.*)
I'faith,

'Twas a smart cannonading that we heard
This evening, as we journied hitherward;
'Twas on our left hand. Did you hear it here?

Gor. Distinctly. The wind brought it from the South.

But. It seemed to come from Weiden or from Neustadt.

Wal. 'Tis likely. That's the route the Swedes are taking.
How strong is the garrison?

Gor. Not quite two hundred
Competent men, the rest are invalids.

Wal. Good! And how many in the vale of Joachim.

Gor. Two hundred arquebussiers have I sent thither
To fortify the posts against the Swedes.

Wal. Good! I commend your foresight. At the works too
You have done somewhat?

Gor. Two additional batteries
I caused to be run up. They were needless.

The Rhine-grave presses hard upon us, General!

Wal. You have been watchful in your Emperor's service.
I am content with you, Lieutenant-Colonel.

(*To BUTLER.*)

Release the outposts in the vale of Joachim
With all the stations in the enemy's route.

(*To GORDON.*)

Governor, in your faithful hands I leave
My wife, my daughter, and my sister. I
Shall make no stay here, and wait but the arrival
Of letters, to take leave of you, together
With all the regiments.

SCENE IV.

To these enter COUNT TERTSKY.

Ter. Joy, General, joy! I bring you welcome tidings.

Wal. And what may they be?

Ter. There has been an engagement
At Neustadt; the Swedes gained the victory.

Wal. From whence did you receive the intelligence?

Ter. A countryman from Tirschensoil conveyed it.
Soon after sunrise did the fight begin!
A troop of the Imperialists from Fachau
Had forced their way into the Swedish camp;
The cannonade continued full two hours;
There were left dead upon the field a thousand
Imperialists, together with their Colonel;
Further than this he did not know.

Wal. How came
Imperial troops at Neustadt? Altringer,
But yesterday, stood sixty miles from there.
Count Galas' force collects at Frauenberg,
And have not the full complement. Is it possible,
That Suys perchance had ventured so far onward?
It cannot be.

Ter. We shall soon know the whole,
For here comes Illo, full of haste, and joyous.

SCENE V.

To these enter ILLO.

Illo (to WALLENSTEIN). A courier, Duke! he wishes to speak
with thee.

Ter. (eagerly). Does he bring confirmation of the victory?

Wal. (at the same time). What does he bring? Whence comes
he?

Illo. From the Rhine-grave.
 And what he brings I can announce to you
 Beforehand. Seven leagues distant are the Swedes;
 At Neustadt did Max. Piccolomini
 Throw himself on them with the cavalry;
 A murderous fight took place! o'erpowered by numbers
 The Pappenheimers all, with Max. their leader
 (WALLENSTEIN *shudders and turns pale*),
 Were left dead on the field.

Wal. (after a pause, in a low voice). Where is the messenger?
 Conduct me to him.

(WALLENSTEIN *is going, when LADY NEUBRUNN rushes into the room. Some Servants follow her and run across the Stage.*

Neu. Help! help!

Illo and Tertsky (at the same time). What now?

Neu. The Princess!

Wal. and Ter. Does she know it?

Neu. (at the same time with them). She is dying!

(*Hurries off the Stage, when WALLENSTEIN and TERTSKY follow her.*)

SCENE VI.

BUTLER and GORDON.

Gor. What's this?

But. She has lost the man she loved—
 Young Piccolomini, who fell in the battle.

Gor. Unfortunate lady!

But. You have heard what *Illo*
 Reporteth, that the Swedes are conquerors,
 And marching hitherward.

Gor. Too well I heard it.

But. They are twelve regiments strong, and there are five
 Close by us to protect the Duke. We have
 Only my single regiment; and the garrison
 Is not two hundred strong.

Gor. 'Tis even so.

But. It is not possible with such small force
 To hold in custody a man like him.

Gor. I grant it.

But. Soon the numbers would disarm us,
 And liberate him.

Gor. It were to be feared.

But. (after a pause). Know, I am warranty for the event;
With my head have I pledged myself for his,
Must make my word good, cost it what it will,
And if alive we cannot hold him prisoner,
Why—death makes all things certain!

Gor. Butler! what?
Do I understand you? Gracious God! You could—

But. He must not live.

Gor. And you can do the deed!

But. Either you or I. This morning was his last.

Gor. You would assassinate him!—

But. 'Tis my purpose.

Gor. Who leans with his whole confidence upon you!

But. Such is his evil destiny!

Gor. Your General!

The sacred person of your General!

But. My General he *has been*.

Gor. That 'tis only

A "*has been*" washes out no villany.

And without judgment passed?

But. The execution

Is here instead of judgment.

Gor. This were murder,
Not justice. The most guilty should be heard.

But. His guilt is clear, the Emperor has passed judgment,
And we but execute his will.

Gor. We should not
Hurry to realise a bloody sentence.

A word may be recalled, a life can never be.

But. Despatch in service pleases sovereigns.

Gor. No honest man's ambitious to press forward
To the hangman's service.

But. And no brave man loses
His colour at a daring enterprise.

Gor. A brave man hazards life, but not his conscience.

But. What then? Shall he go forth anow to kindle
The inextinguishable flame of war?

Gor. Seize him, and hold him prisoner—do not kill him!

But. Had not the Emperor's army been defeated,
I might have done so.—But 'tis now past by.

Gor. O, wherefore opened I the stronghold to him?

But. His destiny and not the place destroys him.

Gor. Upon these ramparts, as beseeemed a soldier,
I had fallen, defending the Emperor's citadel!

But. Yes! and a thousand gallant men have perished.

Gor. Doing their duty—that adorns the man!
But murder's a black deed, and nature curses it.

But. (*brings out a paper.*) Here is the manifesto which commands us

To gain possession of his person. See—
It is addressed to you as well as me.
Are you content to take the consequences,
If through our fault he escape to the enemy?

Gor. I?—Gracious God!

But. Take it on yourself.

Let come of it what may, on you I lay it.

Gor. O God in heaven!

But. Can you advise aught else
Wherewith to execute the Emperor's purpose?
Say if you can. For I desire his fall,
Not his destruction.

Gor. Merciful heaven! what must be
I see as clear as you. Yet still the heart
Within my bosom beats with other feelings!

But. Mine is of harder stuff! Necessity
In her rough school hath steeled me. And this Illo
And Tertsky likewise, they must not survive him.

Gor. I feel no pang for these. Their own bad hearts
Impelled them, not the influence of the stars.
'Twas they who strewed the seeds of evil passions
In his calm breast, and with officious villany
Watered and nursed the poisonous plants. May they
Receive their earnest to the uttermost mite!

But. And their death shall precede his!
We meant to have taken them alive this evening
Amid the merry-making of a feast,
And kept them prisoners in the citadels.
But this makes shorter work. I go this instant
To give the necessary orders.

SCENE VII.

To these enter ILLO and TERTSKY.

Ter. Our luck is on the turn. To-morrow come
The Swedes—twelve thousand gallant warriors, Illo!
Then straightways for Vienna. Cheerily, friend!
What! meet such news with such a moody face?

Illo. It lies with us at present to prescribe
Laws, and take vengeance on those worthless traitors,
Those skulking cowards that deserted us ;
One has already done his bitter penance,
The Piccolomini, be his the fate
Of all who wish us evil ! This flies sure
To the old man's heart ; he has his whole life long
Fretted and toiled to raise his ancient house
From a Count's title to the name of Prince ;
And now must seek a grave for his only son.

But. 'Twas pity though ! A youth of such heroic
And gentle temp'rament ! The Duke himself,
'Twas easily seen, how near it went to his heart.

Illo. Hark'e, old friend ! That is the very point
That never pleased me in our General—
He ever gave the preference to the Italians.
Yea, at this very moment, by my soul
He'd gladly see us all dead ten times over,
Could he thereby recall his friend to life.

Ter. Hush, hush ! Let the dead rest ! This evening's business
Is, who can fairly drink the other down—
Your regiment, *Illo* ! gives the entertainment.
Come ! we will keep a merry carnival—
The night for once be day, and mid full glasses
Will we expect the Swedish Avantgarde.

Illo. Yes, let us be of good cheer for to-day,
For there's hot work before us, friends. This sword
Shall have no rest, till it be bathed to the hilt
In Austrian blood.

Gor. Shame, shame ! what talk is this,
My Lord Field Marshal ? wherefore foam you so
Against your Emperor.

But. Hope not too much
From this first victory. Bethink you, sirs !
How rapidly the wheel of Fortune turns ;
The Emperor still is formidably strong.

Illo. The Emperor has soldiers, no commander,
For this King Ferdinand of Hungary
Is but a tyro. Galas ? He's no luck,
And was of old the ruiner of armies.
And then this viper, this Octavio,
Is excellent at stabbing in the back,
But ne'er meets Friedland in the open field.

Ter. Trust me, my friends, it cannot but succeed ;
Fortune, we know, can ne'er forsake the Duke !

And only under Wallenstein can Austria
Be conqueror.

Illo. The Duke will soon assemble
A mighty army; all come crowding, streaming
To banners dedicate by destiny
To fame and prosperous fortune. I behold
Old times come back again, he will become
Once more the mighty Lord which he has been.
How will the fools, who've now deserted him,
Look then? I can't but laugh to think of them,
For lands will he present to all his friends,
And like a King and Emperor reward
True services; but we've the nearest claims.
You will not be forgotten, Governor! (To GORDON.)
He'll take you from this nest, and bid you shine
In higher station: your fidelity
Well merits it.

Gor. I am content already,
And wish to climb no higher; where great height is,
The fall must needs be great. "Great height, great depth."

Illo. Here you have no more business for to-morrow;
The Swedes will take possession of the citadel.
Come, Tertsy, it is supper-time. What think you?
Say, shall we have the State illuminated
In honour of the Swedes? And who refuses
To do it is a Spaniard and a traitor.

Ter. Nay! Nay! not that, it will not please the Duke—

Illo. What! we are masters here; no soul shall dare
Avow himself imperial where we've rule.

Gordon! Good night, and for the last time, take
A fair leave of the place. Send out patroles
To make secure, the watch-word may be altered
At the stroke of ten; deliver in the keys
To the Duke himself, and then you're quit for ever
Your wardship of the gates, for on to-morrow
The Swedes will take possession of the citadel.

Ter. (as he is going, to BUTLER). You come though to the castle,

But. At the right time.

(*Exit TERTSKY and ILLO.*)

SCENE VIII.

GORDON and BUTLER.

Gor. (looking after them). Unhappy men! How free from all foreboding!

The rush into the outspread net of murder
In the blind drunkenness of victory;
I have no pity for their fate. This Illo,
This overflowing and fool-hardy villain,
That would fain bathe himself in his Emperor's blood.

But. Do as he ordered you. Send round patroles,
Take measures for the citadel's security;
When they are within I close the castle gate,
That nothing may transpire.

Gor. (with earnest anxiety). Oh! haste not so!
Nay, stop; first tell me——

But. You have heard already,
To-morrow to the Swedes belongs. This night
Alone is ours. They make good expedition,
But we will make still greater. Fare you well.

Gor. Ah! your looks tell me nothing good. Nay, Butler,
I pray you, promise me!

But. The sun has set;
A fateful evening doth descend upon us,
And brings on their long night! Their evil stars
Deliver them unarmed into our hands,
And from their drunken dream of golden fortunes
The dagger at their heart shall rouse them. Well,
The Duke was ever a great calculator;
His fellow-men were figures on his chess-board,
To move and station, as his game required.
Other men's honour, dignity, good name,
Did he shift like pawns, and made no conscience of it:
Still calculating, calculating still;
And yet at last his calculation proves
Erroneous; the whole game is lost; and lo!
His own life will be found among the forfeits.

Gor. O think not of his errors now; remember
His greatness, his munificence, think on all
The lovely features of his character,
On all the noble exploits of his life,
And let them, like an angel's arm, unseen
Arrest the lifted sword.

But. It is too late.
I suffer not myself to feel compassion,
Dark thoughts and bloody are my duty now:

(*Grasping GORDON's hand.*)

Gordon! 'Tis not my hatred (I pretend not
To love the Duke, and have no cause to love him)
Yet 'tis not now my hatred that impels me
To be his murderer. 'Tis his evil fate.
Hostile concurrences of many events
Control and subjugate me to the office.
In vain the human being meditates
Free action. He is but the wire-worked puppet
Of the blind power, which out of his own choice
Creates for him a dread necessity.
What too would it avail him, if there were
A something pleading for him in my heart—
Still I must kill him.

Gor. If your heart speak to you,
Follow its impulse. 'Tis the voice of God.
Think you your fortunes will grow prosperous
Bedewed with blood—his blood? Believe it not!

But. You know not. Ask not! Wherefore should it happen,
That the Swedes gained the victory, and hasten
With such forced marches hitherward? Fain would I
Have given him to the Emperor's mercy—Gordon!
I do not wish his blood—But I must ransom
The honour of my word—it lies in pledge—
And he must die, or—

(*Passionately grasping GORDON's hand.*)

Listen, then, and know!

I am dishonoured if the Duke escape us.

Gor. O to save such a man——

But. What.

Gor. It is worth

A sacrifice.—Come, friend! Be noble-minded!
Our own heart, and not other men's opinions,
Forms our true honour.

But. (with a cold and haughty air). He is a great Lord,
This Duke—and I am but of mean importance!
This is what you would say. Wherein concerns it
The world at large, you mean to hint to me,
Whether the man of low extraction keeps
Or blemishes his honour—
So that the man of princely rank be saved.
We all do stamp our value on ourselves.

The price we challenge for ourselves is given us.
There does not live on earth the man so station'd,
That I despise myself compar'd with him.
Man is made great or little by his own will :
Because I am true to mine, therefore he dies.

Gor. I am endeavouring to move a rock.
Thou hast a mother, yet no human feelings.
I cannot hinder you, but may some god
Rescue him from you ! (*Exit GORDON.*)

SCENE IX.

BUTLER *alone.*

I treasured my good name all my life long ;
The Duke has cheated me of life's best jewel,
So that I blush before this poor weak Gordon !
He prizes above all his fealty ;
His conscious soul accuses him of nothing ;
In opposition to his own soft heart
He subjugates himself to an iron duty.
Me in a weaker moment passion warp'd ;
I stand beside him, and must feel myself
The worst man of the two. What, though the world
Is ignorant of my purposed treason, yet
One Man does know it, and can prove it too—
High-minded Piccolomini !
There lives the man who can dishonour me !
This ignominy blood alone can cleanse !
Duke Friendland, thou or I—Into my own hands
Fortune delivers me—The dearest thing a man has is himself.

The Curtain drops.

ACT IV

SCENE I.—BUTLER'S Chamber.

BUTLER, MAJOR *and* GERALDIN.

But. Find me twelve strong dragoons, arm them with pikes,
 For there must be no firing;—
 Conceal them somewhere near the banquet-room,
 And soon as the dessert is served up, rush all in
 And cry,—Who is loyal to the Emperor?
 I will overturn the table—while you attack
 Illo and Tertsy, and despatch them both.
 The castle-palace is well barred and guarded,
 That no intelligence of this proceeding
 May make its way to the Duke.—Go instantly;
 Have you yet sent for Captain Devereux
 And the Macdonald?—

Ger.

They'll be here anon.

(Exit GERALDIN)

But. Here's no room for delay. The citizens
 Declare for him, a dizzy drunken spirit
 Possesses the whole town. They see in the Duke
 A Prince of peace, a founder of new ages
 And golden times. Arms too have been given out
 By the town-council, and a hundred citizens
 Have volunteered themselves to stand on guard.
 Despatch then be the word. For enemies
 Threaten us from without and from within.

SCENE II.

BUTLER, CAPTAIN DEVEREUX *and* MACDONALD.*Mac.* Here we are, General.*Dev.* What's to be the watchword?*But.* Long live the Emperor!*Both (recoiling).* How?*But.* Live the house of Austria!*Dev.* Have we not sworn fidelity to Friedland?*Mac.* Have we not marched to this place to protect him?

But. Protect a traitor, and his country's enemy !

Dev. Why, yes ! in his name you administered
Our oath.

Mac. And followed him yourself to Egra.

But. I did it the more surely to destroy him.

Dev. So then !

Mac. An altered case !

But. (to DEVEREUX). Thou wretched man !
So easily leav'st thou thy oath and colours ?

Dev. The devil !—I but followed your example,
If you could prove a villain, why not we ?

Mac. We've nought to do with *thinking*—that's your business.
You are our General, and give out the orders !
We follow you, though the track lead to hell.

But. (*appeased*). Good ! then, we know each other.

Mac. I should hope so.

Dev. Soldiers of fortune are we—who bids most,
He has us.

Mac. 'Tis e'en so !

But. Well, for the present
Ye must remain honest and faithful soldiers :—

Dev. We wish no other.

But. Ay, and make your fortunes.

Mac. That is still better.

But. Listen !

Both. We attend.

But. It is the Emperor's will and ordinance
To seize the person of the Prince-duke Friedland
Alive or dead.

Dev. It runs so in the letter.

Mac. Alive or dead—these were the very words.

But. And he shall be rewarded from the State
In land and gold, who proffers aid thereto.

Dev. Ay ? That sounds well. The *words* sound always well,
That travel hither from the Court. Yes ! yes !
We know already what Court-words import.
A golden chain perhaps in sign of favour,
Or an old charger, or a parchment patent,
And such like.—The Prince-duke pays better.

Mac. Yes,

The Duke's a splendid paymaster.

But. All over

With that, my friends ! His lucky stars are set.

Mac. And is that certain ?

But. You have my word for it.

Dev. His lucky fortunes all past by?

But.

For ever.

He is as poor as we.

Mac. As poor as we?

Dev. Macdonald, we'll desert him.

But.

We'll desert him!

Full twenty thousand have done that already;

We must do more, my countrymen! In short—

We—we must kill him.

Both (starting back). Kill him!

But.

Yes! must kill him!

And for that purpose have I chosen you.

Both. Us!

But. You, Captain Devereux, and thee, Macdonald.

Dev. (after a pause). Choose you some other.

But.

What? art dastardly?

Thou, with full thirty lives to answer for—

Thou conscientious of a sudden?

Dev.

Nay,

To assassinate our Lord and General—

Mac. To whom we've sworn a soldier's oath—

But.

The oath

Is null, for Friedland is a traitor.

Dev. No, no! It is too bad!

Mac.

Yes, by my soul!

It is too bad. One has a conscience too—

Dev. If it were not our chieftain, who so long

Has issued the commands, and claim'd our duty,—

But. Is that the objection?

Dev.

Were it my own father,

And the Emperor's service should demand it of me,

It might be done perhaps—But we are soldiers,

And to assassinate our chief commander,

That is a sin, a foul abomination,

From which no monk or confessor absolves us.

But. I am your Pope, and give you absolution.

Determine quickly!

Dev.

'Twill not do!

Mac.

'Twon't do.

But. Well, off, then! and—send Pestalutz to me.

Dev. (hesitates). The Pestalutz—

Mac.

What may you want with him?

But. If you reject it, we can find enough—

Dev. Nay, if he must fall, we may earn the bounty

As well as any other. What think you,

Brother Macdonald ?

Mac. Why, if he *must* fall,
And *will* fall, and it can't be otherwise,
One would not give place to this Pestalutz.

Dev. (*after some reflection*). When do you purpose he should fall ?

But. This night ;—
To-morrow will the Swedes be at our gates.

Dev. You take upon you all the consequences !

But. I take the whole upon me.

Dev. And it is
The Emperor's will, his express absolute will ?—
For we have instances, that folks may like
The murder, and yet hang the murderer.

But. The manifesto says—alive or dead.
Alive—it is not possible—you see it is not.

Dev. Well, dead then ! dead ! But how can we come at him ?
The town is filled with Tertsky's soldiery.

Mac. Ay ! and then Tertsky still remains, and Illo —

But. With these you shall begin—you understand me ?

Dev. How ? And must they too perish ?

But. They the first.

Mac. Hear, Devereux ! A bloody evening this.

Dev. Have you a man for that ? Commission me —

But. 'Tis given in trust to Major Geraldin ;
This is a carnival night, and there's a feast
Given at the castle—there we shall surprise them,
And hew them down. The Pestalutz, and Lesley
Have that commission—soon as that is finished—

Dev. Hear, General ! It will be all one to you.
Hark'ee ! let me exchange with Geraldin.

But. 'Twill be the lesser danger with the Duke.

Dev. Danger ! The Devil ! What do you think me, General
'Tis the Duke's eye, and not his sword, I fear.

But. What can his eye do to thee ?

Dev. Death and hell !
Thou know'st that I'm no milk-sop, General !
But 'tis not eight days since the Duke did send me
Twenty gold pieces for this good warm coat
Which I have on ! and then for him to see me
Standing before him with the pike, his murderer,
That eye of his looking upon this coat—
Why—why—the devil fetch me ! I'm no milk-sop !

But. The Duke presented thee this good warm coat,
And thou, a needy wight, hast pangs of conscience

To run him through the body in return.
A coat that is far better and far warmer
Did the Emperor give to him, the Prince's mantle;
How doth he thank the Emperor? With revolt
And treason?

Dev. That is true. The devil take
Such thankers! I'll despatch him.

But. And would'st quiet
Thy conscience, thou hast nought to do but simply
Pull off the coat; so canst thou do the deed
With light heart and good spirits.

Dev. You are right.
That did not strike me. I'll pull off the coat—
So there's an end of it.

Mac. Yes, but there's another
Point to be thought of.

But. And what's that, Macdonald?

Mac. What avails sword or dagger against him?
He is not to be wounded—he is—

But. (starting up). What?

Mac. Safe against shot, and stab and flash! Hard frozen,
Secured, and warranted by the black art!
His body is impenetrable, I tell you.

Dev. In Inglestadt there was just such another;
His whole skin was the same as steel; at last
We were obliged to beat him down with gun-stocks.

Mac. Hear what I'll do.

Dev. Well

Mac. In the cloister here
There's a Dominican, my countryman.

I'll make him dip my sword and pike for me
In holy water, and say over them
One of his strongest blessings. That's probatum!
Nothing can stand 'gainst that.

But. So do, Macdonald!
But now go and select from out the regiment
Twenty or thirty able-bodied fellows,
And let them take the oaths to the Emperor.
Then when it strikes eleven, when the first rounds
Are passed, conduct them silently as may be
To th' house—I will myself be not far off.

Dev. But how do we get through Hartschier and Gordon,
That stand on guard there in the inner chamber?

But. I have made myself acquainted with the place.
I lead you through a back-door that's defended

By one man only. Me my rank and office
Give access to the Duke at every hour.
I'll go before you—with one poignard-stroke
Cut Hartschier's wind-pipe, and make way for you.

Dev. And when we are there, by what means shall we gain
The Duke's bed-chamber, without his alarming
The servants of the Court ; for he has here
A numerous company of followers ?

But. The attendants fill the right wing ; he hates bustle,
And lodges in the left wing quite alone.

Dev. Were it well over—hey, Macdonald ? I
Feel queerly on the occasion, devil knows !

Mac. And I too. 'Tis too great a personage.
People will hold us for a brace of villains.

But. In plenty, honour, splendour—You may safely
Laugh at the people's babble.

Dev. If the business
Squares with one's honour—if that be quite certain—

But. Set your hearts quite at ease. Ye save for Ferdinand
His Crown and Empire. The reward can be
No small one.

Dev. And 'tis his purpose to dethrone the Emperor ?

But. Yes !—Yes !—to rob him of his crown and life.

Dev. And he must fall by the executioner's hand,
Should we deliver him up to the Emperor .
Alive ?

But. It were his certain destiny.

Dev. Well ! Well ! Come then, Macdonald, he shall not
Lie long in pain.

*(Exeunt BUTLER through one door, MACDONALD and DEVE-
REUX through the other.)*

SCENE III.

*A Gothic and gloomy Apartment at the DUCHESS FRIEDLAND'S.
THEKLA on a seat, pale, her eyes closed. The DUCHESS
and LADY NEUBRUNN busied about her. WALLENSTEIN
and the COUNTESS in conversation.*

Wal. How knew she it so soon ?

Coun. She seems to have

Foreboded some misfortune. The report
Of an engagement, in the which had fallen

A colonel of the imperial army, frightened her.
 I saw it instantly. She flew to meet
 The Swedish courier, and with sudden questioning,
 Soon wrested from him the disastrous secret.
 Too late we missed her, hastened after her,
 We found her lying in his arms, all pale
 And in a swoon.

Wal. A heavy, heavy blow!
 And she so unprepared! Poor child! How is it?
(Turning to the DUCHESS.)

Is she coming to herself?

Duch. Her eyes are opening.

Coun. She lives.

Thek. *(looking around her).* Where am I?

Wal. *(steps to her, raising her up in his arms).*
 Come, cheerly, Thekla! be my own brave girl!
 See, there's thy loving mother. Thou art in
 Thy father's arms.

Thek. *(standing up).* Where is he? Is he gone?

Duch. Who gone, my daughter?

Thek. He—the man who uttered
 That word of misery.

Duch. O! think not of it,
 My Thekla!

Wal. Give her sorrow leave to talk!
 Let her complain—mingle your tears with hers,
 For she hath suffered a deep anguish; but
 She'll rise superior to it, for my Thekla
 Hath all her father's unsubdued heart.

Thek. I am not ill. See, I have power to stand.
 Why does my mother weep? Have I alarmed her?
 It is gone by—I recollect myself—

(She casts her eyes round the room, as seeking some one.)

Where is he? Please you, do not hide him from me.
 You see I have strength enough: now I will hear him.

Duch. No, never shall this messenger of evil
 Enter again into thy presence, Thekla!

Thek. My father—

Wal. Dearest Daughter!

Thek. I'm not weak—
 Shortly I shall be quite myself again.
 You'll grant me one request?

Wal. Name it, my daughter.

Thek. Permit the stranger to be called to me,
 And grant me leave, that by myself I may

Hear his report and question him.

Duch. No, never!

Coun. 'Tis not advisable—assent not to it.

Wal. Hush! Wherefore would'st thou speak with him, my daughter?

Thek. Knowing the whole I shall be more collected;
I will not be deceived. My mother wishes
Only to spare me. I will not be spared.
The worst is said already; I can hear
Nothing of deeper anguish!

Coun. and Duch. Do it not.

Thek. The horror overpowered me by surprise.
My heart betrayed me in the stranger's presence;
He was a witness of my weakness, yea,
I sank into his arms; and that has shamed me.
I must replace myself in his esteem,
And I must speak with him, perforce, that he,
The stranger, may not think ungently of me.

Wal. I see she is in the right, and am inclined
To grant her this request of hers. Go, call him.

(*LADY NEUBRUNN goes to call him.*)

Duch. But I, thy mother, will be present—

Thek. 'Twere

More pleasing to me, if alone I saw him:
Trust me, I shall behave myself the more
Collectedly.

Wal. Permit her her own will.
I leave her alone with him: for there are sorrows,
Where of necessity the soul must be
Its own support. A strong heart will rely
On its own strength alone. In her own bosom,
Not in her mother's arms, must she collect
The strength to rise superior to this blow.
It is mine own brave girl. I'll have her treated
Not as the woman, but the heroine. (*Going.*)

Coun. (detaining him). Where art thou going? I heard Tertsky
say
That 'tis thy purpose to depart from hence
To-morrow early, but to leave us here.

Wal. Yes, ye stay here, placed under the protection
Of gallant men.

Coun. O take us with you, brother.
Leave us not in this gloomy solitude
To brood o'er anxious thoughts. The mists of doubt
Magnify evils to a shape of horror.

Wal. Who speaks of evil! I entreat you, sister,
Use words of better omen.

Coun. Then take us with you.
O leave us not behind you in a place
That forces us to such sad omens. Heavy
And sick within me is my heart——
These walls breathe on me, like a church-yard vault.
I cannot tell you, brother, how this place
Doth go against my nature. Take us with you.
Come, sister, join you your entreaty!—Niece,
Yours, too. We all entreat you, take us with you.

Wal. The place's evil omens will I change,
Making it that which shields and shelters for me
My best beloved.

Lady Neu. (returning). The Swedish officer.

Wal. Leave her alone with him.

(Exit.)

Duch. (to THEKLA, who starts and shivers). There—pale as
death!—Child, 'tis impossible
That thou shouldst speak with him. Follow thy mother.

Thek. The Lady Neubrunn then may stay with me.

(Exeunt DUCHESS and COUNTESS.)

SCENE IV.

THEKLA, the Swedish Captain, LADY NEUBRUNN.

Cap. (respectfully approaching her). Princess—I must entreat
your gentle pardon—

My inconsiderate rash speech—How could I—

Thek. (with dignity). You did behold me in my agony.

A most distressful accident occasioned

You, from a stranger, to become at once

My confidant.

Cap. I fear you hate my presence,
For my tongue spake a melancholy word.

Thek. The fault is mine. Myself did wrest it from you.

The horror which came o'er me interrupted

Your tale at its commencement. May it please you,

Continue it to the end.

Cap. Princess, 'twill

Renew your anguish.

Thek. I am firm.—

I will be firm. Well—how began the engagement?

Cap. We lay, expecting no attack, at Neustadt,

Entrenched but insecurely in our camp,
 When towards evening rose a cloud of dust
 From the wood thitherward ; our vanguard fled
 Into the camp, and sounded the alarm.
 Scarce had we mounted, ere the Pappenheimers,
 Their horses at full speed, broke through the lines,
 And leaped the trenches ! but their heedless courage
 Had borne them onward far before the others—
 The infantry were still at distance, only
 The Pappenheimers followed daringly
 Their daring leader.

(THEKLA betrays agitation in her gestures. The Officer pauses till she makes a sign to him to proceed.)

Both in van and flanks

With our whole cavalry we now received them ;
 Back to the trenches drove them, where the foot
 Stretched out a solid ridge of pikes to meet them.
 They neither could advance, nor yet retreat ;
 And as they stood on every side wedged in,
 The Rhine-grave to their leader called aloud,
 Inviting a surrender ; but their leader,
 Young Piccolomini— *(THEKLA, as giddy, grasps a chair.)*

Known by his plume,

And his long hair, gave signal for the trenches ;
 Himself leaped first, the regiment all plunged after,
 His charger, by a halbert gored, reared up,
 Flung him with violence off, and over him
 The horses, now no longer to be curbed —

(THEKLA, who has accompanied the last speech with all the marks of increasing agony, trembles through her whole frame, and is falling. The LADY NEUBRUNN runs to her, and receives her in her arms.)

Neu. My dearest lady——

Cap.

I retire.

Thek.

'Tis over.

Proceed to the conclusion.

Cap.

While despair

Inspired the troops with frenzy when they saw
 Their leader perish ; every thought of rescue
 Was spurned ; they fought like wounded tigers ; their
 Frantic resistance roused our soldiery ;
 A murderous fight took place, nor was the contest
 Finished before their last man fell.

Thek. (faltering).

And where——

Where is—You have not told me all.

Cap. (after a pause). This morning
 We buried him. Twelve youths of noblest birth
 Did bear him to interment; the whole army
 Followed the bier. A laurel decked his coffin;
 The sword of the deceased was placed upon it,
 In mark of honour, by the Rhine-grave's self.
 Nor tears were wanting; for there are among us
 Many who had themselves experienced
 The greatness of his mind, and gentle manners;
 All were affected at his fate. The Rhine-grave
 Would willingly have saved him; but himself
 Made vain the attempt—'tis said he wished to die.

Neu. (to THEKLA, who has hidden her countenance).
 Look up, my dearest lady——

Thek. Where is his grave?

Cap. At Neustadt, lady; in a cloister church
 Are his remains deposited, until
 We can receive directions from his father.

Thek. What is the cloister's name?

Cap. Saint Catharine's.

Thek. And how far is it thither?

Cap. Near twelve leagues.

Thek. And which the way?

Cap. You go by Tirschenreit
 And Falkenberg through our advanced posts.

Thek. Who
 Is their commander?

Cap. Colonel Seckendorf.

(THEKLA steps to the table, and takes a ring from a casket.)

Thek. You have beheld me in my agony,
 And shown a feeling heart. Please you, accept

(Giving him the ring)

A small memorial of this hour. Now go!

Cap. Princess——

(THEKLA silently makes signs to him, and turns from him.

The Captain lingers, and is about to speak. LADY NEU-
 BRUNN repeats the signal, and he retires.)

SCENE V.

THEKLA, LADY NEUBRUNN.

Thek. (falls on LADY NEUBRUNN's neck). Now, gentle Neu-
 brunn, show me the affection

Which thou hast ever promised—prove thyself
My own true friend and faithful fellow-pilgrim.
This night we must away!

Neu. Away! and whither?

Thek. Whither! There is but one place in the world.
Thither where he lies buried! To his coffin!

Neu. What would you do there?

Thek. What do there?

That would'st thou not have asked, hadst thou e'er loved.
There, there is all that still remains of him.

That single spot is the whole earth to me.

Neu. That place of death——

Thek. Is now the only place,
Where life yet dwells for me: detain me not!

Come and make preparations: let us think
Of means to fly from hence.

Neu. Your father's rage——

Thek. That time is past——

And now I fear no human being's rage.

Neu. The sentence of the world! the tongue of calumny!

Thek. Whom am I seeking? Him who is no more.

Am I then hastening to the arms——O God!

I haste but to the grave of the beloved.

Neu. And we alone, two helpless feeble women?

Thek. We will take weapons: my arms shall protect thee.

Neu. In the dark night-time.

Thek. Darkness will conceal us.

Neu. This rough tempestuous night——

Thek. Had he a soft bed

Under the hoofs of his war-horses?

Neu. Heaven!

And then the many posts of the enemy!—

Thek. They are human beings. Misery travels free
Through the whole earth.

Neu. The journey's weary length——

Thek. The pilgrim travelling to a distant shrine
Of hope and healing, doth not count the leagues.

Neu. How can we pass the gates?

Thek. Gold opens them.

Go, do but go.

Neu. Should we be recognised——

Thek. In a despairing woman, a poor fugitive,
Will no one seek the daughter of Duke Friedland.

Neu. And where procure we horses for our flight?

Thek. My equerry procures them. Go and fetch him.

Neu. Dares he, without the knowledge of his lord?

Thek. He ~~will~~ Go, only go. Delay no longer.

Neu. Dear lady! and your mother?

Thek. Oh! my mother!

Neu. So much as she has suffered too already;
Your tender mother—Ah! how ill prepared
For this last anguish!

Thek. Woe is me! my mother! (Pauses.)

Go instantly.

Neu. But think what you are doing!

Thek. What *can* be thought, already has been thought.

Neu. And being there, what purpose you to do?

Thek. There a divinity will prompt ~~my~~ soul.

Neu. Your heart, dear lady, is disquieted!
And this is not the way that leads to quiet.

Thek. To a deep quiet, such as he has found.

It draws me on, I know not what to name it,

Resistless does it draw me to his grave.

There will my heart be eased, my tears will flow.

O hasten, make no further questioning!

There is no rest for me till I have left

These walls—they fall in on me—A dim power

Drives me from hence—Oh mercy! What a feeling!

What pale and hollow forms are those! They fill,

They crowd the place! I have no longer room here!

Mercy! Still more! More still! The hideous swarm!

They press on me; they chase me from these walls—

Those hollow, bodiless forms of living men!

Neu. You frighten me so, lady, that no longer

I dare stay here myself. I go and call

Rosenberg instantly. (Exit LADY NEUBRUNN.)

SCENE VI.

Thek. His spirit 'tis that calls me: 'tis the troop
Of his true followers, who offered up
Themselves t'avenge his death: and they accuse me
Of an ignoble loitering—they would not
Forsake their leader even in his death—they died for him!
And shall I live? —
For me too was that laurel-garland twined
That decks his bier. Life is an empty casket:
I throw it from me. O! my only hope;—

To die beneath the hoofs of trampling steeds—
That is the lot of heroes upon earth !

(Exit THEKLA.)

The Curtain drops.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A Saloon, terminated by a gallery which extends far into the back-ground. WALLENSTEIN sitting at a table. The Swedish Captain standing before him.*

Wal. Commend me to your Lord. I sympathise
In his good fortune ; and if you have seen me
Deficient in the expressions of that joy,
Which such a victory might well demand,
Attribute it to no lack of good will,
For henceforth are our fortunes one. Farewell,
And for your trouble take my thanks. To-morrow
The citadel shall be surrendered to you
On your arrival.

(*The Swedish Captain retires. WALLENSTEIN sits lost in thought, his eyes fixed vacantly, and his head sustained by his hand. The COUNTESS TERTSKY enters, stands before him awhile, unobserved by him ; at length he starts, sees her, and recollects himself.*)

Wal. Com'st thou from her ? Is she restored ? How is she ?

Coun. My sister tells me, she was more collected
After her conversation with the Swede.
She has now retired to rest.

Wal. The pang will soften,
She will shed tears.

Coun. I find thee altered too,
My brother ! After such a victory
I had expected to have found in thee
A cheerful spirit. O remain thou firm !
Sustain, uphold us ! For our light thou art,
Our sun.

Wal. Be quiet. I ail nothing. Where's
Thy husband ?

Coun. At a banquet—he and Illo.

Wal. (*rises, and strides across the room.*) The night's far spent.

Betake thee to thy chamber.

Coun. Bid me not go, O let me stay with thee!

Wal. (*moves to the window*). There is a busy motion in the heaven,

The wind doth chase the flag upon the tower,
Fast sweep the clouds, the sickle of the moon,
Struggling, darts snatches of uncertain light.
No form of star is visible! That one
White stain of light, that single glimmering yonder,
Is from Cassiopeia, and therein
Is Jupiter. (*A pause.*) But now
The blackness of the troubled element hides him!

(*He sinks into profound melancholy, and looks vacantly into the distance.*)

Coun. (*looks on him mournfully, then grasps his hand*). What art thou brooding on?

Wal. Methinks,
If but I saw him, 'twould be well with me.
He is the star of my nativity,
And often marvellously hath his aspect
Shot strength into my heart.

Coun. Thou'lt see him again.

Wal. (*remains for a while with absent mind, then assumes a livelier manner, and turns suddenly to the COUNTESS*). See him again? O never, never again.

Coun. How?

Wal. He is gone—is dust.

Coun. Whom meanest thou then?

Wal. He, the more fortunate! yea, he hath finished!
For him there is no longer any future,
His life is bright—bright without spot it was
And cannot cease to be. No ominous hour
Knocks at his door with tidings of mishap.
Far off is he, above desire and fear;
No more submitted to the change and chance
Of the unsteady planets. O 'tis well
With him / but who knows what the coming hour
Veil'd in thick darkness brings for us!

Coun. Thou speak'st
Of Piccolomini. What was his death?
The courier had just left thee as I came.

(*WALLENSTEIN by a motion of his hand makes signs to her to be silent.*)

Turn not thine eyes upon the backward view,
Let us look forward into sunny days,

Welcome with joyous heart the victory,
Forget what it has cost thee. Not to-day,
For the first time, thy friend was to thee dead;
To thee he died, when first he parted from thee.

Wal. I shall grieve down this blow, of that I'm conscious:
What does not man grieve down? From the highest,
As from the vilest thing of every day
He learns to wean himself; for the strong hours
Conquer him. Yet I feel what I have lost
In him. The bloom is vanished from my life.
For O! he stood beside me, like my youth,
'Transformed for me the real to a dream,
Clothing the palpable and familiar
With golden exhalations of the dawn.
Whatever fortunes wait my future toils,
The *beautiful* is vanished—and returns not.

Coun. O be not treacherous to thy own power.
Thy heart is rich enough to vivify
Itself. Thou lov'st and prizest virtues in him,
The which thyself didst plant, thyself unfold.

Wal. (*stepping to the door.*) Who interrupts us now at this late hour?

It is the Governor. He brings the keys
Of the Citadel. 'Tis midnight. Leave me, sister!

Coun. O 'tis so hard to me this night to leave thee—
A boding fear possesses me!

Wal. Fear! Wherefore?

Coun. Should'st thou depart this night, and we at waking
Never more find thee!

Wal. Fancies!

Coun. O my soul
Has long been weighed down by these dark forebodings.
And if I combat and repel them waking,
They still rush down upon my heart in dreams.
I saw thee yesternight with thy first wife
Sit at a banquet gorgeously attired.

Wal. This was a dream of favourable omen,
That marriage being the founder of my fortunes.

Coun. To-day I dreamed that I was seeking thee
In thy own chamber. As I entered, lo!
It was no more a chamber;—the Chartreuse
At Gitschin 'twas, which thou thyself hast founded,
And where it is thy will that thou should'st be
Interr'd.

Wal. Thy soul is busy with these thoughts.

Coun. What! dost thou not believe that oft in dreams
A voice of warning speaks prophetic to us?

Wal. There is no doubt that there exist such voices.
Yet I would not call *them*

Voices of warning that announce to us
Only the inevitable. As the sun,
Ere it is risen, sometimes paints its image
In the atmosphere, so often do the spirits
Of great events stride on before the events,
And in to-day already walks to-morrow.
That which we read of the fourth Henry's death
Did ever vex and haunt me like a tale
Of my own future destiny. The king
Felt in his breast the phantom of the knife,
Long ere Ravaillac armed himself therewith.
His quiet mind forsook him: the phantasma
Started him in his Louvre, chased him forth
Into the open air: like funeral knells
Sounded that coronation festival;
And still with boding sense he heard the tread
Of those feet that even then were seeking him
Throughout the streets of Paris.

Coun. And to thee
The voice within thy soul bodes nothing?

Wal. Nothing.
Be wholly tranquil.

Coun. And another time
I hastened after thee, and thou ran'st from me
Through a long suite, through many a spacious hall,
There seemed no end of it: doors creaked and clapped:
I followed panting, but could not o'ertake thee!
When on a sudden did I feel myself
Grasped from behind—the hand was cold that grasped me—
'Twas thou, and thou didst kiss me, and there seemed
A crimson covering to envelope us.

Wal. That is the crimson tapestry of my chamber.

Coun. (*gazing on him*). If it should come to that—if I should
see thee,

Who standest now before me in the fulness
Of life— (*She falls on his breast and weeps.*)

Wal. The Emperor's proclamation weighs upon thee—
Alphabets wound not—and he finds no hands.

Coun. If he *should* find them, my resolve is taken—
I hear about me my support and refuge.

(*Exit COUNTESS.*)

SCENE II.

WALLENSTEIN, GORDON.

Wal. All quiet in the town?*Gor.* The town is quiet.*Wal.* I hear a boisterous music! and the Castle
Is lighted up. Who are the revellers?*Gor.* There is a banquet given at the Castle
To the Count Tertsky, and Field-Marshal Illo.*Wal.* In honour of the victory.—This tribe
Can show their joy in nothing else but feasting.*(Ring. The Groom of the Chamber enters.)*

Unrobe me. I will lay me down to sleep.

*(WALLENSTEIN takes the keys from GORDON.)*So we are guarded from all enemies,
And shut in with sure friends.

For all must cheat me, or a face like this

(Fixing his eye on GORDON.)

Was ne'er a hypocrite's mask.

*(The Groom of the Chamber takes off his mantle, collar, and scarf.)**Wal.* Take care—what is that?*Groom of the Chamber.* The golden chain is snapped in two.*Wal.* Well, it has lasted long enough. Here—give it.*(He takes and looks at the chain.)*

'Twas the first present of the Emperor.

He hung it round me in the war of Friule,

He being then Archduke; and I have worn it

Till now from habit——

From superstition if you will. Belike,

It was to be a talisman to me,

And while I wore it on my neck in faith,

It was to chain to me all my life long,

The volatile fortune, whose first pledge it was.

Well, be it so! Henceforward a new fortune,

Must spring up for me! for the potency

Of this charm is dissolved.

(Groom of the Chamber retires with the vestments. WALLENSTEIN rises; takes a stride across the room, and stands at last before GORDON in a posture of meditation.)

How the old time returns upon me! I

Behold myself once more at Burgau, where

We two were pages of the Court together.

We oftentimes disputed ; thy intention
 Was ever good ; but thou wert wont to play
 The moralist and preacher, and would'st rail at me—
 That I strove after things too high for me,
 Giving my faith to bold unlawful dreams,
 And still extol to me the golden mean.
 —Thy wisdom hath been proved a thriftless friend
 To thy own self. See, it has made thee early
 A superannuated man, and (but
 That my munificent stars will intervene)
 Would let thee in some miserable corner
 Go out like an untended lamp.

Gor. My Prince !

With light heart the poor fisher moors his boat,
 And watches from the shore the lofty ship
 Stranded amid the storm.

Wal. Art thou already

In harbour then, old man ? Well ! I am not.
 The unconquered spirit drives me o'er life's billows ;
 My planks still firm, my canvas swelling proudly,
 Hope is my goddess still, and youth my inmate ;
 And while we stand thus front to front, almost
 I might presume to say, that the swift years
 Have passed by powerless o'er my unblanched hair.

*(He moves with long strides across the Saloon, and remains
 on the opposite side over against GORDON.)*

Who now persists in calling Fortune false ?
 To me she has proved faithful, with fond love
 Took me from out the common ranks of men,
 And like a mother goddess, with strong arm
 Carried me swiftly up the steps of life.
 Nothing is common in my destiny,
 Nor in the furrows of my hand. Who dares
 Interpret then my life for me as 'twere
 One of the undistinguishable many ?
 True in this present moment I appear
 Fall'n low indeed ; but I shall rise again.
 The high flood will soon follow on this ebb ;
 The fountain of my fortune, which now stops
 Repressed and bound by some malicious star,
 Will soon in joy play forth from all its pipes.

Gor. And yet remember I the good old proverb,
 " Let the night come before we praise the day."
 I would be slow from long continued fortune
 To gather hope : for hope is the companion

Given to the unfortunate by pitying Heaven.
 Fear hovers round the head of prosperous men ;
 For still unsteady are the scales of fate.

Wal. (smiling). I hear the very Gordon that of old
 Was wont to preach to me, now once more preaching ;
 I know well, that all sublunary things
 Are still the vassals of vicissitude.
 The unpropitious gods demand their tribute.
 This long ago the ancient Pagans knew :
 And therefore of their own accord they offered
 To themselves injuries, so to atone
 The jealousy of their divinities :
 And human sacrifices bled to Typhon.

(After a pause, sprints, and in a more subdued manner.)

I too have sacrificed to him—For me
 There fell the dearest friend, and through my fault
 He fell ! No joy from favourable fortune
 Can overweigh the anguish of this stroke.
 The envy of my destiny is glutton :
 Life pays for life. On his pure head the lightning
 Was drawn off which would else have shattered me.

SCENE III.

To these enter SENI.

Wal. Is not that Seni ? and beside himself,
 If one may trust his looks ! What brings thee hither
 At this late hour, Baptista ?

Seni. Terror, Duke !

On thy account.

Wal. What now ?

Seni. Flee ere the day-break !

Trust not thy person to the Swedes !

Wal. What now

Is in thy thoughts ?

Seni (with louder voice). Trust not thy person to these Swedes.

Wal. What is it then ?

Seni (still more urgently). O wait not the arrival of these
 Swedes !

An evil near at hand is threatening thee
 From false friends. All the signs stand full of horror !
 Near, near at hand the net-work of perdition—
 Yea, even now 'tis being cast around thee !

Wal. Baptista, thou art dreaming!—Fear befools thee.

Sent. Believe not that an empty fear deludes me.

Come, read it in the planetary aspects;
Read it thyself, that ruin threatens thee
From false friends!

Wal. From the falseness of my friends
Has risen the whole of my unprosperous fortunes.
The warning should have come before! At present
I need no revelation from the stars
To know that.

Sent. Come and see! trust thine own eyes!
A fearful sign stands in the house of life
An enemy; a fiend lurks close behind;
The radiance of thy planet—O be warned!
Deliver not thyself up to these heathens
To wage a war against our holy church.

Wal. (*laughing gently*). The oracle rails that way! Yes, yes!
Now

I recollect. This junction with the Swedes
Did never please thee—lay thyself to sleep,
Baptista! Signs like these I do not fear.

Gor. (*who during the whole of this dialogue has shown marks
of extreme agitation, and now turns to WALLENSTEIN*).

My Duke and General! May I dare presume?

Wal. Speak freely.

Gor. What if 'twere no mere creation
Of fear, if God's high providence vouchsafed
To interpose its aid for your deliverance;
And made that mouth its organ.

Wal. You're both feverish!
How can mishap come to me from the Swedes?
They sought this junction with me—'tis their interest.

Gor. (*with difficulty suppressing his emotion*). But what if the
arrival of these Swedes—

What if this were the very thing that winged
The ruin that is flying to your temples?

(*Flings himself at his feet*)

There is yet time, my Prince.

Sent. O hear him! hear him!

Gor. (*rises*). The Rhine-grave's still far off. Give but the
orders,

This citadel shall close its gates upon him.

If then he will besiege us, let him try it.

For this I say: he'll find his own destruction

When his whole force before these ramparts, sooner

Than weary down the valour of our spirit.
 He shall experience what a band of heroes,
 Inspirited by an heroic leader,
 Is able to perform. And if indeed
 It be thy serious wish to make amends
 For that which thou hast done amiss,—this, this
 Will touch and reconcile the Emperor,
 Who gladly turns his heart to thoughts of mercy,
 And Friedland, who returns repentant to him,
 Will stand yet higher in his Emperor's favour,
 Than e'er he stood when he had never fallen.

Wal. (contemplates him with surprise, remains silent awhile, betraying strong emotion). Gordon—your zeal and fervour lead you far.

Well, well—an old friend has a privilege.
 Blood, Gordon, has been flowing. Never, never
 Can the Emperor pardon me : and if he could,
 Yet I—I ne'er could let myself be pardoned.
 Had I foreknown what now has taken place,
 That he, my dearest friend, would fall for me,
 My first death-offering : and had the heart
 Spoken to me, as now it has done—Gordon,
 It may be I might have bethought myself.
 It may be too, I might not. Might or might not,
 Is now an idle question. All too seriously
 Has it begun to end in nothing, Gordon !
 Let it then have its course.

(Stepping to the window.)

All dark and silent—at the castle too
 All is now hushed—Light me, Chamberlain !

(The Groom of the Chamber, who had entered during the last dialogue, and had been standing at a distance and listening to it with visible expressions of the deepest interest, advances in extreme agitation, and throws himself at the DUKE's feet.)

And thou too ! But I know why thou dost wish
 My reconciliation with the Emperor.
 Poor man ! he hath a small estate in Cärnthen,
 And fears it will be forfeited because
 He's in my service. Am I then so poor,
 That I no longer can indemnify
 My services ? *Wal.* To no one I employ
 Means of corruption. If 'tis thy belief
 That fortune has fled from me, go ! Forake me.
 This night for the last time may'st thou unrobe me,

And then go over to thy Emperor.

Gordon, good night! I think to make a long

Sleep of it: for the struggle and the turmoil

Of this last day or two were great. May't please you!

Take care that they awake me not too early.

(Exit WALLENSTEIN, the Groom of the Chamber lighting him.

SENI follows, GORDON remains on the darkened Stage, following the DUKE with his eye, till he disappears at the farther end of the gallery: then by his gestures the old man expresses the depth of his anguish, and stands leaning against a pillar.)

SCENE IV.

GORDON, BUTLER *(at first behind the scenes)*.

But. (not yet come into view of the stage). Here stand in silence till I give the signal.

Gor. (starts up). 'Tis he, he has already brought the murderers.

But. The lights are out. All lies in profound sleep.

Gor. What shall I do, shall I attempt to save him? Shall I call up the house? Alarm the guards?

But. (appears, but scarcely on the stage). A light gleams hither from the corridor.

It leads directly to the Duke's bed-chamber.

Gor. But then I break my oath to the Emperor;

If he escape and strengthen the enemy,

Do I not hereby call down on my head

All the dread consequences?

But. (stepping forward). Hark! Who speaks there?

Gor. 'Tis better, I resign it to the hands

Of Providence. For what am I, that I

Should take upon myself so great a deed?

I have not murdered him, if he be murdered;

But all his rescue were my act and deed;

Mine—and whatever be the consequences,

I must sustain them.

But. (advances). I should know that voice.

Gor. Butler!

But. 'Tis Gordon. What do you want here?

Was it so late then when the Duke dismissed you?

Gor. Your hand bound up and in a scarf?

But.

'Tis wounded.

That I'll fight as he was frantic, till

At last we threw him on the ground.

Gor. (shuddering). Both dead ?

But. Is he in bed ?

Gor. Ah, Butler !

But. Is he ? speak.

Gor. He shall not perish ! not through you ! The Heaven
Refuses *your* arm. See—'tis wounded !—

But. There is no need of *my* arm.

Gor. The most guilty
Have perished, and enough is given to justice.

*(The Groom of the Chamber advances from the gallery with his
finger on his mouth commanding silence.)*

He sleeps ! O murder not the holy sleep !

But. No ! he shall die awake. *(Is going.)*

Gor. His heart still cleaves
To earthly things : he's not prepared to step
Into the presence of his God !

But. (going). God's merciful !

Gor. (holds him). Grant him but this night's respite.

But. (hurrying off). The next moment
May ruin all.

Gor. (holds him still). One hour !—

But. Unhold me ! What
Can that short respite profit him ?

Gor. O—Time
Works miracles. In one hour many thousands
Of grains of sand run out ; and quick as they,
Thought follows thought within the human soul.
Only one hour ! *Your* heart may change its purpose,
His heart may change its purpose—some new tidings
May come : some fortunate event, decisive,
May fall from heaven and rescue him. O what
May not one hour achieve !

But. You but remind me
How precious every minute is ! *(He stamps on the floor.)*

SCENE V.

To these enter MACDONALD and DEVEREUX, with the Halberdiers.

Gor. (throwing himself between him and them). No, monster !
First over my dead body thou shalt tread.
I will not live to see the accursed deed !

But. (forcing him out of the way). Weak-hearted dotard!
(Trumpets are heard in the distance.)

Dev. and Mac. Hark! the Swedish trumpets!
 The Swedes before the ramparts! Let us hasten!

Gor. (rushes out). O God of Mercy!

But. (calling after him). Governor, to your post!

Groom of the Chamber (hurries in). Who dares make larum here! Hush! The Duke sleeps.

Dev. (with loud harsh voice). Friend, it is time now to make larum.

Groom of the Chamber. Help!

Murder!

But. Down with him!

Groom of the Chamber (run through the body by DEVEREUX, falls at the entrance of the gallery). Jesus Maria!

But. Burst the doors open!

(They rush over the body into the gallery—two doors are heard to crash one after the other—Voices deadened by the distance—Clash of arms—then all at once a profound silence.)

SCENE VI.

COUNTESS TERTSKY *(with a light)*.

Her bed-chamber is empty; she herself
 Is nowhere to be found! The Neubrunn too,
 Who watched by her, is missing. If she should
 Be flown—But whither flown? We must call up
 Every soul in the house. How will the Duke
 Bear up against these worst bad tidings? O
 If that my husband now were but returned
 Home from the banquet: Hark! I wonder whether
 The Duke is still awake! I thought I heard
 Voices and tread of feet here! I will go
 And listen at the door. Hark! What is that?
 'Tis hastening up the steps!

SCENE VII.

COUNTESS, GORDON.

Gor. (rushes in out of breath). 'Tis a mistake,
'Tis not the Swedes—Ye must proceed no further—

Butler! O God! Where is he?

(Then observing the COUNTESS.)

Countess! Say——

Coun. You are come then from the Castle? Where's my husband?

Gor. (in an agony of affright). Your husband!—Ask not!—To the Duke——

Coun. Not till

You have discovered to me——

Gor. On this moment

Does the world hang. For God's sake! to the Duke.

While we are speaking—— (calling loudly.)

Butler! Butler! God!

Coun. Why, he is at the Castle with my husband.

(BUTLER comes from the gallery.)

Gor. 'Twas a mistake—'Tis not the Swedes—it is
The Imperialist's Lieutenant-General
Has sent me hither, will be here himself
Instantly.—You must not proceed.

But. He comes

Too late. (GORDON dashes himself against the wall.)

Gor. O God of mercy!

Coun. What, too late?

Who will be here himself? Octavio

In Egra? Treason! Treason! Where's the Duke?

(She rushes to the gallery.)

SCENE VIII.

Servants run across the Stage full of terror. The whole Scene
must be spoken entirely without pauses.

Seni (from the gallery). O bloody frightful deed!

Coun. What is it, Seni?

Page (from the gallery). O piteous sight!
(Other Servants hasten in with torches.)

Coun. What is it? For God's sake!

Seni. And do you ask?

Within, the Duke lies murdered—and your husband
Assassinated at the Castle.

(The COUNTESS stands motionless.)

Female Servant (rushing across the Stage). Help! Help! the
Duchess!

Burgomaster (enters). What mean these confused

Loud cries, that wake the sleepers of this house !

Gor. Your house is cursed to all eternity.

In your house doth the Duke lie murdered !

Dur. (rushing out).

Heaven forbid !

1st Ser. Fly ! fly ! they murder us all !

2nd Ser. (carrying silver plate). That way ! The lower passages are blocked up.

Voice from behind the Scene. Make room for the Lieutenant-General !

(At these words the COUNTESS starts from her stupor, collects herself, and retires suddenly.)

Voice from behind the Scene. Keep back the people ! Guard the door.

SCENE IX.

To these enters OCTAVIO PICCOLOMINI with all his train. At the same time DEVEREUX and MACDONALD enter from out the Corridor with the Halberdiers. WALLENSTEIN'S dead body is carried over the back part of the Stage, wrapped in a piece of crimson tapestry.

Oct. (entering abruptly). It must not be ! It is not possible !

Butler ! Gordon !

I'll not believe it. Say no !

(GORDON, without answering, points with his hand to the body of WALLENSTEIN as it is carried over the back of the Stage. OCTAVIO looks that way, and stands overpowered with horror.)

Dev. (to BUTLER). Here is the golden fleece—the Duke's sword—

Mac. Is it your order—

But. (pointing to OCTAVIO). Here stands he who now Hath the sole power to issue orders.

(DEVEREUX and MACDONALD retire with marks of obedience. One drops away after the other, till only BUTLER, OCTAVIO, and GORDON remain on the Stage.)

Oct. (turning to BUTLER). Was that my purpose, Butler, when we parted ?

O God of justice,

To thee I lift my hand ! I am not guilty

Of this foul deed.

But. Your hand is pure. You have

Availed yourself of mine.

Oct. Merciless man !
Thus to abuse the orders of thy Lord—
And stain thy Emperor's holy name with murder,
With bloody, most accursed assassination !

But. (calmly). I've but fulfilled the Emperor's own sentence.

Oct. O curse of kings,
Infusing a dread life into their words,
And linking to the sudden transient thought
The unchangeable irrevocable deed.
Was there necessity for such an eager
Despatch ? Couldst thou not grant the merciful
A time for mercy ? Time is man's good angel.
To leave no interval between the sentence
And the fulfilment of it, doth besseem
God only, the immutable !

But. For what
Rail you against me ? What is my offence ?
The Empire from a fearful enemy
Have I delivered, and expect reward.
The single difference 'twixt you and me
Is this : you placed the arrow in the bow,
I pulled the string. You sowed blood, and yet stand
Astonished that blood is come up. I always
Knew what I did, and therefore no result
Hath power to frighten or surprise my spirit.
Have you aught else to order ?—for this instant
I make my best speed to Vienna ; place
My bleeding sword before my Emperor's throne,
And hope to gain the applause which undelaying
And punctual obedience may demand
From a just judge. (*Exit BUTLER.*)

SCENE X.

To these enters the COUNTESS TERTSKY, pale and disordered. Her utterance is slow and feeble, and unimpassioned.

Oct. (meeting her). O Countess Tertsky ! These are the results
Of luckless unblest deeds.

Coun. They are the fruits
Of your contrivances. The Duke is dead,
My husband too is dead, the Duchess struggles
In the pangs of death, my niece has disappeared.

This house of splendour and of princely glory,
Doth now stand desolated : the affrighted servants
Rush forth through all its doors. I am the last
Therein : I shut it up, and here deliver
The keys.

Oct. (with deep anguish). O Countess ! my house too is desolate.

Coun. Who next is to be murdered ? Who is next
To be maltreated ? Lo ! The Duke is dead.
The Emperor's vengeance may be pacified !
Spare the old servants ; let not their fidelity
Be imputed to the faithful as a crime—
The evil destiny surprised my brother
Too suddenly : he could not think on them.

Oct. Speak not of vengeance ! Speak not of maltreatment !
The Emperor is appeased ; the heavy fault
Hath heavily been expiated—nothing
Descended from the father to the daughter,
Except his glory and his services.
The Empress honours your adversity,
Takes part in your afflictions, opens to you
Her motherly arms ! Therefore no farther fears !
Yield yourself up in hope and confidence
To the Imperial throne !

Coun. (with her eye raised to heaven). To the grace and mercy
of a greater Master
Do I yield up myself. Where shall the body
Of the Duke have its place of final rest ?
In the Chaitrouse, which he himself did found
At Gitschin, rests the Countess Wallenstein ;
And by her side, to whom he was indebted
For his first fortunes, gratefully he wished
He might sometime repose in death ! O let him
Be buried there. And likewise, for my husband's
Remains, I ask the like grace. The Emperor
Is now proprietor of all our castles.
This sure may well be granted us—one sepulchre
Beside the sepulchres of our forefathers !

Oct. Countess, you tremble, you turn pale !

*Coun. (re-assembles all her powers, and speaks with energy and
dignity).* You think

More worthily of me, than to believe
I would survive the downfall of my house.
We did not hold ourselves too mean to grasp
After a monarch's crown—the crown did fate
Deny, but not the feeling and the spirit

That to the crown belong! We deem a
Courageous death more worthy of our free station
Than a dishonoured life.—I have taken poison.

Oct. Help! Help! Support her!

Coun.

Nay, it is too late.

In a few moments is my fate accomplished.

(Exit COUNTESS)

Gor. O house of death and horrors!

(An officer enters, and brings a letter with the great seal.)

Gor. (steps forward and meets him). What is this? It is the
Imperial Seal.

(He reads the address, and delivers the letter to OCTAVIO with
a look of reproach, and with an emphasis on the word.)

To the Prince Piccolomini.

(OCTAVIO, with his whole frame expressive of sudden anguish,
raises his eyes to heaven.)

The Curtain drops.

RE MORSE.

A TRAGEDY. IN FIVE ACTS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MARQUIS VALDEZ, *father to the two brothers, and Dona Teresa's guardian.*

DON 'ALVAR, *the eldest son.*

DON ORDONIO, *the youngest son.*

MONVIEDRO, *a Dominican and Inquisitor.*

ZULIMEZ, *the faithful attendant on Alvar.*

ISIDORE, *a Moresco chieftain, ostensibly a Christian.*
Familiars of the Inquisition.

NAOMI.

Moors, Servants, &c.

DONA TERESA, *an orphan heiress.*

ALHADRA, *wife of Isidore.*

TIME—The Reign of Philip II., just at the close of the civil wars against the Moors, and during the heat of the persecution which raged against them, shortly after the edict which forbade the wearing of Moresco apparel under pain of death.

REMOUSE.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The Seashore on the coast of Granada.*—DON ALVAR,
wrapt in a boat cloak, and ZULIMEZ (a Moresco), both as just
landed.

Zul. No sound, no face of joy to welcome us !

Alv. My faithful Zulimez, for one brief moment
Let me forget my anguish and their crimes.
If aught on earth demand an unmixed feeling,
'Tis surely this—after long years of exile,
To step forth on firm land, and gazing round us,
To hail at once our country, and our birth place.
Hail, Spain ! Granada, hail ! once more I press
Thy sands with filial awe, land of my fathers !

Zul. Then claim your rights in it ! O, revered Don Alvar,
Yet, yet give up your all too gentle purpose.
It is too hazardous ! reveal yourself,
And let the gully meet the doom of guilt !

Alv. Remember Zulimez ! I am his brother,
Injured indeed ! O deeply injured ! yet
Ordonio's brother.

Zul. Nobly minded Alvar !
This sure but gives his guilt a blacker dye.

Alv. The more behoves it, I should rouse within him
Remorse ! that I should save him from himself.

Zul. Remorse is as the heart in which it grows :
If that be gentle, it drops balmy dews
Of true repentance ; but if proud and gloomy,
It is a poison-tree, that pierced to the inmost
Weeps only tears of poison.

Alv. And of a brother,
Dare I hold this, unproved ? nor make one effort
To save him ?—Hear me, friend ! I have yet to tell thee,

That this same life, which he conspired to take,
Himself once rescued from the angry flood,
And at the imminent hazard of his own.
Add too my oath—

Zul. You have thrice told already
The years of absence and of secrecy,
To which a forced oath bound you : if in truth
A suborned murderer have the power to dictate
A binding oath—

Alv. My long captivity
Left me no choice : the very wish too languished
With the fond hope that nursed it ; the sick babe
Drooped at the bosom of its famished mother.
But (more than all) Teresa's perfidy ;
The assassin's strong assurance, when no interest,
No motive could have tempted him to falsehood :
In the first pangs of his awakened conscience,
When with abhorrence of his own black purpose
The murderous weapon, pointed at my breast,
Fell from his palsied hand—

Zul. Heavy presumption !

Alv. It weighed not with me—Hark ! I will tell thee all ;
As we passed by, I bade thee mark the base
Of yonder cliff—

Zul. That rocky seat you mean,
Shaped by the billows ?—

Alv. There Teresa met me
The morning of the day of my departure.
We were alone : the purple hue of dawn
Fell from the kindling east aslant upon us,
And blending with the blushes on her cheek,
Suffused the tear-drops there with rosy light.
There seemed a glory round us, and Teresa
The angel of the vision !

(Then with agitation.)

Had'st thou seen
How in each motion her most innocent soul
Beamed forth and brightened, thou thyself would'st tell me,
Guilt is a thing impossible in her !
She must be innocent !

Zul. (with a sigh). Proceed, my lord !

Alv. A portrait which she had procured by stealth,
(For even then it seems her heart foreboded
Or knew Ordinio's moody rivalry.)
A portrait of herself with thrilling hand
She tied around my neck, conjuring me,

With earnest prayers, that I would keep it sacred
To my own knowledge : nor did she desist,
Till she had won a solemn promise from me,
That (save my own) no eye should e'er behold it
Till my return. Yet this the assassin knew,
Knew that which none but she could have disclosed.

Zul. A damning proof !

Alv. My own life wearied me !
And but for the imperative voice within,
With mine own hand I had thrown off the burthen.
That voice, which quelled me, calmed me : and I sought
The Belgic states : there joined the better cause ;
And there too fought as one that courted death !
Wounded, I fell among the dead and dying,
In death-like trance : a long imprisonment followed.
The fulness of my anguish by degrees
Waned to a meditative melancholy ;
And still the more I mused, my soul became
More doubtful, more perplexed ; and still Teresa,
Night after night, she visited my sleep ;
Now as a saintly sufferer, wan and tearful,
Now as a saint in glory beckoning to me !
Yes, still as in contempt of proof and reason,
I cherish the fond faith that she is guiltless !
Hear then my fixed resolve : I'll linger here
In the disguise of a Moresco chieftain.—
The Moorish robes !—

Zul. All, all are in the sea-cave,
Some furlong hence. I bade our mariners
Secrete the boat there.

Alv. Above all, the picture
Of the assassination—

Zul. Be assured
That it remains uninjured.

Alv. Thus disguised
I will first seek to meet Ordonio's—wife !
If possible, alone too. This was her wonted walk,
And this the hour ; her words, her very looks
Will acquit her or convict.

Zul. Will they not know you ?

Alv. With your aid, friend, I shall unfearily
Trust the disguise ; and as to my complexion,
My long imprisonment, the scanty food,
This scar,—and toil beneath a burning sun,
Have done already half the business for us.

Add too my youth ;—since last we saw each other,
Manhood has swoln my chest, and taught my voice
A hoarser note—Besides, they think me dead ;
And what the mind believes impossible,
The bodily sense is slow to recognise.

Zul. 'Tis yours, sir, to command, mine to obey.
Now to the cave beneath the vaulted rock,
Where having shaped you to a Moorish chieftain,
I'll seek our mariners ; and in the dusk
Transport whate'er we need to the small dell
In the Alpujarras—there where Zagri lived.

Alv. I know it well : it is the obscurest haunt
Of all the mountains— (Both stand listening.)

Voices at a distance !

Let us away !

(*Exeunt.*)

SCENE II.

The Sea-shore, but within view of the Castle.

Enter TERESA and VALDEZ.

Ter. I hold Ordonio dear ; he is your son
And Alvar's brother.

Val. Love him for himself,
Nor make the living wretched for the dead.

Ter. I mourn that you should plead in vain, Lord Valdez ;
But Heaven hath heard my vow, and I remain
Faithful to Alvar, be he dead or living.

Val. Heaven knows with what delight I saw your loves,
And could my heart's blood give him back to thee
I would die smiling. But these are idle thoughts !
Thy dying father comes upon my soul
With that same look, with which he gave thee to me ;
I held thee in my arms a powerless babe,
While thy poor mother, with a mute entreaty,
Fixed her faint eyes on mine. Ah ! not for this,
That I should let thee feed thy soul with gloom,
And with slow anguish wear away thy life,
The victim of a useless constancy.
I must not see thee wretched.

Ter. There are woes
Ill bartered for the garishness of joy !
If it be wretched with an-untired eye
To watch those skiey tints, and this green ocean ;

Or in the sultry hour beneath some rock,
 My hair dishevelled by the pleasant sea breeze,
 To shape sweet visions, and live o'er again
 All past hours of delight! If it be wretched
 To watch some bark, and fancy Alvar there,
 To go through each minutest circumstance
 Of the blest meeting, and to frame adventures
 Most terrible and strange, and hear him tell them :

*(As once I knew a crazy Moorish maid
 Who dressed her in her buried lover's clothes,
 And o'er the smooth spring in the mountain cleft
 Hung with her lute, and played the self-same tune
 He used to play, and listened to the shadow
 Herself had made)—if this be wretchedness,
 And if indeed it be a wretched thing
 To trick out mine own death-bed, and imagine
 That I had died, died just ere his return!
 Then see him listening to my constancy,
 Or hover round, as he at midnight oft
 Sits on my grave, and gazes at the moon;
 Or haply in some more fantastic mood,
 To be in Paradise, and with choice flowers
 Build up a bower where he and I might dwell,
 And there to wait his coming! O my sire!
 My Alvar's sire! if this be wretchedness
 That eats away the life, what were it, think you,
 If in a most assured reality
 He should return, and see a brother's infant
 Smile at him from my arms?

Oh what a thought! *(Clasping her forehead.)*

Val. A thought? even so! mere thought! an empty thought.
 The very week he promised his return—

Ter. (abruptly). Was it not then a busy joy? to see him,
 After those three years' travels! we had no fears—
 The frequent tidings, the no'er failing letter,
 Almost endeared his absence! Yet the gladness,
 The tumult of our joy! What then if now—

Val. O power of youth to feed on pleasant thoughts,
 Spite of conviction! I am old and heartless!
 Yes, I am old—I have no pleasant fancies—
 Hectic and unrefreshed with rest—

Ter. (with great tenderness). My father!

* [Here Valdes bends back and smiles at her wildness, which Teresa noticing, checks her enthusiasm, and in a soothing half-playful tone and manner, apologises for her fancy, by the little tale in the parenthesis.]

Val. The sober truth is all too much for me !
 I see no sail which brings not to my mind
 The home-bound bark in which my son was captured
 By the Algerine—to perish with his captors !

Ter. Oh no ! he did not !

Val. Captured in sight of land !
 From yon hill point, nay, from our castle watch-tower
 We might have seen——

Ter. His capture, not his death.

Val. Alas ! how aptly thou forget'st a tale
 Thou ne'er didst wish to learn ! my brave Ordonio
 Saw both the pirate and his prize go down,
 In the same storm that baffled his own valour,
 And thus twice snatched a brother from his hopes :
 Gallant Ordonio ! (*pauses, then tenderly.*) O beloved Teresa,
 Wouldst thou best prove thy faith to generous Alvar,
 And most delight his spirit, go, make thou
 His brother happy, make his aged father
 Sink to the grave in joy.

Ter. For mercy's sake
 Press me no more ! I have no power to love him.
 His proud forbidding eye, and his dark brow,
 'Chill me like dew damps of the unwholesome night :
 My love, a timorous and tender flower,
 Closes beneath his touch.

Val. You wrong him, maiden !
 You wrong him, by my soul ! Nor was it well
 To character by such unkindly phrases
 The stir and workings of that love for you
 Which he has toiled to smother. 'Twas not well,
 Nor is it grateful in you to forget
 His wounds and perilous voyages, and how
 With an heroic fearlessness of danger
 He roamed the coast of Afric for your Alvar.
 It was not well—You have moved me even to tears.

Ter. O pardon me, Lord Valdez ! pardon me !
 It was a foolish and ungrateful speech,
 A most ungrateful speech ! But I am hurried
 Beyond myself, if I but hear of one
 Who aims to rival Alvar. Were we not
 Born in one day, like twins of the same parent !
 Nursed in one cradle ? Pardon me, my father !
 A six years' absence is a heavy thing,
 Yet still the hope survives——

Val. (*looking forward.*) Hush ! 'tis Monviedro.

Ter. The inquisitor! on what new scent of blood?

(*Enter MONVIEDRO with ALHADRA.*)

Mon. (*having first made his obeisance to VALDEZ and TERESA.*)

Peace and the truth be with you! Good my lord,
My present need is with your son. (*Looking forward.*)
We have hit the time. Here comes he! Yes, 'tis he.

(*Enter from the opposite side DON ORDONIO.*)

My Lord Ordonio, this Moresco woman
(Alhadra is her name) asks audience of you.

Ord. Hail, reverend father! what may be the business?

Mon. My lord, on strong suspicion of relapse
To his false creed, so recently abjured,
The secret servants of the Inquisition
Have seized her husband, and at my command
To the supreme tribunal would have led him,
But that he made appeal to you, my lord,
As surety for his soundness in the faith.
Though lessened by experience what small trust
The asseverations of these Moors deserve,
Yet still the deference to Ordonio's name,
Nor less the wish to prove with what high honour
The Holy Church regards her faithful soldiers,
Thus far prevailed with me that——

Ord. Reverend father,
I am much beholden to your high opinion,
Which so o'erprizes my light services.
(*Then to ALHADRA.*) I would that I could serve you; but in truth
Your face is new to me.

Mon. My mind foretold me,
That such would be the event. In truth, Lord Valdez,
'Twas little probable that Don Ordonio,
That your illustrious son, who fought so bravely
Some four years since to quell these rebel Moors,
Should prove the patron of this infidel!
The warrenter of a Moresco's faith!
Now I return.

Alh. My lord, my husband's name
Is Isidore. (*ORDONIO starts.*)—You may remember it:
Three years ago, three years this very week,
You left him at Almeria.

Mon. Palpably false!
This very week, three years ago, my lord,
(You needs must recollect it by your wound)
You were at sea, and there engaged the pirates,
The murderers doubtless of your brother Alvar!—

(TERESA looks at MONVIEDRO with disgust and horror. ORDONIO's appearance to be collected from what follows.)
(To VALDEZ, and pointing at ORDONIO.) What, is he ill, my lord?
how strange he looks!

Val. (angrily). You pressed upon him too abruptly, father,
The fate of one on whom, you know, he doted.

Ord. (starting as in sudden agitation). "O heavens! I?—I
doted?— (Then recovering himself.)

Yes! I doted on him.

(ORDONIO walks to the end of the stage; VALDEZ follows
soothing him.)

Ter. (her eye following ORDONIO). I do not, cannot, love him.
Is my heart hard?

Is my heart hard? that even now the thought
Should force itself upon me?—Yet I feel it!

Mon. The drops did start and stand upon his forehead!
I will return. In very truth, I grieve
To have been the occasion. Ho! attend me, woman!

Alh. (to TERESA). O gentle lady! make the father stay
Until my lord recover. I am sure
That he will say he is my husband's friend.

Ter. Stay, father! stay! my lord will soon recover.

Ord. (as they return to VALDEZ). Strange, that this Monviedro
Should have the power so to distemper me!

Val. Nay, 'twas an amiable weakness, son!

Mon. My Lord, I truly grieve——

Ord. Tut! name it not.

A sudden seizure, father! think not of it.
As to this woman's husband, I do know him.
I know him well, and that he is a Christian.

Mon. I hope, my lord, your merely human pity
Doth not prevail——

Ord. 'Tis certain that he was a Catholic;
What changes may have happened in three years,
I cannot say; but grant me this, good father:
Myself I'll sift him: if I find him sound,
You'll grant me your authority and name
To liberate his house.

Mon. Your zeal, my lord,
And your late merits in this holy warfare
Would authorise an ampler trust—you have it.

Ord. I will attend you home within an hour.

Val. Meantime return with us, and take refreshment.

Alh. Not till my husband's free! I may not do it.
I will stay here.

Ter. (aside). Who is this Isidore ?

Val. Daughter !

Ter. With your permission, my dear lord,
I'll loiter yet awhile t'enjoy the sea breeze.

(Exit VALDEZ, MONVIEDRO, and ORDONIO.)

Alh. Ha ! there he goes ! a bitter curse go with him,
A scathing curse !

(Then as if recollecting herself, and with a timid look.)

You hate him, don't you, lady ?

Ter. (perceiving that ALHADRA is conscious she has spoken imprudently). Oh fear not me ! my heart is sad for you.

Alh. These fell inquisitors ! these sons of blood !
As I came on, his face so maddened me,
That ever and anon I clutched my dagger
And half unsheathed it——

Ter. Be more calm, I pray you.

Alh. And as he walked along the narrow path
Close by the mountain's edge, my soul grew eager ;
'Twas with hard toil I made myself remember
That his Familiars held my babes and husband.
To have leapt upon him with a tiger's plunge,
And hurled him down the rugged precipice,
O, it had been most sweet !

Ter. Hush ! hush ! for shame !
Where is your woman's heart ?

Alh. O gentle lady !
You have no skill to guess my many wrongs,
Many and strange ! Besides *(ironically)*, I am a Christian,
And Christians never pardon—'tis their faith !

Ter. Shame fall on those who so have shown it to thee

Alh. I know that man : 'tis well he knows not me.
Five years ago (and he was the prime agent),
Five years ago the holy brethren seized me.

Ter. What might your crime be ?

Alh. I was a Moresco !
They cast me, then a young and nursing mother,
Into a dungeon of their prison house ;
Where was no bed, no fire, no ray of light,
No touch, no sound of comfort ! The black air,
It was a toil to breathe it ! when the door,
Slow opening at the appointed hour, disclosed
One human countenance, the lamp's red flame
Cowered as it entered, and at once sank down,
Oh miserable ! by that lamp to see
My infant quarrelling with the coarse hard bread

Brought daily: for the little wretch was sickly—
 My rage had dried away its natural food.
 In darkness I remained—the dull bell counting,
 Which haply told me, that the all-cheering sun
 Was rising on our garden. When I dozed,
 My infant's moanings mingled with my slumbers,
 And waked me.—If you were a mother, lady,
 I should scarce dare to tell you, that its noises
 And peevish cries so fretted on my brain,
 That I have struck the innocent babe in anger.

Ter. O Heaven! it is too horrible to hear.

Alh. What was it then to suffer? 'Tis most right
 That such as you should hear it.—Know you not,
 What nature makes you mourn, she bids you heal?
 Great evils ask great passions to redress them,
 And whirlwinds fittest scatter pestilence.

Ter. You were at length released?

Alh. Yes, at length
 I saw the blessed arch of the whole heaven!
 'Twas the first time my infant smiled. No more—
 For if I dwell upon that moment, lady,
 A trance comes on which makes me o'er again
 All I then was—my knees hang loose and drag,
 And my lip falls with such an idiot laugh,
 That you would start and shudder!

Ter. But your husband—

Alh. A month's imprisonment would kill him, lady.

Ter. Alas, poor man!

Alh. He hath a lion's courage,
 Fearless in act, but feeble in endurance;
 Unfit for boisterous times, with gentle heart
 He worships nature in the hill and valley,
 Not knowing what he loves, but loves it all—

(Enter ALVAR disguised as a Moresco, and in Moorish garments.)

Ter. Know you that stately Moor?

Alh. I know him not:
 But doubt not he is some Moresco chieftain,
 Who hides himself among the Alpujarras.

Ter. The Alpujarras? Does he know his danger,
 So near this seat?

Alh. He wears the Moorish robes too,
 As in defiance of the royal edict.

(ALHADRA advances to ALVAR, who has walked to the back of the stage, near the rocks. TERESA drops her veil.)

Gallant Moresco ! An inquisitor,
Monviedro, of known hatred to our race—

Alv. (interrupting her). You have mistaken me. I am a Christian.

Alh. He deems, that we are plotting to ensnare him :
Speak to him, lady—none can hear you speak,
And not believe you innocent of guile.

Ter. If aught enforce you to concealment, sir—

Alh. He trembles strangely.

(ALVAR sinks down, and hides his face in his robe.)

Ter. See, we have disturbed him.

(Approaches nearer to him.)

I pray you think us friends—uncowl your face,
For you seem faint, and the night breeze blows healing.
I pray you think us friends !

Alv. (raising his head). Calm, very calm !

'Tis all too tranquil for reality !

And she spoke to me with her innocent voice,

*That voice, that innocent voice ! She is no traitress !

Ter. (haughtily to ALHADRA). Let us retire.

(They advance to the front of the stage.)

Alh. (with scorn).

He is indeed a Christian.

Alv. (aside). She deems me dead, yet wears no mourning garment !

Why should my brother's—wife—wear mourning garments ?

(To TERESA.)

Your pardon, noble dame ! that I disturbed you :

I had just started from a frightful dream.

Ter. Dreams tell but of the past, and yet 'tis said,
They prophesy—

Alh. The Past lives o'er again

In its effects, and to the guilty spirit

The ever frowning Present is its image.

Ter. Traitor !

(Then aside). What sudden spell o'ermasters me ?

Why seeks he me, shunning the Moorish woman ?

(TERESA looks round uneasily, but gradually becomes attentive as ALVAR proceeds in the next speech.)

Alv. I dreamed I had a friend, on whom I leaned

With blindest trust, and a betrothed maid,

Whom I was wont to call not mine, but me :

For mine own self seemed nothing, lacking her.

This maid so idolized, that trusted friend

Dishonoured in my absence, soul and body !

Fear, following guilt, tempted to blacker guilt,

And murderers were suborned against my life.
 But by my looks, and most impassioned words,
 I roused the virtues that are dead in no man,
 Even in the assassins' hearts! they made their terms,
 And thanked me for redeeming them from murder.

Alh. You are lost in thought: hear him no more, sweet lady!

Ter. From morn to night I am myself a dreamer,
 And slight things bring on me the idle mood!
 Well, sir, what happened then?

Alh. On a rude rock,
 A rock, methought, fast by a grove of firs,
 Whose thready leaves to the low-breathing gale
 Made a soft sound most like the distant ocean,
 I staid, as though the hour of death were passed,
 And I were sitting in the world of spirits—
 For all things seemed unreal! there I sate—
 The dews fell clammy, and the night descended,
 Black, sultry, close! and ere the midnight hour
 A storm came on, mingling all sounds of fear,
 That woods, and sky, and mountains, seemed one havoc!
 The second flash of lightning showed a tree
 Hard by me, newly scathed. I rose tumultuous:
 My soul worked high, I bared my head to the storm,
 And with loud voice and clamorous agony,
 Kneeling I prayed to the great Spirit that made me,
 Prayed, that Remorse might fasten on their hearts,
 And cling with poisonous tooth, inextricable
 As the gored lion's bite!

Ter. (*shuddering*). A fearful curse!

Alh. (*fiercely*). But dreamed you not that you returned and
 killed them?

Dreamed you of no revenge?

Alv. (*his voice trembling, and in tones of deep distress*).

She would have died,
 Died in her guilt—perchance by her own hands!
 And bending o'er her self-inflicted wounds,
 I might have met the evil glance of frenzy,
 And leapt myself into an unblest grave!
 I prayed for the punishment that cleanses hearts:
 For still I loved her!

Alh. And you dreamed all this?

Ter. My soul is full of visions all as wild!

Alh. There is no room in this heart for puling love tales.

Ter. (*lifts up her veil, and advances to ALVAR*). Stranger, far-
 well! I guess not who you are,

Nor why you so addressed your tale to me.
Your mien is noble, and, I own, perplexed me
With obscure memory of something past,
Which still escaped my efforts, or presented
Tricks of a fancy pampered with long wishing.
If, as it sometimes happens, our rude startling,
Whilst your full heart was shaping out its dream,
Drove you to this, your not ungentle, wildness—
You have my sympathy, and so farewell!
But if some undiscovered wrongs oppress you,
And you need strength to drag them into light,
The generous Valdez, and my Lord Ordonio,
Have arm and will to aid a noble sufferer,
Nor shall you want my favourable pleading.

(Exeunt TERESA and ALFONSO.)

Alv. (alone). 'Tis strange! It cannot be! my Lord Ordonio!
Her Lord Ordonio! Nay, I will not do it!
I cursed him once—and one curse is enough!
How sad she looked, and pale! but not like guilt—
And her calm tones—sweet as a song of mercy!
If the bad spirit retained his angel's voice,
Hell scarce were Hell. And why not innocent?
Who meant to murder me, might well cheat her?
But ere she married him, he had stained her honour;
Ah! there I am hampered. What if this were a lie
Framed by the assassin? Who should tell it him,
If it were truth? Ordonio would not tell him.
Yet why one lie? all else, I know, was truth.
No start, no jealousy of stirring conscience!
And she referred to me—fondly, methought!
Could she walk here if she had been a traitress?
Here, where we played together in our childhood?
Here, where we plighted vows? where her cold cheek
Received my last kiss, when with suppressed feelings
She had fainted in my arms? It cannot be!
'Tis not in nature! I will die believing,
That I shall meet her where no evil is,
No treachery, no cup dashed from the lips.
I'll haunt this scene no more! live she in peace!
Her husband—aye her husband! May this angel
New mould his canker'd heart! Assist me, Heaven,
That I may pray for my poor guilty brother!

(Exit.)

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A wild and mountainous Country.*—ORDONIO and ISIDORE are discovered, supposed at a little distance from ISIDORE'S house.

Ord. Here we may stop: your house distinct in view,
Yet we secured from listeners.

Isid.

Now indeed

My house! and it looks cheerful as the clusters
Basking in sunshine on yon vine-clad rock,
That over-brows it! Patron! Friend! Preserver!
Thrice have you saved my life. Once in the battle
You gave it me: next rescued me from suicide:
When for my follies I was made to wander,
With mouths to feed, and not a morsel for them:
Now but for you, a dungeon's slimy stones
Had been my bed and pillow.

Ord.

Good Isidore!

Why this to me! It is enough, you know it.

Isid. A common trick of gratitude, my lord,

Seeking to ease her own full heart——

Ord.

Enough.

A debt repaid ceases to be a debt.

You have it in your power to serve me greatly.

Isid. And how, my lord? I pray you name the thing.

I would climb up an ice-glazed precipice

To pluck a weed you fancied!

Ord. (*with embarrassment and hesitation*). Why—that—lady—

Isid. 'Tis now three years, my lord, since last I saw you:

Have you a son, my lord?

Ord.

O miserable—

(*Aside.*

Isidore! you are a man, and know mankind.

I told you what I wished—now for the truth—

She loved the man you killed.

Isid. (*looking as suddenly alarmed*). You jest, my lord?

Ord. And till his death is proved she will not wed me.

Isid. You sport with me, my lord?

Ord.

Come, come! this foolery

Lives only in thy looks, thy heart disowns it!

Isid. I can bear this, and anything more grievous

From you, my lord—but how can I serve you here?

Ord. Why, you can utter with a solemn gesture

Oracular sentences of deep no-meaning,

Wear a quaint garment, make mysterious antics—

Isid. I am dull, my lord! I do not comprehend you.

Ord. In blunt terms, you can play the sorcerer.

She hath no faith in Holy Church, 'tis true;

Her lover schooled her in some newer nonsense;

Yet still a tale of spirits works upon her.

She is a lone enthusiast, sensitive,

Shivers, and cannot keep the tears in her eye:

And such do love the marvellous too well

Not to believe it. We will wind up her fancy

With a strange music, that she knows not of—

With fumes of frankincense, and mummery,

Then leave, as one sure token of his death,

That portrait, which from off the dead man's neck

I bade thee take, the trophy of thy conquest.

Isid. Will that be a sure sign?

Ord.

Beyond suspicion.

Fondly caressing him, her favoured lover,

(By some base spell he had bewitched her senses)

She whispered such dark fears of me forsooth,

As made this heart pour gall into my veins.

And as she coyly bound it round his neck

She made him promise silence; and now holds

The secret of the existence of this portrait

Known only to her lover and herself.

But I had traced her, stolen unnotic'd on them,

And unsuspecting saw and heard the whole.

Isid. But now I should have cursed the man who told me

You could ask aught, my lord, and I refuse—

But this I cannot do.

Ord. Where lies your scruple?

Isid. (with stammering).

Why—why, my lord

You know you told me that the lady loved you,

Had loved you with incautious tenderness;

That if the young man her betrothed husband

Returned, yourself, and she, and the honour of both

Must perish. Now though with no tenderer scruples

Than those which being native to the heart,

Than those, my lord, which merely being a man—

Ord. (aloud, though to express his contempt he speaks in the third person). This fellow is a man—he killed for hire

One whom he knew not; yet has tender scruples!

(Then turning to ISIDORE.) These doubts, these fears, thy
whine, thy stammering—

Pish, fool ! thou blund'rest through the book of guilt,
Spelling thy villany.

Isid. My lord—my 'lord,
I can bear mitch—yes, very much from you !
But there's a point where sufferance is meanness :
I am no villain—never killed for hire—
My gratitude—

Ord. O aye—your gratitude !
'Twas a well-sounding word—what have you done with it ?

Isid. Who proffers his past favours for my virtue—

Ord. (*with bitter scorn*). Virtue—

Isid. Trios to o'erreach me—is a very sharper,
And should not speak of gratitude, my lord.

I knew not 'twas your brother !

Ord. (*alarmed*). And who told you ?

Isid. He himself told me.

Ord. Ha ! you talked with him !
And those, the two Moriscos who were with you ?

Isid. Both fell in a night-brawl at Malaga.

Ord. (*in a low voice*). My brother—

Isid. Yea, my lord, I could not tell you !
I thrust away the thought—it drove me wild.
But listen to me now—I pray you listen—

Ord. Villain ! no more. I'll hear no more of it.

Isid. My lord, it much imports your future safety
That you should hear it.

Ord. (*turning off from ISIDORE*). Am not I a man ?
'Tis as it should be ; tut !—the deed itself
Was idle, and these after-pangs still idler !

Isid. We met him in the very place you mentioned.
Hard by a grove of firs—

Ord. Enough—enough—

Isid. He fought as valiantly, and wounded all ;
In fine, compelled a parley.

Ord. (*sighing, as if lost in thought*). Alvar ! brother !

Isid. He offered me his purse—

Ord. (*with eager suspicion*). Yes ?

Isid. (*indignantly*). Yes—I spurned it,—
He promised us I know not what—in vain !

Then with a look and voice that overawed me,
He said, What mean you, friends ? My life is dear :
I have a brother and a promised wife,
Who make life dear to me—and if I fall,
That brother will roam earth and hell for vengeance.
There was a likeness in his face to yours ;

I asked his brother's name: he said—Ordonio,
Son of Lord Valdez! I had well nigh fainted.
At length I said (if that indeed I said it,
And that no spirit made my tongue its organ),
That woman is dishonoured by that brother,
And he the man who sent us to destroy you.
He drove a thrust at me in rage. I told him,
He wore her portrait round his neck. He looked
As he had been made of the rock that propt his back—
Ay, just as you look now—only less ghastly!
At length recovering from his trance, he threw
His sword away, and bade us take his life,
It was not worth his keeping.

Ord. And you killed him?

Oh blood hounds! may eternal wrath flame round you!

He was his Maker's image undefaced? *(A pause.)*

It seizes me—by Hell I will go on!

What—wouldst thou stop, man? thy pale looks won't save thee!
(A pause.)

Oh cold—cold—cold! shot through with icy cold!

Isid. (aside). Were he alive he had returned ere now.
The consequence the same—dead thro' his plotting!

Ord. O this unutterable dying away—here—
This sickness of the heart! *(A pause.)*

What if I went

And lived in a hollow tomb, and fed on weeds?

Ay! that's the road to heaven! O fool! fool! fool! *(A pause.)*

What have I done but that which nature destined,

Or the blind elements stirred up within me?

If good were meant, why were we made these beings?

And if not meant—

Isid. You are disturbed, my lord!

Ord. (starts, looks at him wildly; then, after a pause, during which his features are forced into a smile). A gust of the
soul! it's faith it overset me.

O 'twas all folly—all! idle as laughter!

Now, Isidore! I swear that thou shalt aid me.

Isid. (in a low voice). I'll perish first!

Ord. What dost thou mutter of?

Isid. Some of your servants know me, I am certain.

Ord. There's some sense in that scruple; but we'll mask you.

Isid. They'll know my gait: but stay! last night I watched

A stranger near the ruin in the wood,

Who as it seemed was gathering herbs and wild flowers,

I had followed him at distance, seen him scale

Its western wall, and by an easier entrance
 Stole after him unnoticed. There I marked,
 That mid the chequer work of light and shade
 With curious choice he plucked no other flowers,
 But those on which the moonlight fell: and once
 I heard him muttering o'er the plant. A wizard—
 Some gaunt slave prowling here for dark employment.

Ord. Doubtless you questioned him?

Isid. 'Twas my intention,
 Having first traced him homeward to his haunt.
 But lo! the stern Dominioan, whose spies
 Lurk everywhere, already (as it seemed)
 Had given commission to his apt familiar
 To seek and sound the Moor; who now returning,
 Was by this trusty agent stopped midway.
 I, dreading fresh suspicion if found near him
 In that lone place, again concealed myself;
 Yet within hearing. So the Moor was questioned,
 And in your name, as lord of this domain,
 Proudly he answered, "Say to the Lord Ordonio,
 He that can bring the dead to life again!"

Ord. A strange reply!

Isid. Ay, all of him is strange.
 He called himself a Christian, yet he wears
 The Moorish robes, as if he courted death.

Ord. Where does this wizard live?

Isid. (*pointing to the distance*). You see that brooklet?
 Trace its course backward: thro' a narrow opening
 It leads you to the place.

Ord. How shall I know it?

Isid. You cannot err. It is a small green dell
 Built all around with high off-sloping hills,
 And from its shape our peasants aptly call it
 The Giant's Cradle. There's a lake in the midst,
 And round its banks tall wood that branches over,
 And makes a kind of faery forest grow
 Down in the water. At the further end
 A puny cataract falls on the lake!
 And there, a curious sight! you see its shadow
 For ever curling, like a wreath of smoke,
 Up through the foliage of those faery trees.
 His cot stands opposite. You cannot miss it.

Ord. (*in retiring stops suddenly at the edge of the scene, and then
 turning round to ISIDORE.*) Ha!—Who lurks there?
 Have we been overheard?

There where the smooth high wall of slate-rock glitters—— •

Isid. 'Neath those tall stones, which propping each the other,
Form a mock portal with their pointed arch?
Pardon my smiles! 'Tis a poor idiot boy,
Who sits in the sun, and twirls a bough about,
His weak eyes seeth'd in most unmeaning tears.
And so he sits, swaying his cone-like head,
And, staring at his bough from morn to sun-set,
See-saws his voice in inarticulate noises.

Ord. 'Tis well! and now for this same wizard's lair.

Isid. Some three strides up the hill, a mountain ash
Stretches its lower boughs and scarlet clusters
O'er the old thatch.

Ord. I shall not fail to find it.

(*Exeunt ORDONIO and ISIDORE.*)

SCENE II.

The inside of a Cottage, around which flowers and plants of various kinds are seen.—Discovers ALVAR, ZULIMEZ and ALHADRA as on the point of leaving.

Alh. (*addressing ALVAR*). Farewell then! and though many
thoughts perplex me,
Aught evil or ignoble never can I
Suspect of thee! If what thou seem'st thou art,
The oppressed brethron of thy blood have need
Of such a leader.

Alv. Nobly minded woman!
Long time against oppression have I fought,
And for the native liberty of faith
Have bled and suffered bonds. Of this be certain:
Time, as he courses onward, still unrolls
The volume of concealment. In the future,
As in the optician's glassy cylinder,
The indistinguishable blots and colours
Of the dim past collect and shape themselves
Upstarting in their own completed image
To scare or to reward.

I sought the guilty,
And what I sought I found: but ere the spear
Flew from my hand, there rose an angel form
Betwixt me and my aim. With baffled purpose
To the Avenger I leave vengeance, and depart!
Whate'er betide, if aught my arm may aid,

Or power protect, my word is pledged to thee :
 For many are thy wrongs, and thy soul noble.
 Once more, farewell.

(Exit ALHADRA.)

Yes, to the Belgic states
 We will return. These robes, this stained complexion,
 Akin to falsehood, weigh upon my spirit.
 Whate'er befall us, the heroic Maurice
 Will grant us an asylum, in remembrance
 Of our past services.

Zul. And all the wealth, power, influence which is yours,
 You let a murderer hold ?

Alv. O faithful Zulimez !
 That my return involved Ordonio's death,
 I trust, would give me an unmingled pang,
 Yet bearable :—but when I see my father
 Strewing his scant gray hairs, e'en on the ground
 Which soon must be his grave, and my Teresa—
 Her husband proved a murderer, and her infants
 His infants—poor Teresa !—all would perish,
 All perish—all ; and I (nay bear with me)
 Could not survive the complicated ruin !

Zul. (*much affected*). Nay now ! I have distressed you—you
 well know,

I ne'er will quit your fortunes. True, 'tis tiresome :
 You are a painter, one of many fancies !
 You can call up past deeds, and make them live
 On the blank canvas ! and each little herb,
 That grows on mountain bleak, or tangled forest,
 You have learnt to name——

Hark ! heard you not some footsteps ?

Alv. What if it were my brother coming onwards ?
 I sent a most mysterious message to him.

(Enter ORDONIO.)

Alv. (*starting*). It is he !

Ord. (*to himself as he enters*). If I distinguished right her gait
 and stature,

It was the Moorish woman, Isidore's wife,
 That passed me as I entered. A lit taper,
 In the night air, doth not more naturally
 Attract the night-flies round it, than a conjuror
 Draws round him the whole female neighbourhood.

(*Addressing ALVAR*). You know my name, I guess, if not my
 person.

I am Ordonio, son of the Lord Valdez.

Alv. (*with deep emotion*). The son of Valdez !

(ORDONIO walks leisurely round the room, and looks attentively at the plants.)

Zul. (to ALVAR). Why, what ails you now?
How your hand trembles! Alvar, speak! what wish you?

Alv. To fall upon his neck and weep forgiveness!

Ord. (returning and aloud). Plucked in the moonlight from a ruined abbey—

Those only, which the pale rays visited!
O the unintelligible power of weeds,
When a few odd prayers have been muttered o'er them:
Then they work miracles! I warrant you,
There's not a leaf, but underneath it lurks
Some serviceable imp.

There's one of you
Hath sent me a strange message.

Alv. I am he.

Ord. With you, then, I am to speak.

(Haughtily waving his hand to ZULIMEZ.)

And mark you, alone. (Exit ZULIMEZ.)

"He that can bring the dead to life again!"—

Such was your message, sir! You are no dullard,
But one that strips the outward rind of things!

Alv. 'Tis fabled there are fruits with tempting rinds,
That are all dust and rottenness within.

Wouldst thou I should strip such?

Ord. Thou quibbling fool,
What dost thou mean? Think'st thou I journeyed hither
To sport with thee?

Alv. O no, my lord! to sport
Best suits the gaily of innocence.

Ord. (aside). O what a thing is man! the wisest heart
A fool! a fool that laughs at its own folly,
Yet still a fool!

(Looks round the cottage.)

You are poor!

Alv. What follows thence?

Ord. That you would fain be richer.

The Inquisition, too—You comprehend me?
You are poor, in peril. I have wealth and power,
Can quench the flames, and cure your poverty;
And for the boon I ask of you but this,
That you should serve me—once—for a few hours.

Alv. (solemnly). Thou art the son of Valdez! would to Heaven
That I could truly and for ever serve thee.

Ord. The slave begins to soften (aside.)

You are my friend,

"He that can bring the dead to life again;"
Nay, no defence to me! The holy brethren
Believe these calumnies—I know thee better. (*Then with great bitterness.*) Thou art a man, and as a man I'll trust thee!

Alv. (aside). Alas! this hollow mirth—Declare your business.

Ord. I love a lady, and she would love me
But for an idle and fantastic scruple.
Have you no servants here, no listeners?

(*ORDONIO steps to the door.*)

Alv. What, faithless too? False to his angel wife?
To such a wife? Well might'st thou look so wan,
Ill-starr'd Teresa!—Wretch! my softer soul
Is pass'd away, and I will probe his conscience!

Ord. In truth this lady loved another man,
But he has perished.

Alv. What! you killed him? hey?

Ord. I'll dash thee to the earth, if thou but think'st it!
Insolent slave! how dar'dst thou—

(*Turns abruptly from ALVAR, and then to himself.*)

Why! what's this?

'Twas idiocy! I'll tie myself to an aspen,
And wear a fool's cap—

Alv. (watching his agitation). Fare thee well, Ordonio!

I pity thee, Ordonio, even to anguish. (*ALVAR is retiring.*)

Ord. (having recovered himself). Ho! (*Calling to ALVAR.*)

Alv. Be brief, what wish you?

Ord. You are deep at bartering—You charge yourself
At a round sum. Come, come, I spake unwisely.

Alv. I listen to you.

Ord. In a sudden tempest,
Did Alvar perish—he, I mean—the lover—
The fellow—

Alv. Nay, speak out! 'twill ease your heart
To call him villain!—Why stand'st thou aghast?
Men think it natural to hate their rivals.

Ord. (hesitating). Now, till she knows him dead, she will not
wed me.

Alv. (with eager vehemence). Are you not wedded, then? Merciful
Heaven?
Not wedded to Teresa?

Ord. Why, what ails thee?
What, art thou mad? why look'st thou upward so?
Dost pray to Lucifer, Prince of the Air?

Alv. (recollecting himself). Proceed, I shall be silent.

(*ALVAR sits, and leaning on the table, hides his face.*)

Ord. To Teresa?

Politic wizard! ere you sent that message,
You had conned your lesson, made yourself proficient
In all my fortunes. Hah! you prophesied
A golden crop! Well, you have not mistaken—
Be faithful to me, and I'll pay thee nobly.

Alv. (*lifting up his head*). Well! and this lady!

Ord. If we could make her certain of his death,
She needs must wed me. Ere her lover left her,
She tied a little portrait round his neck,
Entreating him to wear it.

Alv. (*sighing*). Yes! he did so!

Ord. Why no: he was afraid of accidents,
Of robberies, and shipwrecks, and the like.
In secrecy he gave it me to keep,
Till his return.

Alv. What! he was your friend then!

Ord. (*wounded and embarrassed*). I was his friend.—

Now that he gave it me,

This lady knows not. You are a mighty wizard—
Can call the dead man up—he will not come—
He is in heaven then—there you have no influence,
Still there are tokens—and your imps may bring you
Something he wore about him when he died.
And when the smoke of the incense on the altar
Is passed, your spirits will have left this picture.
What say you now?

Alv. (*after a pause*). Ordonio, I will do it.

Ord. We'll hazard no delay. Be it to-night,
In the early evening. Ask for the Lord Valdez.
I will prepare him. Music too, and incense
(For I have arranged it—music, altar, incense),
All shall be ready. Here is this same picture,
And here, what you will value more, a purse.
Come early for your magic ceremonies.

Alv. I will not fail to meet you.

Ord. Till next we meet, farewell! (*Exit ORDONIO.*)

Alv. (*alone, indignantly flings the purse away, and gapes passionately at the portrait*). And I did curse thee!

At midnight! on my knees! and I believed
Thee perjured, thee a traitress! Thee dishonoured!
O blind and credulous fool! O guilt of folly!
Should not thy inarticulate fondnesses,
Thy infant loves—should not thy maiden vows
Have come upon my heart? And this sweet image

Tied round my neck with many a chaste endearment,
 And thrilling hands, that made me weep and tremble—
 Ah, coward dupe! to yield it to the miscreant,
 Who spake pollution of thee! barter for life
 This farewell pledge, which with impassioned vow
 I had sworn that I would grasp—ev'n in my death-pang!

I am unworthy of thy love, Teresa,
 Of that unearthly smile upon those lips,
 Which ever smiled on me! Yet do not scorn me—
 I lisped thy name, ere I had learnt my mother's.

Dear portrait! rescued from a traitor's keeping,
 I will not now profane thee, holy image,
 To a dark trick. That worst bad man shall find
 A picture, which will wake the hell within him,
 And rouse a fiery whirlwind in his conscience.

ACT III.

SCENE. I.—*A Hall of Armory, with an altar at the back of the stage. Soft music from an instrument of glass or steel.—*
VALDEZ, ORDONIO, and ALVAR in a Sorcerer's robe, are discovered.

Ord. This was too melancholy, father.

Val.

Nay,

My Alvar loved sad music from a child.
 Once he was lost; and after weary search
 We found him in an open place in the wood,
 To which spot he had followed a blind boy,
 Who breathed into a pipe of sycamore
 Some strangely moving notes: and these, he said,
 Were taught him in a dream. Him we first saw
 Stretched on the broad top of a sunny heath-bank;
 And lower down poor Alvar, fast asleep,
 His head upon the blind boy's dog. It pleased me
 To mark how he had fastened round the pipe.
 A silver toy his grandam had late given him.
 Methinks I see him now as he then looked—
 Even so!—He had outgrown his infant dress,

Yet still he wore it.

Alv. (aside). My tears must not flow!

I must not clasp his knees, and cry, my father!

(Enter TERESA and Attendants.)

Ter. Lord Valdez, you have asked my presence here,
And I submit; but (Heaven bear witness for me)
My heart approves it not! 'tis mockery.

Ord. Believe you then no preternatural influence?
Believe you not that spirits throng around us?

Ter. Say rather that I have imagined it
A possible thing; and it has soothed my soul
As other fancies have; but ne'er seduced me
To traffic with the black and frenzied hope,
That the dead hear the voice of witch or wizard.
(To ALVAR). Stranger, I mourn and blush to see you here,
On such employment! With far other thoughts
I left you.

Ord. (aside). Ha! he has been tampering with her?

Alv. O high-souled maiden! and more dear to me
Than suits the stranger's name!—

I swear to thee

I will uncover all concealed guilt.
Doubt, but decide not! Stand ye from the altar.

(Here a strain of music is heard from behind the Scene.)

Alv. With no irreverent voice or uncouth charm
I call up the departed!

Soul of Alvar!

Hear our soft suit, and heed my milder spell;—
So may the gates of Paradise, unbarred,
Cease thy swift toils! Since haply thou art one
Of that innumerable company
Who in broad circle, lovelier than the rainbow,
Girdle this round earth in a dizzy motion,
With noise too vast and constant to be heard;—
Fittest unheard! For oh, ye numberless,
And rapid travellers! what hear unstunned,
What sense unmaddened, might bear up against
The rushing of your congregated wings?
Even now your living wheel turns o'er my head!

(Music.)

(Music expressive of the movements and images that follow.)

Ye, as ye pass, toss high the desert sands,
That roar and whiten, like a burst of waters,
A sweet appearance, but a dread illusion
To the parched caravan that roams by night!
And ye upbuild on the becalmed waves

That whirling pillar, which from earth to heaven
 Stands vast, and moves in blackness! Ye too split
 The ice mount! and with fragments many and huge
 Tempest the new-thawed sea, whose sudden gulfs
 Suck in, perchance, some Lapland wizard's skiff!
 Then round and round the whirlpool's marge ye dance,
 Till from the blue swoln corse the soul toils out,
 And joins your mighty army.

*(Here behind the scenes a voice sings the three words. "Hear,
 sweet spirit.")*

Soul of Alvar!

Hear the mild spell, and tempt no blacker charm!
 By sighs unquiet, and the sickly pang
 Of a half dead, yet still undying hope,
 Pass visible before our mortal sense!
 So shall the Church's cleansing rites be thine—
 Her knells and masses that redeem the dead!

SONG.

BEHIND THE SCENES, ACCOMPANIED BY THE SAME INSTRUMENT
 AS BEFORE.

Hear, sweet spirit, hear the spell,
 Lest a blacker charm compel!
 So shall the midnight breezes swell
 With thy deep long-lingering knell.

And at evening evermore,
 In a chapel on the shore,
 Shall the chaunter, sad and saintly,
 Yellow tapers burning faintly,
 Doleful masses chaunt for thee,
 Miserere Domine!

Hark! the cadence dies away
 On the quiet moonlight sea:
 The boatmen rest their oars and say,
 Miserere Domine!

(A long pause.)

Ord. The innocent obey nor charm nor spell!
 My brother is in heaven. Thou sainted spirit,
 Burst on our sight, a passing visitant!
 Once more to hear thy voice, once more to see thee,
 O 'twere a joy to me!

Alv. A joy to thee!

What if thou heard'st him now? What if his spirit
 Re-entered its cold corse, and came upon thee
 With many a stab from many a murderer's poinard?

What if (his steadfast eye still beaming pity
And brother's love) he turned his head aside;
Lest he should look at thee, and with one look
Hurl thee beyond all power of penitence?

Val. These are unholy fancies!

Ord. (*struggling with his feelings*). Yes, my father,
He is in Heaven!

Alv. (*still to ORDONIO*). But what if he had a brother,
Who had lived even so, that at his dying hour,
The name of Heaven would have convulsed his face,
More than the death-pang!

Val. Idly prating man!
Thou hast guessed ill: Don Alvar's only brother
Stands here before thee—a father's blessing on him!
He is most virtuous.

Alv. (*still to ORDONIO*). What, if his very virtues
Had pampered his swoln heart and made him proud?
And what if pride had duped him into guilt?
Yet still he stalked a self-created god,
Not very bold, but exquisitely cunning;
And one that at his mother's looking-glass
Would force his features to a frowning sternness?
Young lord! I tell thee, that there are such beings—
Yea, and it gives fierce merriment to the damned,
To see these most proud men, that loathe mankind,
At every stir and buz of coward conscience,
Trick, cant, and lie, most whining hypocrites!
Away, away! Now let me hear more music.

(*Music again.*)

Ter. 'Tis strange, I tremble at my own conjectures!
But whatso'er it mean, I dare no longer
Be present at these lawless mysteries,
This dark provoking of the hidden Powers!
Already I affront—if not high Heaven—
Yet Alvar's memory!—Hark! I make appeal
Against the unholy rite, and hasten hence
To bend before a lawful shrine, and seek
That voice which whispers, when the still heart listens,
Comfort and faithful hope! Let us retire.

Alv. (*to TERESA anxiously*). O full of faith and guileless love,
thy spirit
Still prompts thee wisely. Let the pangs of guilt
Surprise the guilty: thou art innocent!

(*Exeunt TERESA and Attendants. Music as before.*)
The spell is muttered—Come, thou wandering shape,

Who own'st no master in a human eye!
 Whate'er be this man's doom, fair be it, or foul,
 If he be dead, O come! and bring with thee
 That which he grasped in death! But if he live,
 Some token of his obscure perilous life.

(The whole music clashes into a chorus.)

CHORUS.

Wandering demons hear the spell!
 Lest a blacker charm compel—

(The incense on the altar takes fire suddenly, and an illuminated picture of ALVAR'S assassination is discovered, and having remained a few seconds, is then hidden by ascending flames.)

Ord. (starting in great agitation). Duped! duped! duped!—
 the traitor Isidore!

(At this instant the doors are forced open, MONVIEDRO and the Familiars of the Inquisition, Servants, &c., enter and fill the stage.)

Mon. First seize the sorcerer! suffer him not to speak!
 The holy judges of the Inquisition
 Shall hear his first words.—Look you pale, Lord Valdez?
 Plain evidence have we here of most foul sorcery.
 There is a dungeon underneath this castle,
 And as you hope for mild interpretation,
 Surrender instantly the keys and charge of it.

Ord. (recovering himself as from stupor, to the Servants). Why
 haste you not? Off with him to the dungeon!

(All rush out in tumult.)

SCENE II.

Interior of a Chapel with painted windows.

Enter TERESA.

Ter. When first I entered this pure spot, forebodings
 Pressed heavy on my heart: but as I knelt,
 Such calm unwonted bliss possessed my spirit,
 A trance so cloudless, that those sounds, hard by,
 Of trampling uproar fell upon mine ear
 As alien and unnoticed as the rain-storm
 Beats on the roof of some fair banquet room,
 While sweetest melodies are warbling—

(Enter VALDEZ.)

Val. Ye pitying saints, forgive a father's blindness,
And extricate us from this net of peril!

Ter. Who wakes anew my fears, and speaks of peril?

Val. O best Teresa, wisely wert thou prompted!
This was no feat of mortal agency!

That picture—Oh, that picture tells me all!

What a flash of light it came, in flames it vanished,

Self-kindled, self-consumed: bright as thy life,

Sudden and unexpected as thy fate,

Alvar! My son! my son!—The Inquisitor—

Ter. Torture me not! But Alvar—Oh of Alvar?

Val. How often would he plead for these Morescoes!
The brood accurst! remorseless, coward murderers!

Ter. (*wildly*). So? so?—I comprehend you—he is——

Val. (*with averted countenance*). He is no more!

Ter. O sorrow! that a father's voice should say this,
A father's heart believe it!

Val. A worse sorrow

Are fancy's wild hopes to a heart despairing!

Ter. These rays that slant in through these gorgeous windows
From yon bright orb—though coloured as they pass.

Are they not light?—Even so that voice, Lord Valdez!

Which whispers to my soul, though haply varied

By many a fancy, many a wishful hope.

Speaks yet the truth: and Alvar lives for me!

Val. Yes, for three wasting years, thus and no other,
He has lived for thee—a spirit for thy spirit!

My child, we must not give religious faith

To every voice which makes the heart a listener

To its own wish.

Ter. I breathed to the Unerring,
Permitted prayers. Must those remain unanswered,
Yet impious sorcery, that holds no commune
Save with the lying spirit, claim belief?

Val. O not to-day, not now for the first time
Was Alvar lost to thee—

(*Turning off, aloud, but as yet to himself.*)

Accursed assassins!

Disarmed, o'erpowered, despairing of defence,

At his bared breast he seemed to grasp some relique

More dear than was his life——

Ter. (*with a faint shriek*). O Heavens! my portrait!
And he *did* grasp it in his death pang!

Off, false demon,

That beat'st thy black wings close above my head!

(ORDONIO enters with the keys of the dungeon in his hand.)

Hush ! who comes here ? The wizard Moor's employer !
 Moors were his murderers, you say ? Saints shield us
 From wicked thoughts——

(VALDEZ moves towards the back of the stage to meet ORDONIO
 and during the concluding lines of TERESA's speech ap-
 pears as eagerly conversing with him.)

Is Alvar dead ? what then ?

The nuptial rites and funeral shall be one !

Here's no abiding-place for thee, Teresa.—

Away ! they see me not—Thou seest me, Alvar ! *

To thee I bend my course.—But first one question,

One question to Ordonio.—My limbs tremble—

There I may sit unmarked—a moment will restore me.

(Returns out of sight.)

Ord. (as he advances with VALDEZ). These are the dungeon
 keys. Monviedro knew not,

That I too had received the wizard's message,

"He that can bring the dead to life again."

But now he is satisfied I planned this scheme

To work a full conviction on the culprit,

And he entrusts him wholly to my keeping.

Val. 'Tis well, my son ! but have you yet discovered—

(Where is Teresa ?) what those speeches meant—

Pride, and hypocrisy, and guilt, and cunning ?

Then when the wizard fixed his eye on you,

And you, I know not why, looked pale and trembled—

Why—why, what ails you now ?—

Ord. (confused). Me ? what ails me ?

A prickling of the blood—It might have happened

At any other time.—Why scan you me ?

Val. His speech about the corse, and stabs and murderers.

Bore reference to the assassins——

Ord. Duped ! duped ! duped !

The traitor Isidore ! (A pause, then wildly.)

I tell thee, my dear father !

I am most glad of this.

Val. (confused.) True—sorcery

Merits its doom ; and this perchance may guide us

To the discovery of the murderers.

I have their statures and their several faces

So present to me, that but once to meet them

Would be to recognise.

Ord. Yes ! yes ! we recognise them,

I was benumbed, and staggered up and down

Through darkness without light—dark—dark—dark !
 My flesh crept chill, my limbs felt manacled,
 As had a snake coiled round them !—Now 'tis sunshine,
 And the blood dances freely through its channels !

(Turns off abruptly ; then to himself.)

This is my virtuous, grateful Isidore !

(Then mimicing ISIDORE'S manner and voice.)

" A common trick of gratitude, my lord !"
 Old Gratitude ! a dagger would dissect
 His " own full heart"—'twere good to see its colour.

Val. These magic sights ! O that I ne'er had yielded
 To your entreaties ! Neither had I yielded,
 But that in spite of your own seeming faith
 I held it for some innocent stratagem,
 Which love had prompted, to remove the doubts
 Of wild Teresa—by fancies quelling fancies !

Ord. *(in a slow voice, as reasoning to himself).* Love ! love ! and
 then we hate ! and what ? and wherefore ?

Hatred and love ! fancies opposed by fancies !
 What, if one reptile sting another reptile ?
 Where is the crime ? The goodly face of nature
 Hath one disfiguring stain the less upon it.
 Are we not all predestined transiency,
 And cold dishonour ? Grant it, that this hand
 Had given a morsel to the hungry worms
 Somewhat too early—Where's the crime of this ?
 That this must needs bring on the idiocy
 Of moist-eyed penitence—'tis like a dream !

Val. Wild talk, my son ! But thy excess of feeling—

(Averting himself.)

Almost I fear it hath unhinged his brain.

Ord. *(now in soliloquy, and now addressing his father : and just
 after the speech has commenced, TERESA reappears and
 advances slowly).* Say, I had laid a body in the sun !

Well ! in a month there swarm forth from the corpse
 A thousand, nay, ten thousand sentient beings
 In place of that one man.—Say, I had killed him !

(TERESA starts and stops, listening.)

Yet who shall tell me, that each one and all
 Of these ten thousand lives is not as happy,
 As that one life, which being pushed aside,
 Made room for these unnumbered—

Val.

O mere madness !

*(TERESA moves hastily forwards, and places herself directly
 before ORDONIO.)*

Ord. (*checking the feeling of surprise, and forcing his tones into an expression of playful courtesy*). Teresa? or the phantom of Teresa?

Ter. Alas! the phantom only, if in truth
The substance of her being, her life's life,
Have ta'en its flight through Alvar's death-wound—

(*A pause.*)
Where—

(*Even coward murder grants the dead a grave*)

O tell me, Valdez!—answer me, Ordonio!

Where lies the corse of my betrothed husband?

Ord. There, where Ordonio likewise would fain lie!

In the sleep-compelling earth, in unpierced darkness!

For while we live—

An inward day that never, never sets,

Glares round the soul, and mocks the closing eyelids!

Over his rocky grave the fir-grove sighs

A lulling ceaseless dirge! 'Tis well with him.

(*Strides off in agitation towards the altar, but returns as VAL-
DEZ is speaking.*)

Ter. (*recoiling, with the expression appropriate to the passion*).

The rock! the fir-grove! (*To VALDEZ.*)

Did'st thou hear him say it?

Hush! I will ask him!

Val. Urge him not—not now!

This we beheld. Nor he nor I know more,

Than what the magic imagery revealed.

The assassin, who pressed foremost of the three—

Ord. A tender-hearted, scrupulous, grateful villain,

Whom I will strangle!

Val. (*looking with anxious disquiet at his son, yet attempting to proceed with his description*).

While his two companions—

Ord. Dead! dead already! what care we for the dead?

Val. (*to TERESA*). Pity him! soothe him! disenchant his spirit!

These supernatural shows, this strange disclosure,

And this too fond affection, which still broods

O'er Alvar's fate, and still burns to avenge it—

These struggling with his hopeless love for you,

Distemper him, and give reality

To the creatures of his fancy.

Ord. Is it so?

Yes! Yes! even like a child, that too abruptly

Roused by a glare of light from deepest sleep
Starts up bewildered and talks idly. *(Then mysteriously.)*

Father!

What if the Moors that made my brother's grave,
Even now were digging ours? What if the bolt,
Though aimed, I doubt not, at the son of Valdez,
Yet missed its true aim when it fell on Alvar?

Val. Alvar ne'er fought against the Moors,—say rather,
He was their advocate; but you had marched
With fire and desolation through their villages.—
Yet he by chance was captured.

Ord. Unknown, perhaps,
Captured, yet as the son of Valdez, murdered.
Leave all to me. Nay, whither, gentle lady?

Val. What seek you now?

Ter. A better, surer light
To guide me——

Both Val. and Ord. Whither?

Ter. To the only place
Where life yet dwells for me, and ease of heart.
These walls seem threatening to fall in upon me!
Detain me not! a dim power drives me hence,
And that will be my guide.

Val. To find a lover!
Suits that a high-born maiden's modesty?
O folly and shame! Tempt not my rage, Teresa!

Ter. Hopeless, I fear no human being's rage.
And am I hastening to the arms—O Heaven!
I haste but to the grave of my beloved!

(Exit, VALDEZ following after her.)

Ord. This, then, is my reward! and I must love her?
Scorned! shuddered at! yet love her still? yes! yes!
By the deep feelings of revenge and hate
I will still love her—woo her—win her too! *(A pause.)*
Isidore safe and silent, and the portrait
Found on the wizard—he, belike, self-poisoned
To escape the cruel flames—My soul shouts triumph!
The mine is undermined! blood! blood! blood!
They thirst for thy blood! thy blood, Ordonio! *(A pause.)*
The hunt is up! and in the midnight wood
With lights to dazzle, and with nets they seek
A timid prey: and lo! the tiger's eye
Glazes in the red flame of his hunter's torch!

To Isidore I will despatch a message,

And lure him to the cavern! aye, that cavern!
 He cannot fail to find it. Thither I'll lure him,
 Whence he shall never, never more return!

(Looks through the side window.)

A rim of the sun lies yet upon the sea,
 And now 'tis gone! All shall be done to-night. *(Exit.)*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A Cavern, dark, except where a gleam of moonlight is seen on one side at the further end of it; supposed to be cast on it from a crevice in a part of the cavern out of sight.*—ISIDORE alone, an extinguished torch in his hand.

Isid. Faith 'twas a moving letter—very moving!
 "His life in danger, no place safe but this!
 'Twas his turn now to talk of gratitude."
 And yet—but no! there can't be such a villain.
 It can not be!

Thanks to that little crevice,
 Which lets the moonlight in! I'll go and sit by it.
 To peep at a tree, or see a he-goat's beard,
 Or hear a cow or two breathe loud in their sleep—
 Any thing but this crash of water drops!
 These dull abortive sounds that fret the silence
 With puny thwartings and mock opposition!
 So beats the death-watch to a sick man's ear.

(He goes out of sight, opposite to the patch of moonlight: returns after a minute's lapse in an ecstasy of fear.)

A hellish pit! The very same I dreamt of!
 I was just in—and those damned fingers of ice
 Which clutched my hair up! Ha!—what's that—it moved.

(ISIDORE stands staring at another recess in the cavern. In the mean time ORDONIO enters with a torch, and hallooos to ISIDORE.)

Isid. I swear that I saw something moving there;
 The moonshine came and went like a flash of lightning—
 I swear I saw it move.

Ord. *(goes into the recess, then returns, and with great scorn).* A
 jutting clay stone
 Drops on the long lank weed, that grows beneath:

And the weed nods and drips.

Isid. (*forcing a laugh faintly*). A jest to laugh at!
It was not that which scared me, good my lord.

Ord. What scared you, then?

Isid. You see that little rift?
But first permit me!

(*Lights his torch at ORDONIO's, and while lighting it.*)

(*A lighted torch in the hand*

Is no unpleasant object here—one's breath
Floats round the flame, and makes as many colours
As the thin clouds that travel near the moon.)

You see that crevice there?

My torch extinguished by these water drops,
And marking that the moonlight came from thence,
I stepped in to it, meaning to sit there;

But scarcely had I measured twenty paces—

My body bending forward, yea o'erbalanced

Almost beyond recoil, on the dim brink

Of a huge chasm I stepped. The shadowy moonshine

Filling the void so counterfeited substance,

That my foot hung aslant adown the edge.

Was it my own fear?

Fear too hath its instincts!

(*And yet such dens as these are wildly told of,
And there are beings that live, yet not for the eye*),—

An arm of frost above and from behind me

Plucked up and snatched me backward. Merciful Heaven!

You smile! alas, even smiles look ghastly here!

My lord, I pray you, go yourself and view it.

Ord. It must have shot some pleasant feelings through you.

Isid. If every atom of a dead man's flesh
Should creep, each one with a particular life,
Yet all as cold as ever—'twas just so!

Or had it drizzled needle points of frost

Upon a feverish head made suddenly bald—

Ord. (*interrupting him*). Why, Isidore,

I blush for thy cowardice. It might have startled,

I grant you, even a brave man for a moment—

But such a panic—

Isid. When a boy, my lord!

I could have sate whole hours beside that chasm,
Pushed in huge stones and heard them strike and rattle
Against its horrid sides: then hung my head
Low down, and listened till the heavy fragments
Sank with faint crash in that still groaning well,

Which never thirsty pilgrim blest, which never
A living thing came near—unless, perchance,
Some blind-worm battens on the ropy mould
Close at its edge.

Ord. Art thou more coward now?

Isid. Call him that fears his fellow man a coward!
I fear not man—but this inhuman cavern,
It were too bad a prison house for goblins.
Beside (you'll smile, my lord), but true it is,
My last night's sleep was very sorely haunted
By what had passed between us in the morning.
O sleep of horrors! Now run down and stared at
By forms so hideous that they mock remembrance—
Now seeing nothing and imagining nothing,
But only being afraid—stified with fear!
While every goodly or familiar form
Had a strange power of breathing terror round me!
I saw you in a thousand fearful shapes;
And I entreat your lordship to believe me,
In my last dream——

Ord. Well?

Isid. I was in the act
Of falling down that chasm, when Alhadra
Waked me: she heard my heart beat.

Ord. Strange enough!
Had you been here before?

Isid. 'Never, my lord!
But mine eyes do not see it now more clearly,
Than in my dream I saw—that very chasm.

Ord. (*stands lost in thought, then after a pause*). I know not why
it should be! yet it is—

Isid. What is, my lord!

Ord. Abhorrent from our nature,
To kill a man.—

Isid. Except in self defence.

Ord. Why that's my case; and yet the soul recoils from it—
'Tis so with me at least. But you, perhaps,
Have sterner feelings?

Isid. Something troubles you.
How shall I serve you? By the life you gave me,
By all that makes that life of value to me,
My wife, my babes, my honour, I swear to you,
Name it, and I will toil to do the thing,
If it be innocent! But this, my lord!
Is not a place where you could perpetrate,

No, nor propose a wicked thing. The darkness,
When ten strides off we know 'tis cheerful moonlight,
Collects the guilt, and crowds it round the heart.
It must be innocent.

(ORDONIO darkly, and in the feeling of self-justification, tells
what he conceives of his own character and actions, speaking
of himself in the third person.)

Ord. Thyself be judge.
One of our family knew this place well.

Isid. Who? when? my lord?

Ord. What boots it, who or when?
Hang up thy torch—I'll tell his tale to thee.

(They hang up their torches on some ridge in the cavern.)

He was a man different from other men,
And he despised them, yet revered himself.

Isid. (aside). Ho? he despised? Thou'rt speaking of thyself!
I am on my guard however: no surprise.

(Then to ORDONIO.)

What! he was mad?

Ord. All men seemed mad to him!
Nature had made him for some other planet,
And pressed his soul into a human shape
By accident or malice. In this world
He found no fit companion.

Isid. Of himself he speaks.

(Aside.)

Alas! poor wretch!

Mad men are mostly proud.

Ord. He walked alone,
And phantom thoughts unsought-for troubled him.
Something within would still be shadowing out
All possibilities; and with these shadows
His mind held dalliance. Once, as so it happened,
A fancy crossed him wilder than the rest:
To this in moody murmur and low voice
He yielded utterance, as some talk in sleep:
The man who heard him—

Why didst thou look round?

Isid. I have a prattler three years old, my lord!
In truth he is my darling. As I went
From forth my door, he made a moan in sleep—
But I am talking idly—pray proceed!
And what did this man?

Ord. With this human hand
He gave a substance and reality
To that wild fancy of a possible thing—

Well it was done !

(Then very wildly.)

Why babblest thou of guilt ?

The deed was done, and it passed fairly off.

And he whose tale I tell thee—dost thou listen ?

Isid. I would my lord you were by my fireside,

I'd listen to you with an eager eye,

Though you began this cloudy tale at midnight,

But I do listen—pray proceed, my lord.

Ord.

Where was I ?

Isid. He of whom you tell the tale—

Ord. Surveying all things with a quiet scorn,

Tamed himself down to living purposes,

The occupations and the semblances

Of ordinary men—and such he seemed !

But that same over-ready agent—he—

Isid. Ah ! what of him, my lord ?

Ord.

He proved a traitor,

Betrayed the mystery to a brother traitor,

And they between them hatched a damned plot

To hunt him down to infamy and death.

What did the Valdez ? I am proud of the name

Since he dared do it.—

(ORDONIO grasps his sword, and turns off from ISIDORE, then after a pause returns.)

Our links burn dimly.

Isid. A dark tale darkly finished ! Nay, my lord !

Tell what he did.

Ord.

That which his wisdom prompted—

He made the traitor meet him in this cavern,

And here he killed the traitor.

Isid.

No ! the fool !

He had not wit enough to be a traitor.

Poor thick-eyed beetle ! not to have foreseen

That he who gulled thee with a whimpered lie,

To murder his own brother, would not scruple

To murder thee, if e'er his guilt grew jealous,

And he could steal upon thee in the dark !

Ord. Thou wouldst not then have come, if—

Isid.

O yes, my lord !

I would have met him armed, and scared the coward.

(ISIDORE throws off his robe ; shows himself armed, and draws his sword.)

Ord. Now this is excellent and warms the blood !

My heart was drawing back, drawing me back

With weak and womanish scruples, Now my vengeance

Beckons me onwards with a warrior's mien,
And claims that life, my pity robbed her of—
Now will I kill thee, thankless slave, and count it
Among my comfortable thoughts hereafter.

Isid. And all my little ones fatherless—

Die thou first.

(They fight, ORDONIO disarms ISIDORE, and in disarming him throws his sword up that recess opposite to which they were standing. ISIDORE hurries into the recess with his torch, ORDONIO follows him; a loud cry of "Traitor! Monster!" is heard from the cavern, and in a moment ORDONIO returns alone.)

Ord. I have hurled him down the chasm! treason for treason.
He dreamt of it: henceforward let him sleep,
A dreamless sleep, from which no wife can wake him.
His dream too is made out—Now for his friend.

(Exit ORDONIO.)

SCENE II.

The interior Court of a Saracenic or Gothic Castle, with the iron Gate of a Dungeon visible.

Ter. Heart-chilling superstition! thou canst glaze
Ev'n pity's eye with her own frozen tear.
In vain I urge the tortures that await him:
Even Selma, reverend guardian of my childhood,
My second mother, shuts her heart against me!
Well, I have won from her what most imports
The present need, this secret of the dungeon
Known only to herself.—A Moor! a Sorcerer!
No, I have faith, that nature ne'er permitted
Baseness to wear a form so noble. True,
I doubt not, that Ordonio had suborned him
To act some part in some unholy fraud;
As little doubt, that for some unknown purpose
He hath baffled his suborner, terror-struck him,
And that Ordonio meditates revenge!
But my resolve is fixed! myself will rescue him,
And learn if haply he knew aught of Alvar.

(Enter VALDEZ.)

Val. Still sad?—and gazing at the massive door
Of that fell dungeon which thou ne'er hadst sight of,
Save what, perchance, thy infant fancy shaped it

When the nurse stilled thy cries with unmeant threats.
 Now by my faith, girl! this same wizzard haunts thee!
 A stately man, and eloquent and tender—
 (*With a sneer.*) Who then need wonder if a lady sighs
 Even at the thought of what these stern Dominicans—

Ter. (*with solemn indignation.*) The horror of their ghastly
 punishments

Doth so o'ertop the height of all compassion,
 That I should feel too little for mine enemy,
 If it were possible I could feel more,
 Even though the dearest inmates of our household
 Were doomed to suffer them. That such things are—

Val. Hush, thoughtless woman!

Ter. Nay, it wakes within me
 More than a woman's spirit.

Val. No more of this—
 What if Monviedro or his creatures hear us!
 I dare not listen to you.

Ter. My honoured lord,
 These were my Alvar's lessons, and whene'er
 I bend me o'er his portrait, I repeat them,
 As if to give a voice to the mute image.

Val. ———We have mourned for Alvar,
 Of his sad fate there now remains no doubt.
 Have I no other son?

Ter. Speak not of him!
 That low imposture! That mysterious picture!
 If this be madness, must I wed a madman?
 And if not madness, there is mystery,
 And guilt doth lurk behind it.

Val. Is this well?

Ter. Yes, it is truth: saw you his countenance?
 How rage, remorse, and scorn, and stupid fear
 Displaced each other with swift interchanges?
 O that I had indeed the sorcerer's power.—
 I would call up before thine eyes the image
 Of my betrothed Alvar, of thy first-born!
 His own fair countenance, his kingly forehead,
 His tender smiles, love's day-dawn on his lips!
 That spiritual and almost heavenly light
 In his commanding eye—his mien heroic,
 Virtue's own native heraldry! to man
 Genial, and pleasant to his guardian angel.
 Whene'er he gladdened, how the gladness spread
 Wide round him! and when oft with swelling tears,

Flashed through by indignation, he bewailed
The wrongs of Belgium's martyred patriots,
Oh, what a grief was there—for joy to envy,
Or gaze upon enamoured!

O my father!

Recal that morning when we knelt together,
And thou didst bless our loves! O even now,
Even now, my sire! to thy mind's eye present him,
As at that moment he rose up before thee,
Stately, with beaming look! Place, place beside him
Ordonio's dark perturbed countenance!
Then bid me (Oh thou couldst not), bid me turn
From him, the joy, the triumph of our kind!
To take in exchange that brooding man, who never
Lifts up his eye from the earth, unless to scowl.

Val. Ungrateful woman! I have tried to stifle
An old man's passion! was it not enough,
That thou hast made my son a restless man,
Banished his health, and half unhinged his reason;
But that thou wilt insult him with suspicion!
And toil to blast his honour? I am old,
A comfortless old man!

Ter. O grief! to hear
Hateful entreaties from a voice we love!

(Enter a Peasant and presents a letter to VALDEZ.)

Val. (reading it). "He dares not venture hither!" Why
what can this mean?

"Lest the Familiars of the Inquisition,
That watch around my gates, should intercept him;
But he conjures me, that without delay
I hasten to him—for my own sake entreats me
To guard from danger him I hold imprisoned—
He will reveal a secret, the joy of which
Will even outweigh the sorrow."—Why, what can this be?
Perchance it is some Moorish stratagem,
To have in me a hostage for his safety.
Nay, that they dare not! Ho! collect my servants!
I will go thither—let them arm themselves.

(Exit VALDEZ.)

Ter. (alone). The moon is high in heaven, and all is hushed.
Yet, anxious listener! I have seemed to hear
A low dead thunder mutter thro' the night,
As 'twere a giant angry in his sleep.

O Alvar! Alvar! that they could return

Those blessed days that imitated heaven,
 When we two wont to walk at even tide ;
 When we saw nought but beauty ; when we heard
 The voice of that Almighty One who loved us
 In every gale that breathed, and wave that murmured !
 O we have listened, even till high-wrought pleasure
 Hath half assumed the countenance of grief,
 And the deep sigh seemed to heave up a weight
 Of bliss, that pressed too heavy on the heart. (A pause.)
 And this majestic Moor, seems he not one
 Who oft and long communing with my Alvar,
 Hath drunk in kindred lustre from his presence,
 And guides me to him with reflected light ?
 What if in yon dark dungeon coward treachery
 Be groping for him with envenomed poniard—
 Hence womanish fears, traitors to love and duty—
 I'll free him. (Exit TERESA.)

SCENE III.

The Mountains by Moonlight.—ALHADRA alone in a Moorish dress.

Alh. Yon hanging woods, that touched by autumn seem
 As they were blossoming hues of fire and gold ;
 The flower-like woods, most lovely in decay,
 The many clouds, the sea, the rock, the sands,
 Lie in the silent moonshine : and the owl,
 (Strange ! very strange !) the screech-owl only wakes !
 Sole voice, sole eye of all this world of beauty !
 Unless, perhaps, she sing her screeching song
 To a herd of wolves, that skulk athirst for blood.
 Why such a thing am I ?—Where are these men ?
 I need the sympathy of human faces,
 To beat away this deep contempt for all things,
 Which quenches my revenge. Oh ! would to Alla,
 The raven, or the sea-mew, were appointed
 To bring me food ! or rather that my soul
 Could drink in life from the universal air !
 It were a lot divine in some small skiff
 Along some Ocean's boundless solitude,
 To float for ever with a careless course,
 And think myself the only being alive !

My children !—Isidore's children !—Son of Valdez
 Thou hath new strung mine arm. Thou coward tyrant !

To stupify a woman's heart with anguish,
Till she forgot—even that she was a mother!

(She fixes her eye on the earth. Then drop in one after another, from different parts of the stage, a considerable number of Morescoes, all in Moorish garments and Moorish armour. They form a circle at a distance round ALHADRA, and remain silent till the second in command, NAOMI, enters, distinguished by his dress and armour, and by the silent obsequance paid to him on his entrance by the other Moors.)

Nao. Woman! May Alla and the Prophet bless thee!
We have obey'd thy call. Where is our chief?
And why did'st thou enjoin these Moorish garments?

Alh. *(raising her eyes and looking round on the circle).*
Warriors of Mahomet! faithful in the battle!
My countrymen! Come ye prepared to work
An honourable deed? And would ye work it
In the slave's garb? Curse on those Christian robes!
They are spell-blasted: and whoever wears them,
His arm shrinks withered, his heart melts away,
And his bones soften.

Nao. Where is Isidore?

Alh. *(in a deep low voice).* This night I went forth from my
house, and left

His children all asleep: and he was living!
And I returned and found them still asleep,
But he had perished——

All Morescoes. Perished?

Alh. He had perished!
Sleep on, poor babes! not one of you doth know
That he is fatherless—a desolate orphan;
Why should we wake them? Can an infant's arm
Revenge his murder?

One Moresco *(to another)*. Did she say his murder?

Nao. Murder? Not murdered?

Alh. Murdered by a Christian!
(They all at once draw their sabres.)

Alh. *(to NAOMI, who advances from the circle).*

Brother of Zagri! fling away thy sword;
This is thy chieftain's! *(He steps forward to take it.)*

Dost thou dare receive it?

For I have sworn by Alla and the Prophet,
No tears shall dim these eyes, this woman's heart
Shall heave no groan, till I have seen that sword
Wet with the life-blood of the son of Valdez!

(A pause.)

Ordonio was your chieftain's murderer !

Nao. He dies, by Alla !

All (*knocking*). By Alla !

Alh. This night your chieftain armed himself,
And hurried from me. But I followed him
At distance, till I saw him enter—there.

Nao. The cavern ?

Alh. Yes, the mouth of ~~the~~ wonder cavern.

After a while I saw the son of Valdez
Rush by with flaming torch ; he likewise entered.
There was another and a longer pause ;
And once, methought I heard the clash of swords !
And soon the son of Valdez re-appeared :
He flung his torch towards the moon in sport,
And seemed as he were mirthful ! I stood listening,
Impatient for the footsteps of my husband !

Nao. Thou called'st him ?

Alh. I crept into the cavern—

'Twas dark and very silent. (*Then wildly.*)

What saidst thou ?

No ! no ! I did not dare call, Isidore,
Lest I should hear no answer ! A brief while,
Belike, I lost all thought and memory
Of that for which I came ! After that pause,
O Heaven ! I heard a groan, and followed it :
And yet another groan, which guided me
Into a strange recess—and there was light,
A hideous light ! his torch lay on the ground ;
Its flame burnt dimly o'er a chasm's brink :
I spake ; and whilst I spake, a feeble groan
Came from that chasm ! it was his last ! his death-groan !

Nao. Comfort her, Alla !

Alh. I stood in unimaginable trance

And agony that cannot be remembered,
Listening with horrid hope to hear a groan !
But I had heard his last : my husband's death-groan

Nao. Haste ! let us onward.

Alh. I looked far down the pit—

My sight was bounded by a jutting fragment :
And it was stained with blood. Then first I shrieked,
My eye-balls burnt, my brain grow hot as fire,
And all the hanging drops of the wet roof
Turned into blood—I saw them turn to blood !
And I was leaping wildly down the chasm,
When on the further brink I saw his sword,

And it said, Vengeance!—Curses on my tongue!
The moon hath moved in Heaven, and I am here,
And he hath not had vengeance! Isidore!
Spirit of Isidore! thy murderer lives!
Away! away!

All. Away! away!

(She rushes off, all following her.)

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A Dungeon.*—*ALVAR (alone) rises slowly from a bed of reeds.*

Alv. And this place my forefathers made for man!
This is the process of our love and wisdom
To each poor brother who offends against us—
Most innocent, perhaps—and what if guilty?
Is this the only cure! Merciful God!
Each pore and natural outlet shrivelled up
By ignorance and parching poverty,
His energies roll back upon his heart
And stagnate and corrupt, till, changed to poison,
They break out on him, like a loathsome plague spot!
Then we call in our pampered mountebanks;—
And this is their best cure! uncomfited
And friendless solitude, groaning and tears
And savage faces, at the clanking hour,
Seen through the steam and vapours of his dungeon
By the lamp's dismal twilight! So he lies
Circled with evil, till his very soul
Unmoulds its essence, hopelessly deformed
By sights of evermore deformity!—
With other ministrations thou, O Nature!
Healest thy wandering and distempered child:
Thou pourest on him thy soft influences,
Thy sunny hues, fair forms, and breathing sweets;
Thy melodies of woods, and winds, and waters!
Till he relent, and can no more endure
To be a jarring and a dissonant thing
Amid this general dance and minstrelsy;
But, bursting into tears, wins back his way,
His angry spirit healed and harmonised
By the benignant touch of love and beauty.

I am chill and weary ! · Yon rude bench of stone,
In that dark angle, the sole resting-place !
But the self-approving mind is its own light,
And life's best warmth still radiates from the heart
Where love sits brooding, and an honest purpose.

(Retires out of sight.)

Enter TERESA with a taper.

Ter. It has chilled my very life—my own voice scares me ;
Yet when I hear it not I seem to lose
The substance of my being—my strongest grasp
Sends inwards but weak witness that I am.
I seek to cheat the echo.—How the half sounds
Blend with this strangled light ! Is he not here—

(Looking round.)

O for one human face here—but to see
One human face here to sustain me.—Courage !
It is but my own fear ! The life within me,
It sinks and wavers like this cone of flame,
Beyond which I scarce dare look onward ! Oh !

(Shuddering.)

If I faint ? If this inhuman den should be
At once my death-bed and my burial vault ?

(Faintly screams as ALVAR emerges from the recess.)

Alv. *(rushes towards her, and catches her as she is falling).* O
gracious heaven ! it is, it is Teresa !

Shall I reveal myself ? The sudden shock
Of rapture will blow out this spark of life,
And joy complete what terror has begun.
O ye impetuous beatings here, be still !
Teresa, best beloved ! pale, pale, and cold !
Her pulse doth flutter ! Teresa ! my Teresa !

Ter. *(recovering, looks round wildly).* I heard a voice ; but often
in my dreams

I hear that voice ! and wake and try—and try—
To hear it waking ! but I never could—
And ~~his~~ so now—even so ! Well ! he is dead—
Murdered perhaps ! And I am faint, and feel
As if it were no painful thing to die !

Alv. *(eagerly).* Believe it not, sweet maid ! Believe it not,
Beloved woman ! 'Twas a low imposture
Framed by a guilty wretch.

Ter. *(retires from him, and feebly supports herself against a pillar
of the dungeon).* Ha ! Who art thou ?

Alv. *(exceedingly affected).* Suborned by his brother—

Didst thou murder him ?

And dost thou now repent? Poor troubled man,
I do forgive thee, and may Heaven forgive thee!

Alv. Ordonio—he—

Ter. If thou didst murder him—
His spirit ever at the throne of God
Asks mercy for thee,—prays for mercy for thee,
With tears in Heaven!

Alv. Alvar was not murdered.
Be calm! be calm, sweet maid!

Ter. (wildly).

Nay, nay, but tell me!

(A pause, then presses her forehead.)

O 'tis lost again!

This dull confused pain—

(A pause—she gazes at ALVAR)

Mysterious man!

Methinks I can not fear thee: for thine eye
Doth swim with love and pity—Well! Ordonio—
Oh my foreboding heart! And he suborned thee,
And thou didst spare his life? Blessings shower on thee,
As many as the drops twice counted o'er
In the fond faithful heart of his Teresa!

Alv. I can endure no more. The Moorish sorcerer
Exists but in the stain upon his face.
That picture—

Ter. (advances towards him). Ha! speak on!

Alv.

Beloved Teresa!

It told but half the truth. O let this portrait
Tell all—that Alvar lives—that he is here!
Thy much deceived but ever faithful Alvar.

(Takes her portrait from his neck, and gives it her.)

Ter. (receiving the portrait). The same—it is the same. Ah!

Who art thou?

Nay, I will call thee, Alvar!

(She falls on his neck.)

Alv.

O joy unutterable!

But hark! a sound as of removing bars
At the dungeon's outer door. A brief, brief while
Conceal thyself, my love! It is Ordonio.
For the honour of our race, for our dear father;
O for himself too (he is still my brother)
Let me recall him to his nobler nature,
That he may wake as from a dream of murder!
O let me reconcile him to himself,
Open the sacred source of penitent tears,
And be once more his own beloved Alvar.

Ter. O my all virtuous love! I fear to leave thee

With that obdurate man.

Alv. Thou dost not leave me !

But a brief while retire into the darkness :

O that my joy could spread its sunshine round thee :

Ter. The sound of thy voice shall be my music !

(Retiring, she returns hastily and embracing ALVAR.)

Alvar ! my Alvar ! am I sure I hold thee ?

Is it no dream ? thee in my arms, my Alvar ! *(Exit.)*

(A noise at the dungeon door. It opens, and ORDONIO enters, with a goblet in his hand.)

Ord. Hail, potent wizard ! in my gayer mood

I poured forth a libation to old Pluto,

And as I brimmed the bowl, I thought on thee.

Thou hast conspired against my life and honour,

Hast tricked me foully ; yet I hate thee not.

Why should I hate thee ? this same world of ours,

'Tis but a pool amid a storm of rain,

And we the air bladders that course up and down,

And joust and tilt in merry tournament ;

And when one bubble runs foul of another,

(Waving his hand to ALVAR.)

The weaker needs must break.

Alv. I see thy heart !

There is a frightful glitter in thine eye

Which doth betray thee. Inly tortured man,

This is the revelry of a drunken anguish,

Which fain would scoff away the pang of guilt,

And quell each human feeling.

Ord. Feeling ! feeling !

The death of a man—the breaking of a bubble—

'Tis true I cannot sob for such misfortunes ;

But faintness, cold and hunger—curses on me

If willingly I o'er inflicted them !

Come, take the beverage ; this chill place demands it.

(ORDONIO proffers the goblet.)

Alv. Yon insect on the wall,

Which moves this way and that its hundred limbs,

Were it a toy of mere mechanic craft,

It were an infinitely curious thing !

But it has life, Ordonio ! life, enjoyment !

And by the power of its miraculous will

Wields all the complex movements of its frame

Unerringly to pleasurable ends !

Saw I that insect on this goblet's brim

I would remove it with an anxious pity !

Ord. What meanest thou ?

Alv. There's poison in the wine.

Ord. Thou hast guessed right ; there's poison in the wine.
There's poison in't—which of us two shall drink it ?
For one of us must die !

Alv. Whom dost thou think me ?

Ord. The accomplice and sworn friend of Isidore.

Alv. I know him not.

And yet methinks, I have heard the name but lately.
Means he the husband of the Moorish woman ?
Isidore ? Isidore ?

Ord. Good ! good ! that lie ! by heaven it has restored me.
Now I am thy master ! Villain ! thou shalt drink it,
Or die a bitterer death.

Alv. What strange solution
Hast thou found out to satisfy thy fears,
And drug them to unnatural sleep ?

*(ALVAR takes the goblet, and throwing it to the ground with
stern contempt.)*

My master !

Ord. Thou mountebank !

Alv. Mountebank and villain !
What then art thou ? For shame, put up thy sword !
What boots a weapon in a wither'd arm ?
I fix mine eye upon thee, and thou tremblest !
I speak, and fear and wonder crush thy rage,
And turn it to a motionless distraction !
Thou blind self-worshipper ! thy pride, thy cunning,
Thy faith in universal villany,
Thy shallow sophisms, thy pretended scorn
For all thy human brethren—out upon them !
What have they done for thee ? have they given thee peace ?
Cured thee of starting in thy sleep ? or made
The darkness pleasant when thou wak'st at midnight ?
Art happy when alone ? Can'st walk by thyself
With even step and quiet cheerfulness ?
Yet, yet thou mayst be saved—

Ord. *(vacantly repeating the words).* Saved ? saved ?

Alv. One pang !

Could I call up one pang of true remorse !

Ord. He told me of the babes that prattled to him,
His fatherless little ones ! remorse ! remorse !
Where gott'st thou that fool's word ? Curse on remorse !
Can it give up the dead, or recompact
A mangled body ? mangled—dashed to atoms !

Not all the blessings of a host of angels
Can blow away a desolate widow's curse!
And though thou spill thy heart's blood for atonement,
It will not weigh against an orphan's tear!

Alv. (*almost overcomes by his feelings*). But Alvar—

Ord.

Ha! it chokes thee in the throat,

Even thee; and yet I pray thee speak it out.

Still Alvar!—Alvar—how! it in mine ear!

Heap it like coals of fire upon my heart,

And shoot it hissing through my brain!

Alv.

Alas!

That day when thou didst leap from off the rock

Into the waves, and grasped thy sinking brother,

And bore him to the strand; then, son of Valdez,

How sweet and musical the name of Alvar!

Then, then, Ordonio, he was dear to thee,

And thou wert dear to him: Heaven only knows

How very dear thou wert! Why didst thou hate him!

O heaven! how he would fall upon thy neck,

And weep forgiveness!

Ord.

Spirit of the dead!

Methinks I know thee! ha! my brain turns wild

At its own dreams!—off—off, fantastic shadow!

Alv. I fain would tell thee what I am, but dare not!

Ord. Cheat! villain! traitor! whatsoever thou be—

I fear thee, man!

Ter. (*rushing out, and falling on ALVAR'S neck*). Ordonio! 'tis
thy brother.

(ORDONIO, with frantic wildness, runs upon ALVAR with his
sword. TERESA flings herself on ORDONIO and arrests his arm.)

Stop, madman, stop!

Alv. Does then this thin disguise impenetrably

Hide Alvar from thee? Toil and painful wounds

And long imprisonment in unwholesome dungeons,

Have marred perhaps all trait and lineament

Of what I was! But chiefly, chiefly, brother,

My anguish for thy guilt!

Ordonio—brother!

Nay, nay, thou shalt embrace me.

Ord. (*drawing back, and gazing at ALVAR with a countenance
of at once awe and terror*).

Touch me not!

Touch not pollution, Alvar! I will die.

(*He attempts to fall on his sword; ALVAR and TERESA pre-
vent him.*)



Alv. We will find means to save your honour. Live,
Oh live, Ordonio! for our father's sake!
Spare his gray hairs!

Ter. And you may yet be happy.

Ord. O horror! not a thousand years in heaven
Could recompose this miserable heart,
Or make it capable of one brief joy!
Live! live! Why yes! 'Twere well to live with you:
For is it fit a villain should be proud?
My brother! I will kneel to you, my brother!

(*Kneeling.*)

Forgive me, Alvar!—Curse me with forgiveness!

Alv. Call back thy soul, Ordonio, and look round thee!
Now is the time for greatness! Think that heaven—

Ter. O mark his eye! he hears not what you say.

Ord. (*pointing at the vacancy.*) Yes, mark his eye! there's
fascination in it!

Thou saidst thou didst not know him—That is he!
He comes upon me!

Alv. Heal, O heal him, Heaven!

Ord. Nearer and nearer! and I can not stir!
Will no one hear these stifled groans, and wake me?
He would have died to save me, and I killed him—
A husband and a father!—

Ter. Some secret poison
Drinks up his spirits!

Ord. (*fiercely recollecting himself.*) Let the eternal justice
Prepare my punishment in the obscure world—
I will not bear to live—to live—O agony!
And be myself alone my own sore torment!

(*The doors of the dungeon are broken open, and in rush AL-
HADRA, and the band of Morescoes.*)

Alh. Seize first that man!

(*ALVAR presses onward to defend ORDONIO.*)

Ord. Off, ruffians! I have flung away my sword.
Woman, my life is thine! to thee I give it!
Off! he that touches me with his hand of flesh,
I'll rend his limbs asunder! I have strength
With this bare arm to scatter you like ashes.

Alh. My husband—

Ord. Yes, I murdered him most foully.

Alv. and Ter. O horrible!

Alh. Why didst thou leave his children?
Demon, thou shouldst have sent thy dogs of hell
To lap their blood. Then, then I might have hardened

My soul in misery, and have had comfort.
 I would have stood far off, quiet though dark,
 And bade the race of men raise up a mourning
 For a deep horror of desolation,
 Too great to be one soul's particular lot!
 Brother of Zagri! let me lean upon thee.

(Struggling to suppress her feelings.)

The time is not yet come for woman's anguish,
 I have not seen his blood—Within an hour
 Those little ones will crowd around and ask me,
 Where is our father? I shall curse thee then!
 Wert thou in heaven, my curse would pluck thee thence!

Ter. He doth repent! See, see, I kneel to thee!

O let him live! That aged man, his father——

Alh. (sternly). Why had he such a son?

(Shouts from the distance of "Rescue! Rescue! ALVAR!")

ALVAR!" and the voice of VALDEZ heard.)

Rescue?—and Isidore's spirit unavenged?—

The deed be mine! *(Suddenly stabs ORDONIO.)*

Now take my life!

Ord. (Staggering from the wound). Atonement!

Alw. (while with TERESA supporting ORDONIO).

Arm of avenging Heaven,

Thou hast snatched from me my most cherished hope—

But go! my word was pledged to thee.

Ord. Away!

Brave not my father's rage! I thank thee! Thou—

(Then turning his eyes languidly to ALVAR.)

She hath avenged the blood of Isidore!

I stood in silence like a slave before her

That I might taste the wormwood and the gall,

And satiate this self-accusing heart

With bitterer agonies than death can give.

Forgive me, Alvar!

Oh!—couldst thou forget me! *(Dies.)*

(ALVAR and TERESA bend over the body of ORDONIO.)

Alh. (to the Moors). I thank thee, Heaven! thou hast ordained
 it wisely,

That still extremes bring their own cure. That point

In misery, which makes the oppressed man

Regardless of his own life, makes him too

Lord of the oppressor's—Knew I a hundred men

Despairing, but not palsied by despair,

This arm should shake the kingdoms of the world;

The deep foundations of iniquity

Should sink away, earth groaning from beneath them ;
The strongholds of the cruel men should fall,
Their temples and their mountainous towers should fall ;
Till desolation seemed a beautiful thing,
And all that were and had the spirit of life,
Sang a new song to her who had gone forth,
Conquering and still to conquer !

(ALHADRA hurries off with the Moors ; the Stage fills with
armed Peasants and Servants, ZULIMEZ and VALDEZ at
their head. VALDEZ rushes into ALVAR's arms.)

Alw. Turn not thy face that way, my father ! hide,
Oh hide it from his eyes ! Oh let thy joy
Flow in unmingled stream through thy first blessing.

(Both kneel to VALDEZ.)

Val. My son ! My Alvar ! bless, oh bless him, Heaven !

Ter. Me too, my father !

Val. Bless, oh, bless my children !

(Both rise.)

Alw. Delights so full, if unalloyed with grief,
Were ominous. In these strange dread events
Just Heaven instructs us with an awful voice,
That Conscience rules us e'en against our choice.
Our inward monitress to guide or warn,
If listened to ; but if repelled with scorn,
At length as dire Remorse, she reappears,
Works in our guilty hopes, and selfish fears !
Still bids, Remember ! and still cries, Too late !
And while she scares us, goads us to our fate.

THE FALL OF ROBESPIERRE;
AN HISTORIC DRAMA.

DEDICATION.

TO H. MARTIN, ESQ.
OF JESUS COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

DEAR SIR,

ACCEPT, as a small testimony of my grateful attachment, the following Dramatic Poem, in which I have endeavoured to detail, in an interesting form, the fall of a man, whose great bad actions have cast a disastrous lustre on his name. In the execution of the work, as intricacy of plot could not have been attempted without a gross violation of recent facts, it has been my sole aim to imitate the impassioned and highly figurative language of the French Orators, and to develop the characters of the chief actors on a vast stage of horrors.

Yours fraternally,

S. T. COLERIDGE.

JESUS COLLEGE, *September 22. 1794.*

THE FALL OF ROBESPIERRE.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The Tuilleries.*

Barrere. The tempest gathers—be it mine to seek
A friendly shelter, ere it bursts upon him.
But where? and how? I fear the Tyrant's soul—
Sudden in action, fertile in resource,
And rising awful mid impending ruins;
In splendour gloomy, as the midnight meteor,
That fearless thwarts the elemental war.
When last in secret conference we met,
He scowl'd upon me with suspicious rage,
Making his eye the inmate of my bosom.
I know he scorns me—and I feel, I hate him—
Yet there is in him that which makes me tremble! (*Rxit.*)

(*Enter TALLIEN and LEGENDRE.*)

Tal. It was Barrere, Legendre! didst thou mark him?
Abrupt he turn'd, yet linger'd as he went,
And towards us cast a look of doubtful meaning.

Leg. I mark'd him well. I met his eye's last glance,
It menaced not so proudly as of yore.
Methought he would have spoke—but that he dared not—
Such agitation darken'd on his brow.

Tal. 'Twas all distrusting guilt that kept from bursting
Th' imprisoned secret struggling in the face:
E'en as the sudden breeze upstarting onwards
Hurries the thunder-cloud, that poised awhile
Hung in mid air, red with its mutinous burthen.

Leg. Perfidious Traitor!—still afraid to bask
In the full blaze of power, the rustling serpent
Lurks in the thicket of the Tyrant's greatness,

Ever prepared to sting who shelters him.
 Each thought, each action in himself converges;
 And love and friendship on his coward heart
 Shine like the powerless sun on polar ice:
 To all attach'd, by turns deserting all,
 Cunning and dark—a necessary villain!

Tal. Yet much depends upon him—well you know
 With plausible harangue 'tis his to paint
 Defeat like victory—and blind the mob
 With truth-mix'd falsehood. They, led on by him
 And wild of head to work their own destruction,
 Support with uproar what he plans in darkness.

Leg. O what a precious name is Liberty
 To scare or cheat the simple into slaves!
 Yes—we must gain him over: by dark hints
 We'll show enough to rouse his watchful fears,
 Till the cold coward blaze a patriot.
 O Danton! murdered friend! assist my counsels—
 Hover around me on sad memory's wings,
 And pour thy daring vengeance in my heart.
 Tallien! if but to-morrow's fateful sun
 Beholds the Tyrant living—we are dead!

Tal. Yet his keen eye that flashes mighty meanings—

Leg. Fear not—or rather fear th' alternative,
 And seek for courage e'en in cowardice,——
 But see—hither he comes—let us away!
 His brother with him, and the bloody Couthon,
 And high of haughty spirit, young St Just. (*Exeunt.*)

(*Enter ROBESPIERRE, COUTHON, ST JUST, and
 ROBESPIERRE junior.*)

Rob. What! did La Fayette fall before my power?
 And did I conquer Roland's spotless virtues?
 The fervent eloquence of Vergniaud's tongue?
 And Brissot's thoughtful soul unbribed and bold?
 Did zealot armies haste in vain to save them?
 What! did the assassin's dagger aim its point
 Vain, as a *dream* of murder, at my bosom?
 And shall I dread the soft luxurious Tallien?
 Th' Adonis Tallien? banquet-hunting Tallien?
 Him, whose heart flutters at the dice-box? Him,
 Who ever on the harlot's downy pillow
 Resigns his head impure to feverish slumbers!

St Just. I cannot fear him—yet we must not scorn him.
 Was it not Antony that conquer'd Brutus,
 Th' Adonis, banquet-hunting Antony?

The state is not yet purified : and though
The stream runs clear, yet at the bottom lies
The thick black sediment of all the factions—
It needs no magic hand to stir it up !

Cou. O we did wrong to spare them—fatal error !
Why lived Legendre, when that Danton died ?
And Collet d'Herbois dangerous in crimes ?
I've fear'd him, since his iron heart endured
To make of Lyons one vast human shambles,
Compared with which the sun-scorch'd wilderness
Of Zara were a smiling paradise.

St. Just. Rightly thou judgest, Couthon ! He is one,
Who flies from silent solitary anguish,
Seeking forgetful peace amid the jar
Of elements. The howl of maniac uproar
Lulls to sad sleep the memory of himself.
A calm is fatal to him—Then he feels
The dire upboilings of the storm within him.
A tiger mad with inward wounds.—I dread
The fierce and restless turbulence of guilt.

Rob. Is not the commune ours ? The stern tribunal ?
Dumas ? and Vivier ? Fleuriot ? and Louvet ?
And Henriot ? We'll denounce a hundred, nor
Shall they behold to-morrow's sun roll westward.

Rob. jun. Nay—I am sick of blood ; my aching heart
Reviews the long, long train of hideous horrors
That still have gloom'd the rise of the republic.
I should have died before Toulon, when war
Became the patriot !

Rob. Most unworthy wish !
He, whose heart sickens at the blood of traitors,
Would be himself a traitor, were he not
A coward ! 'Tis congenial souls alone
Shed tears of sorrow for each other's fate.
O thou art brave, my brother ! and thine eye
Full firmly shines amid the groaning battle—
Yet in thine heart the woman-form of pity
Asserts too large a share, an ill-timed guest !
There is unsoundness in the state—To-morrow
Shall see it cleansed by wholesome massacre !

Rob. jun. Beware ! already do the sections murmur—
" O the great glorious patriot, Robespierre—
The tyrant guardian of the country's freedom ! "

Cou. 'Twere folly sure to work great deeds by halves ;
Much I suspect the darksome fickle heart

Of cold Barrere !

Rob. I see the villain in him !

Rob. jun. If he—if all forsake thee—what remains ?

Rob. Myself ! the steel-strong Rectitude of soul
And Poverty sublime 'mid circling virtues !
The giant Victories, my counsels form'd,
Shall stalk around me with sun-glittering plumes,
Bidding the darts of calumny full pointless.

(Exeunt ceteri. Manet COUTHON.)

Cou. (solus). So we deceive ourselves ! What goodly virtues
Bloom on the poisonous branches of ambition !
Still, Robespierre ! thou'lt guard thy country's freedom
To despotize in all the patriot's pomp.
While Conscience, 'mid the mob's applauding clamours,
Sleeps in thine ear, nor whispers—blood-stain'd tyrant !
Yet what is Conscience ? Superstition's dream,
Making such deep impression on our sleep—
That long th' awaken'd breast retains its horrors !
But he returns—and with him comes Barrere. *(Exit COUTHON.)*

(Enter ROBESPIERRE and BARRERE.)

Rob. There is no danger but in cowardice.—
Barrere ! We make the danger, when we fear it.
We have such force without, as will suspend
The cold and trembling treachery of these members.

Bar. 'Twill be a pause of terror—

Rob. But to whom ?
Rather the short-lived slumber of the tempest,
Gathering its strength anew. The dastard traitors
Moles, that would undermine the rooted oak !
A pause !—a moment's pause !—'Tis all their life.

Bar. Yet much they talk—and plausible their speech.
Couthon's decree has given such powers, that—

Rob. That what ?

Bar. The freedom of debate—

Rob. Transparent mask !
They wish to clog the wheels of government,
Forcing the hand that guides the vast machine
To bribe them to their duty—*English patriots* !
Are not the congregated clouds of war
Black all around us ? In our very vitals
Works not the king-brèd poison of rebellion ?
Say, what shall counteract the selfish plottings
Of wretches, cold of heart, nor awed by fears
Of him, whose power directs th' eternal justice !
Terror ? or secret-sapping-gold ? The first

Heavy, but transient as the ills that cause it;
And to the virtuous patriot rendered light
By the necessities that gave it birth:
The other fouls the font of the republic,
Making it flow polluted to all ages;
Inoculates the state with a slow venom,
That, once imbibed, must be continued ever.
Myself incorruptible, I ne'er could bribe them—
Therefore they hate me.

Bar. Are the sections friendly?

Rob. There are who wish my ruin—but I'll make them
Blush for the crime in blood!

Bar. Nay, but I tell thee,
Thou art too fond of slaughter—and the right
(if right it be) workest by most foul means!

Rob. *Self-centering Fear!* how well thou canst apo *Mercy!*
Too fond of slaughter! matchless hypocrite!
Thought Barrere so, when Brissot, Danton died?
Thought Barrere so, when through the streaming streets
Of Paris red-eyed Massacre o'er-wearied
Reel'd heavily, intoxicate with blood?
And when (O heavens!) in Lyons' death-red square
Sick Fancy groan'd o'er putrid hills of slain,
Didst thou not fiercely laugh, and bless the day?
Why, thou hast been the mouth-piece of all horrors,
And, like a blood-hound, crouch'd for murder! Now
Aloof thou standest from the tottering pillar,
Or, like a frightened child behind its mother,
Hidest thy pale face in the skirts of—*Mercy!*

Bar. O prodigality of eloquent anger!
Why now I see thou'rt weak—thy case is desperate!
The cool ferocious Robespierre turned scolder!

Rob. Who from a bad man's bosom wards the blow
Reserves the wetted dagger for his own.
Denounced twice—and twice I saved his life!

(*Exit.*)

Bar. The sections will support them—there's the point!
No! he can never weather out the storm—
Yet he is sudden in revenge—No more!
I must away to Tallien.

(*Exit.*)

SCENE II.

Changes to the house of ADELAIDE.

ADELAIDE enters, speaking to a Servant.

Adc. Didst thou present the letter that I gave thee?
Did Tallien answer, he would soon return?

Ser. He is in the Tuilleries—with him Legendre—
In deep discourse they seem'd; as I approached,
He waved his hand as bidding me retire:
I did not interrupt him.

(Returns the letter.)

Adc. Thou didst rightly. *(Exit Servant.)*

O this new freedom! at how dear a price
We've bought the seeming good! The peaceful virtues,
And every blandishment of private life,
The father's cares, the mother's fond endearment,
All sacrificed to Liberty's wild riot.
The winged hours, that scattered roses round me,
Languid and sad drag their slow course along.
And shake big gall-drops from their heavy wings,
But I will steal away these anxious thoughts
By the soft languishment of warbled airs,
If haply melodies may lull the sense
Of sorrow for a while. *(Soft Music. Enter TALLIEN.)*

Tal. Music, my love? O breathe again that air!
Soft nurse of pain, it soothes the weary soul
Of care, sweet as the whisper'd breeze of evening
That plays around the sick man's throbbing temples.

SONG.

Tell me, on what holy ground
May domestic peace be found?
Halcyon daughter of the skies,
Far on fearful wing she flies,
From the pomp of sceptred state,
From the rebel's noisy hate.

In a cottaged vale she dwells,
List'ning to the Sabbath bells!
Still around her steps are seen
Spotless Honor's meeker mien,
Love, the fire of pleasing fears,
Sorrow smiling through her tears;
And, conscious of the past employ,
Memory, bosom-spring of joy.

Tal. I thank thee, Adelaide! 'twas sweet, though mournful.
But why thy brow o'ercast, thy cheek so wan?
Thou look'st as a lorn maid beside some stream
That sighs away the soul in fond despairing,
While Sorrow sad, like the dank willow near her,
Hangs o'er the troubled fountain of her eye.

Adel. Ah! rather let me ask what mystery lowers
On Tallien's darkened brow. Thou dost me wrong—
Thy soul distemper'd, can my heart be tranquil?

Tal. Tell me by whom thy brother's blood was spilt?
Asks he not vengeance on these patriot murderers?
It has been borne too tamely. Fears and curses
Groan on our midnight beds, and e'en our dreams
Threaten the assassin hand of Robespierre.
He dies!—nor has the plot escaped his fears.

Adel. Yet—yet—be cautious! much I fear the Commune—
The tyrant's creatures, and their fate with his
Fast link'd in close indissoluble union.
The Pale Convention—

Tal. Hate him as they fear him,
Impatient of the chain, resolved and ready.

Adel. Th' enthusiast mob, Confusion's lawless sons—

Tal. They are aweary of his stern morality,
The fair-mask'd offspring of ferocious pride.
The sections too support the delegates:
All—all is ours! e'en now the vital air
Of Liberty, condensed awhile, is bursting
(Force irresistible!) from its compressure—
To shatter the arch-chemist in the explosion!

(*Enter BILLAUD VARRENNES and BOURDON L'OISE.*
ADELAIDE retires.)

Bourdon l'Oise. Tallien! was this a time for amorous conference?

Henriot, the tyrant's most devoted creature,
Marshals the force of Paris: the fierce club,
With Vivier at their head, in loud acclaim
Have sworn to make the guillotine in blood
Float on the scaffold.—But who comes here?

(*Enter BARRERE abruptly.*)

Bar. Say, are ye friends to Freedom? *I am her's!*
Let us, forgetful of all common feuds,
Rally around her shrine! E'en now the tyrant
Concerts a plan of instant massacre!

Billaud Varrennes. Away to the Convention! with that voice
So oft the herald of glad victory,

Rouse their fallen spirits, thunder in their ears
 The names of tyrant, plunder, assassin!
 The violent workings of my soul within
 Anticipate the monster's blood?

(*Cry from the street of—"No Tyrant! Down with the Tyrant!"*)

Tal. Hear ye that outcry?—If the trembling members
 Even for a moment hold his fate suspended,
 I swear, by the holy poniard that stabb'd Cæsar,
 This dagger probes his heart!

(*Exeunt omnes.*)

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The Convention.*

Rob. (mounts the Tribune). Once more befits it that the voice
 of Truth,

Fearless in innocence, though leaguer'd round
 By Envy and her hateful brood of hell,
 Be heard amid this hall; once more befits
 The patriot, whose prophetic eye so oft
 Has pierced through faction's veil, to flash on crimes
 Of deadliest import. Mouldering in the grave
 Sleeps Capet's caitiff corse; my daring hand
 Levell'd to earth his blood-cemented throne,
 My voice declared his guilt, and stirr'd up France
 To call for vengeance I too dug the grave
 Where sleep the Girondists, detested band!
 Long with the show of freedom they abused
 Her ardent sons. Long time the well-turn'd phrase,
 The high-fraught sentence, and the lofty tone
 Of declamation, thunder'd in this hall,
 Till reason 'midst a labyrinth of words
 Perplex'd, in silence seem'd to yield assent.
 I durst oppose. Soul of my honour'd friend!
 Spirit of Marat, upon thee I call—
 Thou know'st me faithful, know'st with what warm zeal
 I urg'd the cause of justice, stripp'd the mask
 From Faction's deadly visage, and destroy'd
 Her traitor brood. Whose patriot arm hurl'd down
 Herbert and Rousin, and the villain friends

Of Danton, foul apostate! those, who long
Mask'd Treason's form in Liberty's fair garb,
Long deluged France with blood, and durst defy
Omnipotence! but I, it seems, am false!

I am a traitor too! I—Robespierre!

I—at whose name the dastard despot brood
Look pale with fear, and call on saints to help them!

Who dares accuse me? Who shall dare belie
My spotless name? Speak, ye accomplice band,

Of what am I accused? of what strange crime

Is Maximillian Robespierre accused,

That through this hall the buzz of discontent

Should murmur? who shall speak?

Billaut Varennes.

O patriot tongue,

Belying the foul heart! Who was it urged, ●

Friendly to tyrants, that accurst decree

Whose influence, brooding o'er this hallow'd hall,

Has chill'd each tongue to silence. Who destroy'd

The freedom of debate, and carried through

The fatal law, that doom'd the delegates,

Unheard before their equals, to the bar

Where cruelty sat thron'd, and murder reign'd

With her Dumas coequal? Say—thou man

Of mighty eloquence, whose law was that?

Cou. That law was mine. I urged it—I proposed—

The voice of France assembled in her sons

Assented, though the tame and timid voice

Of traitors murmur'd. I advised that law—

I justify it. It was wise and good.

Bar. Oh, wondrous wise, and most convenient too!

I have long mark'd thee, Robespierre—and now

Proclaim thee traitor—tyrant! *(Low applause.)*

Rob.

It is well.

I am a traitor! oh, that I had fallen

When Regnault lifted high the murderous knife;

Regnault, the instrument belike of those

Who now themselves would fain assassinate,

And legalize their murders. I stand here

An isolated patriot—hemm'd around

By faction's noisy pack; beset and bay'd

By the foul hell-hounds who know no escape

From Justice' outstretch'd arm, but by the force

That pierces through her breast.

(Murmurs, and shouts of "Down with the tyrant!")

Rob. Nay, but I will be heard. There was a time,

When Robespierre* began, the loud applauses
Of honest patriots drown'd the honest sound.
But times are changed, and villany prevails.

Collet d'Herbois. No—villany shall fall. France could not
brook

A monarch's sway—sounds the dictator's name
More soothing to her ear?

Bourdon l'Oise. Rattle her chains
More musically now than when the hand
Of Brissot forged her fetters, or the crew
Of Herbert thundered out her blasphemies,
And Danton talk'd of virtue?

Rob. Oh, that Brissot
Were here again to thunder in this hall!
That Herbert liv'd, and Danton's giant form
Scowl'd once again defiance! so my soul
Might cope with worthy foes.

People of France,
Hear me! Beneath the vengeance of the law,
Traitors have perish'd countless; more survive!
The hydra-headed faction lifts anew
Her daring front, and fruitful from her wounds,
Cautious from past defeats, contrives new wiles
Against the sons of Freedom.

Tal. Freedom lives!
Oppression falls—for France has felt her chains,
Has burst them too. Who traitor-like stept forth
Amid the hall of Jacobins to save
Camille Desmoulins, and the venal wretch
D'Eglantine?

Rob. I did—for I thought them honest.
And Heaven forefend that vengeance ere should strike
Ere justice doom'd the blow.

Bar. Traitor, thou didst—
Yes, the accomplice of their dark designs,
Awhile didst thou defend them, when the storm
Lower'd at safe distance. When the clouds frown'd darker,
Fear'd for yourself and left them to their fate.
Oh, I have mark'd thee long, and through the veil
Seen thy foul projects. Yes, ambitious man,
Self-will'd dictator o'er the realm of France,
The vengeance thou hast plann'd for patriots
Falls on thy head. Look how thy brother's deeds
Dishonour thine! He the firm patriot,
Thou the foul paricide of Liberty!

Rob. jun. Barrere—attempt not meanly to divide
Me from my brother. I partake his guilt,
For I partake his virtue.

Rob. Brother, by my soul
More dear I hold to thee my heart, that thus
With me thou darest to tread the dangerous path
Of virtue, than that Nature twined her cords
Of kindred round us.

Bar. Yes, allied in guilt,
Even as in blood ye are. Oh, thou worst wretch,
Thou worse than Sylla! hast thou not proscribed,
Yea, in most foul anticipation slaughter'd,
Each patriot representative of France?

Bourdon l'Oise. Was not the younger Cæsar too to reign
O'er all our valliant armies in the south,
And still continue there his merchant wiles?

Rob. jun. His merchant wiles! Oh, grant me patience,
Heaven!

Was it by merchant wiles I gain'd you back
Toulon, when proudly on her captive towers
Waved high the English flag? or fought I then
With merchant wiles, when sword in hand I led
Your troops to conquest? Fought I merchant-like,
Or barter'd I for victory, when death
Strode o'er the reeking streets with giant stride,
And shook his ebon plumes, and sternly smiled
Amid the bloody banquet! when appall'd,
The hireling sons of England spread the sail
Of safety, fought I like a merchant then?
Oh, patience! patience!

Bourdon l'Oise. How this younger tyrant
Mouths out defiance to us! even so
He had led on the armies of the south,
Till once again the plains of France were drench'd
With her best blood.

Collet d'Herbois. Till once again display'd.
Lyons' sad tragedy had call'd me forth
The minister of wrath, whilst slaughter by
Had bathed in human blood.

Dubois Crancé. No wonder, friend,
That we are traitors—that our heads must fall
Beneath the axe of death! When Cæsar-like
Reigns Robespierre, 'tis wisely done to doom
The fall of Brutus. Tell me, bloody man,
Hast thou not parcell'd out deluded France,

As it had been some province won in fight,
Between your curst triumvirate? You, Couthon,
Go with my brother to the southern plains;
St Just, be yours the army of the north;
Meantime I rule at Paris.

Rob. Matchless knave!

What—not one blush of conscience on thy cheek—
Not one poor blush of truth! Most likely tale!
That I who ruin'd Brissot's towering hopes,
I who discover'd Herbert's impious wiles,
And sharp'd for Danton's recreant neck the axe,
Should now be traitor! had I been so minded,
Think ye I had destroy'd the very men
Whose plots resembled mine! Bring forth your proofs
Of this deep treason. Tell me in whose breast
Found ye the fatal scroll? or tell me rather
Who forged the shameless falsehood?

Collet d'Herbous. Ask you proofs?

Robespierre, what proofs were ask'd when Brissot died?

Leg. What proofs adduced you when the Danton died?
When at the imminent peril of my life
I rose, and fearless of thy frowning brow,
Proclaim'd him guiltless?

Rob. I remember well

The fatal day. I do repent me much
That I kill'd Cæsar and spared Antony.
But I have been too lenient. I have spared
The stream of blood, and now my own must flow
To fill the current.

(*Loud applause.*)

Triumph not too soon,

Justice may yet be victor.

(*Enter ST JUST, and mounts the Tribune.*)

St Just. I come from the committee—charged to speak
Of matters of high import. I omit
Their orders. Representatives of France,
Boldly in his own person speaks St Just
What his own heart shall dictate.

Fal. Hear ye this,

Insulted delegates of France? St Just
From your committee comes—comes charged to speak
Of matters of high import—yet omits
Their orders! Representatives of France,
That bold man I denounce, who disobeys
The nation's orders.—I denounce St Just.

(*Loud applause.*)

St Just. Hear me!

(*Violent murmurs.*)

Rob. He shall be heard!

Bourdon l'Oise. Must we contaminate this sacred hall
With the foul breath of treason?

Collot d'Herbois. Drag him away!

Hence with him to the bar.

Cou. Oh, just proceedings!

Robespierre prevented liberty of speech—

And Robespierre is a tyrant! Tallien reigns,

He dreads to hear the voice of innocence—

And St Just must be silent!

Leg.

Heed we well

That Justice guide our actions. No light import
Attends this day. I move St Just be heard.

Fré. Inviolable be the sacred right of man,

The freedom of debate.

(*Violent applause.*)

St Just. I may be heard, then! much the times are changed

When St Just thanks this hall for hearing him.

Robespierre is call'd a tyrant. Men of France,

Judge not too soon. By popular discontent

Was Aristides driven into exile,

Was Phocion murder'd? Ere ye dare pronounce

Robespierre is guilty, it befits ye well,

Consider who accuse him. Tallien,

Bourdon of Oise—the very men denounced,

For their dark intrigues disturb'd the plan

Of government. Legendre, the sworn friend

Of Danton, fall'n apostate. Dubois Crance,

He who at Lyons spared the royalists—

Collot d'Herbois—

Bourdon l'Oise. What—shall the traitor rear

His head amid our tribune—and blaspheme

Each patriot? shall the hireling slave of faction—

St Just. I am of no faction. I contend

Against all factions.

Tal.

I espouse the cause

Of truth. Robespierre on yester-morn pronounced

Upon his own authority a report.

To-day St Just comes down. St Just neglects

What the committee orders, and harangues

From his own will. O citizens of France,

I weep for you—I weep for my poor country—

I tremble for the cause of Liberty,

When individuals shall assume the sway,

And with more insolence than kingly pride

Rule the republic.

Billaud Varennes. Shudder, ye representatives of France,
 Shudder with horror. Henriot commands
 The marshall'd force of Paris—Henriot,
 Foul parrioid—*the sworn ally of Herbert,*
 Denounced by all—upheld by Robespierre.
 Who spared La Vallette? who promoted him,
 Stain'd with the deep dye of nobility?
 Who to an ex-peer gave the high command?
 Who screen'd from justice the rapacious thief?
 Who cast in chains the friends of Liberty?
 Robespierre, the self-styled patriot Robespierre—
 Robespierre, allied with villain Daubigné—
 Robespierre, the foul arch-tyrant Robespierre.

Bourdon l'Oise. He talks of virtue—of morality—
 Consistent patriot! he, Daubigné's friend!
 Henriot's supporter virtuous! Preach of virtue,
 Yet league with villains, for with Robespierre
 Villains alone ally. Thou art a tyrant!

I style thee tyrant, Robespierre! *(Loud applause.)*

Rob. Take back the name, ye citizens of France—

(Violent clamour. Cries of "Down with the Tyrant!")

Tal. Oppression falls. The traitor stands appall'd—
 Guilt's iron fangs engrasp his shrinking soul—
 He hears assembled France denounce his crimes!
 He sees the mask torn from his secret sins—
 He trembles on the precipice of fate.
 Fall'n guilty tyrant! murder'd by thy rage,
 How many an innocent victim's blood has stain'd
 Fair Freedom's altar! Sylla-like, thy hand
 Mark'd down the virtues, that thy foes removed,
 Perpetual Dictator thou mightst reign,
 And tyrannize o'er France, and call it freedom!
 Long time in timid guilt the traitor plann'd
 His fearful wiles—success embolden'd sin—
 And his stretch'd arm had grasp'd the diadem
 Ere now, but that the coward's heart recoil'd,
 Lest France awaked, should rouse her from her dream,
 And call aloud for vengeance. He, like Cæsar,
 With rapid step urged on his bold career,
 Even to the summit of ambitious power,
 And deem'd the name of King alone was wanting.
 Was it for this we hurl'd proud Capet down?
 Is it for this we wage eternal war
 Against the tyrant horde of murderers,
 The crown'd cockatrices whose foul venom

Infects all Europe? was it then for this
 We swore to guard our liberty with life,
 That Robespierre should reign? the spirit of freedom
 Is not yet sunk so low. The glowing flame
 That animates each honest Frenchman's heart
 Not yet extinguished. I invoke thy shade,
 Immortal Brutus! I too wear a dagger;
 And if the representatives of France,
 Through fear or favour, should delay the sword
 Of justice, Tallien emulates thy virtues;
 Tallien, like Brutus, lifts the avenging arm;
 Tallien shall save his country. *(Violent applause.)*

Billaut Varennes. I demand
 The arrest of the traitors. Memorable
 Will be this day for France.

Rob. Yes! memorable
 This day will be for France—for villains triumph.

Lebas. I will not share in this day's damning guilt.
 Condemn me too.

(Great cry—"Down with the Tyrant!") The two ROBESPIERRES, COUTHON, ST JUST, and LEBAS are led off.)

ACT III.

SCENE.—*Continues.*

Callot d'Herbois. Cæsar is fallen! The baneful tree of Java,
 Whose death-distilling boughs dropt poisonous dew,
 Is rooted from its base. This worse than Cromwell,
 The austere, the self-denying Robespierre,
 Even in this hall, where once with terror mute
 We listen'd to the hypocrite's harangues,
 Has heard his doom.

Billaut Varennes. Yet must we not suppose
 The tyrant will fall tamely. His sworn hireling
 Henriot, the daring desperate Henriot
 Commands the force of Paris. I denounce him.

Fré. I denounce Fleuriot too, the mayor of Paris.

(Enter DUBOIS CRANCE.)

Dubois Crance. Robespierre is rescued. Henriot at the head
 Of the arm'd force has rescued the fierce tyrant.

Collet d'Herbois. Ring the tocsin—call all the citizens
To save their country—never yet has Paris
Forsook the representatives of France.

Tal. It is the hour of danger. I propose

This sitting be made permanent. (*Loud applauses.*)

Collet d'Herbois. The National Convention shall remain
Firm at its post. (*Enter a MESSENGER.*)

Mes. Robespierre has reach'd the Commune, They espouse
The tyrant's cause. St Just is up in arms!
St Just—the young, ambitious, bold St Just
Harangues the mob. The sanguinary Couthon
Thirsts for your blood. (*Tocsin rings.*)

Tal. These tyrants are in arms against the law:
Outlaw the rebels. (*Enter MERLIN OF DOUAY.*)

Mcr. Health to the representatives of France!
I past this moment through the armed force—
They asked my name—and when they heard a delegate,
Swore I was not the friend of France.

Collet d'Herbois. The tyrants threaten us, as when they turn'd
The cannon's mouth on Brissot. (*Enter another MESSENGER.*)

Second Mess. Vivier harangues the Jacobines—the club
Espouse the cause of Robespierre. (*Enter another MESSENGER.*)

Third Mess. All's lost—the tyrant triumphs. Henriot leads
The soldiers to his aid.—Already I hear
The rattling cannon destined to surround
This sacred hall.

Tal. Why, we will die like men then!
The representatives of France dare death,
When duty steels their bosoms. (*Loud applauses.*)

Tal. (*addressing the galleries.*) Citizens!
France is insulted in her delegates—
The majesty of the republic is insulted—
Tyrants are up in arms. An armed force
Threats the Convention. The Convention swears
To die, or save the country!

(*Violent applauses from the galleries.*)
Citizen (*from above.*) We too swear
To die or save the country. Follow me.

(*All the men quit the galleries.*)
(*Enter another MESSENGER.*)

Fourth Mess. Henriot is taken!— (*Loud applauses.*)
Henriot is taken. Three of your brave soldiers
Swore they would seize the rebel slave of tyrants,
Or perish in the attempt. As he patroll'd

The streets of Paris, stirring up the mob,
They seized him.

(*Applauses.*)

Billaut Varennes. Let the names of these brave men
Live to the future day.

(*Enter BOURDON L'OISE, sword in hand.*)

Bourdon l'Oise. I have cleared the Commune. (*Applauses.*)

Through the throng I rush'd,
Brandishing my good sword to drench its blade
Deep in the tyrant's heart. The timid rebels
Give way. I met the soldiery—I spake
Of the dictator's crimes—of patriots chain'd
In dark deep dungeons by his lawless rage—
Of knaves secure beneath his fostering power.
I spake of Liberty. Their honest hearts
Caught the warm flame. The general shout burst forth,
"Live the Convention—Down with Robespierre!" (*Applauses.*)

(*Shouts from without—"Down with the Tyrant!"*)

Tal. I hear, I hear the soul-inspiring sound,
France shall be sav'd! her generous sons, attached
To principles, not persons, spurn the idol
They worshipp'd once. Yes, Robespierre shall fall
As Capet fell! Oh! never let us deem
That France shall crouch beneath a tyrant's throne,
That the almighty people who have broke
On their oppressors' heads the oppressive chain,
Will court again their fetters! easier were it
To hurl the cloud-capt mountain from its base,
Than force the bonds of slavery upon men
Determined to be free!

(*Applauses.*)

(*Enter LEGENDRE, a pistol in one hand, keys in the other.*)

Leg. (*Hinging down the keys.*) So—let the mutinous Jacobins
meet now

In the open air.

(*Loud applauses.*)

A factious turbulent party
Lording it o'er the state since Danton died,
And with him the Cordeliers.—A hireling band
Of loud-tongued orators controll'd the club,
And bade them bow the knee to Robespierre.
Vivier has 'scaped me. Curse his coward heart—
This fate-fraught tube of Justice in my hand,
I rush'd into the hall. He mark'd mine eye
That beam'd its patriot anger, and flash'd full
With death-denouncing meaning. 'Mid the throng
He mingled. I pursued—but staid my hand,
Lest haply I might shed the innocent blood.

(*Applauses.*)

Fréron. They took from me my ticket of admission—
Expell'd me from their sittings.—Now, forsooth,
Humbled and trembling re-insert my name ;
But Fréron enters not the club again
Till it be purged of guilt—till, purified
Of tyrants and of traitors, honest men
May breathe the air in safety. *(Shouts from without.)*

Bar. What means this uproar ? if the tyrant band
Should gain the people once again to rise—
We are as dead !

Tal. And wherefore fear we death ?
Did Brutus fear it ? or the Grecian friends
Who buried in Hipparchus' breast the sword,
And died triumphant ? Cæsar should fear death :
Brutus must scorn the bugbear.

(Shouts from without. "Live the Convention ! Down with the tyrants !")

Tal. Hark ! again
The sounds of honest Freedom !

(Enter DEPUTIES from the SECTIONS.)

Citizen. Citizens ! representatives of France !
Hold on your steady course. The men of Paris
Espouse your cause. The men of Paris swear
They will defend the delegates of Freedom.

Tal. Hear ye this, Colleagues ? hear ye this, my brethren ?
And does no thrill of joy pervade your breasts ?
My bosom bounds to rapture. I have seen
The sons of France shake off the tyrant yoke ;
I have, as much as lies in mine own arm,
Hurl'd down the usurper.—Come death when it will,
I have lived long enough. *(Shouts without.)*

Bar. Hark ! how the noise increases ! through the gloom
Of the still evening—harbinger of death,
Rings the Tocsin ! the dreadful generale
Thunders through Paris—

(Cry without—"Down with the Tyrant !")

Enter LECOINTRE.)

Lec. So may eternal justice blast the foes
Of France ! so perish all the tyrant brood,
As Robespierre has perish'd ! Citizens,
Cæsar is taken. *(Loud and repeated applause.)*
I marvel not, that with such fearless front,
He braved our vengeance, and with angry eye
Scowl'd round the hall defiance. He relied
On Henriot's aid—the Commune's villain friendship,

And Henriot's *boughten* succours. Ye have heard
How Henriot rescued him—how with open arms
The Commune welcomed in the rebel tyrant—
How Fleuriot aided, and seditious Vivier
Stirr'd up the Jacobins. All had been lost—
The representatives of France had perish'd—
Freedom had sunk beneath the tyrant arm
Of this foul paricide, but that her spirit
Inspired the men of Paris. Henriot call'd
"To arms" in vain, whilst Bourdon's patriot voice
Breathed eloquence, and o'er the Jacobins
Legendre frown'd dismay. The tyrants fled—
They reach'd the Hotel. We gather'd round—we call'd
For vengeance! Long time, obstinate in despair,
With knives they hack'd around them. Till foreboding
The sentence of the law, the clamorous cry
Of joyful thousands hailing their destruction,
Each sought by suicide to escape the dread
Of death. Lebas succeeded. From the window
Leapt the younger Robespierre, but his fractured limb
Forbade to escape. The self-will'd dictator
Plunged often the keen knife in his dark breast,
Yet impotent to die. He lives all mangled
By his own tremulous hand! All gash'd and gored,
He lives to taste the bitterness of Death.
Even now they meet their doom. The bloody Couthon,
The fierce St Just, even now attend their tyrant
To fall beneath the axo. I saw the torches
Flash on their visages a dreadful light—
I saw them whilst the black blood roll'd adown
Each stern face, even then with dauntless eye
Scowl round contemptuous, dying as they lived,
Fearless of fate!

(*Loud and repeated applause.*)

Bar. (mounts the Tribune). For ever hallow'd be this glorious
day,

When Freedom, bursting her oppressive chain,
Tramples on the oppressor. When the tyrant,
Hurl'd from his blood-cemented throne by the arm
Of the almighty people, meets the death
He plann'd for thousands. Oh! my sickening heart
Has sunk within me, when the various woes
Of my brave country crowded o'er my brain
In ghastly numbers—when assembled hordes,
Dragg'd from their hovels by despotic power,
Rush'd o'er her frontiers, plunder'd her fair hamlets,

And sack'd her populous towns, and drench'd with blood
The reeking fields of Flanders.—When within,
Upon her vitals prey'd the rankling tooth
Of treason ; and oppression, giant form,
Trampling on freedom, left the alternative
Of slavery, or of death. Even from that day,
When, on the guilty Capet, I pronounced
The doom of injured France, has Faction rear'd
Her hated head amongst us. Roland preach'd
Of mercy—the uxorious dotard Roland,
The woman-govern'd Roland durst aspire
To govern France ; and Petion talk'd of virtue,
And Vergniaud's eloquence, like the honey'd tongue
Of some soft Syren, wooed us to destruction.
We triumph'd over these. On the same scaffold
Where the last Louis pour'd his guilty blood,
Fell Brissot's head, the womb of darksome treasons,
And Orleans, villain kinsman of the Capet,
And Herbert's atheist crew, whose maddening hand
Hurl'd down the altars of the living God,
With all the infidel's intolerance.
The last worst traitor triumph'd—triumph'd long,
Secured by matchless villany. By turns
Defending and deserting each accomplice,
As interest prompted. In the goodly soil
Of Freedom, the foul tree of treason struck
Its deep-fix'd roots, and dropt the dews of death,
On all who slumber'd in its specious shade.
He wove the web of treachery. He caught
The listening crowd by his wild eloquence,
His cool ferocity, that persuaded murder,
Even whilst it spake of mercy !—Never, never
Shall this regenerated country wear
The despot yoke. Though myriads round assail,
And with worse fury urge this new crusade
Than savages have known ; though the leagued despots
Depopulate all Europe, so to pour
The accumulated mass upon our coasts,
Sublime amid the storm shall France arise,
And like the rock amid surrounding waves
Repel the rushing ocean.—She shall wield
The thunderbolt of vengeance—she shall blast
The despot's pride, and liberate the world !

MISCELLANEOUS.

GENEVIEVE.

MAID of my Love, sweet Genevieve !
In Beauty's light you glide along :
Your eye is like the star of eve,
And sweet your Voice, as Seraph's song.
Yet not your heavenly Beauty gives
This heart with passion soft to glow :
Within your soul a Voice there lives !
It bids you hear the tale of Woe.
When sinking low the Sufferer wan
Beholds no hand outstretched to save,
Fair, as the bosom of the Swan,
That rises graceful o'er the wave,
I've seen your breast with pity heave,
And therefore love I you, sweet Genevieve

ABSENCE.

A FAREWELL ODE.

WHERE graced with many a classic spoil
Cam rolls his reverend stream along,
I haste to urge the learned toil
That sternly chides my love-lorn song :
Ah me ! too mindful of the days
Illumed by Parnon's orient rays,
When Peace, and Cheerfulness, and Health
Enriched me with the best of wealth.
Ah fair Delights ; that o'er my soul

On Memory's wing like shadows, fly'
 Ah I lowers ' which Joy from Eden stole
 While Innocence stood smiling by '—
 But cease, fond Heart ' this bootless moan
 Those Hours on rapid Pinions flown
 Shall yet return by Absence crowned,
 And scatter livelier roses round.
 The Sun who never quits his fires
 On heedless eyes may pour the day .
 The Moon, that oft from Heaven returns,
 Lendeers her renovated ray
 What though she leave the sky unblest
 To mourn awhile in murky vest?
 When she returns her lovely Light,
 We bless the Wanderer of the Night

SONGS OF THE PIXIES.

THE PIXIES, in the superstition of Devonshire, are a race of beings invisibly small, and harmless or friendly to man. At a small distance from a village in that county, half way up a wood covered hill, is an excavation called the Pixies' Labyrinth. The roots of old trees form its ceiling, and on its sides are innumerable cypresses, among which the Author discovered his own and those of his brother, cut by the hand of their childhood. At the foot of the hill flows the river Otter.

To this place the Author, during the summer months of the year 1793, conducted a party of young ladies, one of whom of stature elegantly small, and of complexion cloudless yet clear, was proclaimed the Fairy Queen. On which occasion the following irregular Ode was written —

I

WHOM the untaught Shepherds call
 Pixies in their madrigal
 Fancy's children, here we dwell
 Welcome, Ladies ' to our cell.
 Here the wren of softest note
 Builds its nest and warbles well,
 Here the blackbird strains his throat,
 Welcome, Ladies ' to our cell

II

When fades the moon to shadowy-pale,
 And scuds the cloud before the gale,

Ere the Morn, all gem-bedight,
 Hath streak'd the East with rosy light,
 We sip the furze-flower's fragrant dews
 Clad in robes of rainbow hues :
 Or sport amid the shooting gleams
 To the tune of distant-tinkling teams,
 While lusty Labour scouting sorrow
 Bids the Dame a glad good-morrow,
 Who jogs the accustomed road along,
 And paces cheery to her cheering song.

III.

But not our filmy pinion
 We scorch amid the blaze of day,
 When Noontide's fiery-tresséd minion
 Flashes the fervid ray.
 Aye from the sultry heat
 We to the cave retreat
 O'recanopied by huge roots intertwined
 With wildest texture, blackened o'er with age :
 Round them their mantle green the ivies bind,
 Beneath whose foliage pale
 Fanned by the unfrequent gale
 We shield us from the Tyrant's mid-day rage.

IV.

Thither, while the murmuring throng
 Of wild-bees hum their drowsy song,
 By Indolence and Fancy brought,
 A youthful bard, "unknown to Fame,"
 Wooes the Queen of Solemn Thought,
 And heaves the gentle misery of a sigh
 Gazing with tearful eye,
 As round our sandy grot appear
 Many a rudely sculptured name
 To pensive memory dear !
 Weaving gay dreams of sunny-tinctured hue
 We glance before his view :
 O'er his hush'd soul our soothing witcheries shed
 And twine the future garland round his head.

V.

When Evening's dusky car
 Crowned with her dewy star

Steals o'er the fading sky in shadowy flight ;
 On leaves of aspen trees
 We tremble to the breeze
 Veiled from the grosser ken of mortal sight.
 Or, haply, at the visionary hour,
 Along our wildly-bowered sequestered walk,
 We listen to the enamoured rustic's talk ;
 Heave with the heaving of the maiden's breast,
 Where young-eyed Loves have hid their turtle nest ;
 Or guide of soul-subduing power
 The glance, that from the half-confessing eye
 Darts the fond question or the soft reply.

VI.

Or through the mystic ringlets of the vale
 We flash our faery feet in gamesome prank :
 Or, silent-sandaled, pay our defter court,
 Circling the Spirit of the Western Gale,
 Where wearied with his flower-caressing sport,
 Supine he slumbers on a violet bank ;
 Then with quaint music hymn the parting gleam
 By lonely Otter's sleep-persuading stream ;
 Or where his wave with loud unquiet song
 Dashed o'er the rocky channel froths along ;
 Or where, his silver waters smoothed to rest,
 The tall tree's shadow sleeps upon his breast.

VII.

Hence, thou lingerer, Light !
 Eve saddens into Night.
 Mother of wildly-working dreams ! we view
 The sombre hours, that round thee stand
 With down-cast eyes (a duteous band)
 Their dark robes dripping with the heavy dew
 Sorceress of the ebony throne !
 Thy power the Pixies own,
 When round thy raven brow
 Heaven's lucent roses glow,
 And clouds in watery colours drest
 Float in light drapery o'er thy sable vest :
 What time the pale moon sheds a softer day
 Mellowing the woods beneath its pensive beam :
 For 'mid the quivering light 'tis ours to play,
 Aye dancing to the cadence of the stream.

VIII.

Welcome, Ladies ! to the cell
 Where the blameless Pixies dwell :
 But thou, sweet nymph ! proclaimed our Faery Queen,
 With what obeisance meet
 Thy presence shall we greet ?
 For lo ! attendant on thy steps are seen
 * Graceful Ease in artless stole,
 And white-robed Purity of soul,
 With Honour's softer mien ;
 Mirth of the loosely-flowing hair,
 And meek-eyed Pity eloquently fair,
 Whose tearful cheeks are lovely to the view,
 As snow-drop wet with dew.

IX.

Unboastful Maid ! though now the lily pale
 Transparent grace thy beauties meek ;
 Yet ere again along the impurpling vale,
 The purpling vale and elfin-haunted grove,
 Young Zeyhpr his fresh flowers profusely throws,
 We'll tinge with livelier hues thy cheek ;
 And, haply, from the nectar-breathing Rose
 Extract a Blush for Love !

1793.

 EPITAPH ON AN INFANT.

ERE Sin could blight or Sorrow fade,
 Death came with friendly care ;
 The opening bud to Heaven conveyed,
 And bade it blossom there.

 THE ROSE.

As late each flower that sweetest blows
 I plucked, the Garden's pride !
 Within the petals of a Rose
 A sleeping Love I spied.

Around his brows a beamy wreath
 Of many a lucent hue ;

All purple glowed his cheek, beneath,
Inebriate with dew.

I softly seized the unguarded Power,
Nor scared his balmy rest :
And placed him, caged within the flower,
On spotless Sara's breast.

But when unweeting of the guile
Awoke the prisoner sweet,
He struggled to escape awhile
And stamped his faery feet.

Ah ! soon the soul-entrancing sight
Subdued the impatient boy !
He gazed ! he thrilled with deep delight !
Then clapped his wings for joy.

" And O ! " he cried—" of magic kind
What charms this Throne endear !
Some other Love let Venus find—
I'll fix *my* empire here."

1793.

THE SIGH.

WHEN Youth his faery reign began
Ere sorrow had proclaimed me man ;
While Peace the present hour beguiled,
And all the lovely Prospect smiled ;
Then Mary ! 'mid my lightsome glee
I heav'd the painless Sigh for thee.

And when, along the waves of woe,
My harassed Heart was doomed to know
The frantic burst of Outrage keen,
And the slow Pang that gnaws unseen ;
Then shipwrecked on Life's stormy sea
I heaved an anguished Sigh for thee :

But soon Reflection's power imprest
A stiller sadness on my breast ;

And sickly Hope with waning eye
Was well content to droop and die :
I yielded to the stern decree,
Yet heaved a languid Sigh for thee !

And though in distant climes to roam,
A wanderer from my native home,
I fain would soothe the sense of Care,
And lull to sleep the Joys that were,
Thy Image may not banished be—
Still, Mary ! still I sigh for thee.

1794.

THE DAY-DREAM.

FROM AN EMIGRANT TO HIS ABSENT WIFE.

If thou wert here, these tears were tears of light !
But from as sweet a vision did I start
As ever made these eyes grow idly bright !
And though I weep, yet still around my heart
A sweet and playful tenderness doth linger,
Touching my heart as with an infant's finger.

My mouth half open, like a witless man,
I saw our couch, I saw our quiet room,
Its shadows heaving by the fire-light gloom ;
And o'er my lips a subtle feeling ran,
All o'er my lips a soft and breeze-like feeling—
I know not what—but had the same been stealing

Upon a sleeping mother's lips, I guess
It would have made the loving mother dream
That she was softly bending down to kiss
Her babe, that something more than babe did seem,
A floating presence of its darling father,
And yet its own dear baby self far rather !

Across my chest there lay a weight, so warm !
As if some bird had taken shelter there :
And lo ! I seemed to see a woman's form—
Thine, Sara, thine ! O joy, if thine it were !

I gazed with stifled breath, and feared to stir it,
No deeper trance e'er wrapt a yearning spirit!

And now, when I seemed sure thy face to see,
Thy own dear self in our own quiet home;
There came an elfish laugh, and wakened me:
'Twas Frederic, who behind my chair had clomb,
And with his bright eyes at my face was peeping.
I blessed him, tried to laugh, and feel a weeping!

1798-9.

THE COMPLAINT OF NINATHOMA.

How long will ye round me be swelling,
O ye blue-tumbling waves of the sea?
Not always in caves was my dwelling,
Nor beneath the cold blast of the tree.

Through the high-sounding halls of Cathlóma
In the steps of my beauty I strayed;
The warriors beheld Ninathóma,
And they blessed the white-bosomed Maid!

A Ghost! by my cavern it darted!
In moon-beams the Spirit was drest—
For lovely appear the departed
When they visit the dreams of my rest!

But disturbed by the tempest's commotion
Fleet the shadowy forms of delight—
Ah cease, thou shrill blast of the Ocean!
To howl through my cavern by night.

THE EOLIAN HARP.

COMPOSED AT CLEVEDON, SOMERSETSHIRE.

My pensive Sara! thy soft cheek reclined
Thus on mine arm, most soothing sweet it is
To sit beside our cot, our cot o'ergrown
With white-flowered jasmin, and the broad-leaved myrtle.

(Meet emblems they of Innocence and Love !)
And watch the clouds, that late were rich with light,
Slow saddening round, and mark the star of eve
Serenely brilliant (such should wisdom be)
Shine opposite ! How exquisite the scents
Snatched from yon bean-field ! and the world so hushed !
The stilly murmur of the distant sea
Tells us of silence.

And that simplest lute,
Placed length-ways in the clasping casement, hark !
How by the desultory breeze caressed,
Like some coy maid half yielding to her lover,
It pours such sweet upbraiding, as must needs
Tempt to repeat the wrong ! And now, its strings
Boldlier swept, the long sequacious notes
Over delicious surges sink and rise,
Such a soft floating witchery of sound
As twilight Elfin make, when they at eve
Voyage on gentle gales from Fairy-Land,
Where Melodies round honey-dropping flowers,
Footless and wild, like birds of Paradise,
Nor pause, nor perch, hovering on untamed wing !
Methinks, it should have been impossible
Not to love all things in a world so filled ;
When ev'n the breezes of the simple air
Possess the power and spirit of melody.

And thus, my love ! as on the midway slope
Of yonder hill I stretch my limbs at noon,
Whilst through my half-closed eye-lids I behold
The sunbeams dance, like diamonds on the main,
And tranquil muse upon tranquillity ;
Full many a thought uncalled and undetained,
And many idle fitting phantasies,
Traverse my indolent and passive brain,
As wild and various as the random gales
That swell and flutter on this subject lute !

And what if all of animated nature
Be but organic harps diversely framed,
That tremble into thought, as o'er them sweeps
Plastic and vast, one intellectual breeze,
At once the Soul of each, and God of All ?

But thy more serious eye a mild reproof
 Darts, O beloved woman ! nor such thoughts
 Dim and unhallowed dost thou not reject,
 And biddest me walk humbly with my God.
 Meek daughter in the family of Christ !
 Well hast thou said and holily dispraised
 These shapings of the unregenerate mind ;
 Bubbles that glitter as they rise and break
 On vain Philosophy's aye-babbling spring.
 For never guiltless may I speak of Him,
 The Incomprehensible ! save when with awe
 I praise him, and with Faith that inly feels ;
 Who with his saving mercies healed me,
 A sinful and most miserable man
 Wildered and dark, and gave me to possess
 Peace, and this cot, and thee, heart-honoured Maid !

THE NIGHTINGALE.

No cloud, no relique of the sunken day
 Distinguishes the West, no long thin slip
 Of sullen light, no obscure trembling hues.
 Come, we will rest on this old mossy bridge !
 You see the glimmer of the stream beneath,
 But hear no murmuring : it flows silently,
 O'er its soft bed of verdure. All is still,
 A balmy night ! and though the stars be dim,
 Yet let us think upon the vernal showers
 That gladden the green earth, and we shall find
 A pleasure in the dimness of the stars.
 And hark ! the Nightingale begins its song,
 " Most musical, most melancholy " bird ! *
 A melancholy bird ! Oh ! idle thought !
 In nature there is nothing melancholy.
 But some night-wandering man whose heart was pierced
 With the remembrance of a grievous wrong,
 Or slow distemper, or neglected love,
 (And so, poor wretch ! filled all things with himself,

* [" Most musical, most melancholy."] This passage in Milton possesses an excellence far superior to that of mere description. It is spoken in the character of the melancholy man, and has therefore a dramatic propriety. The author makes this remark, to rescue himself from the charge of having alluded with levity to a line in Milton.

And made all gentle sounds tell back the tale
 Of his own sorrow,) he, and such as he,
 First named these notes a melancholy strain.
 And many a poet echoes the conceit;
 Poet who hath been building up the rhyme
 When he have better far had stretched his limbs
 Beside a brook in mossy forest-dell,
 By sun or moon-light, to the influxes
 Of shapes and sounds and shifting elements
 Surrendering his whole spirit, of his song
 And of his fame forgetful! so his fame
 Should share in Nature's immortality,
 A venerable thing! and so his song
 Should make all Nature lovelier, and itself
 Be loved like Nature! But 'twill not be so:
 And youths and maidens most poetical,
 Who lose the deepening twilights of the spring
 In ball-rooms and hot theatres, they still
 Full of meek sympathy must heave their sighs
 O'er Philomela's pity-pleading strains.

My Friend, and my friend's Sister! we have learnt
 A different lore: we may not thus profane
 Nature's sweet voices, always full of love
 And joyous! 'Tis the merry Nightingale
 That crowds, and hurries, and precipitates
 With fast thick warble his delicious notes,
 As he were fearful that an April night
 Would be too short for him to utter forth
 His love-chaunt, and disburthen his full soul
 Of all its music!

And I know a grove
 Of large extent, hard by a castle huge,
 Which the great lord inhabits not; and so
 This grove is wild with tangling underwood,
 And the trim walks are broken up, and grass,
 Thin grass and king-cups grow within the paths.
 But never elsewhere in one place I knew
 So many nightingales; and far and near,
 In wood and thicket, over the wide grove,
 They answer and provoke each other's song,
 With skirmish and capricious passagings,
 And murmurs musical and swift jug jug,
 And one low piping sound more sweet than all—

Stirring the air with such a harmony,
 That should you close your eyes, you might almost
 Forget it was not day ! On moon-lit bushes,
 Whose dewy leaflets are but half disclosed,
 You may perchance behold them on the twigs,
 Their bright, bright eyes, their eyes both bright and full,
 Glistening, while many a glow-worm in the shade
 Lights up her love-torch.

A most gentle Maid,
 Who dwelleth in her hospitable home
 Hard by the castle, and at latest eve
 (Even like a Lady vowed and dedicate
 To something more than Nature in the grove)
 Glides through the pathways ; she knows all their notes,
 That gentle Maid ! and oft a moment's space,
 What time the moon was lost behind a cloud,
 Hath heard a pause of silence ; till the moon
 Emerging, hath awakened earth and sky
 With one sensation, and these wakeful birds
 Have all burst forth in choral unison,
 As if one quick and sudden gale had swept
 A hundred airy harps ! And she hath watched
 Many a nightingale perched giddily
 On blossomy twig still swinging from the breeze,
 And to that motion tune his wanton song
 Like tipsy joy that reels with tossing head.

Farewell, O Warbler ! till to-morrow eve,
 And you, my friends ! farewell, a short farewell !
 We have been loitering long and pleasantly,
 And now for our dear homes.—That strain again !
 Full fain it would delay me ! My dear babe,
 Who, capable of no articulate sound,
 Mimes all things with his imitative lisp,
 How he would place his hand beside his ear,
 His little hand, the small forefinger up,
 And bid us listen ! And I deem it wise
 To make him Nature's playmate. He knows well
 The evening-star ; and once, when he awoke
 In most distressful mood (some inward pain
 Had made up that strange thing, an infant's dream)
 I hurried with him to our orchard-plot,
 And he beheld the moon, and, hushed at once,
 Suspends his sobs, and laughs most silently,

While his fair eyes, that swam with undropped tears,
 Did glitter in the yellow moon-beam! Well!—
 It is a father's tale: But if that Heaven
 Should give me life, his childhood shall grow up
 Familiar with these songs, that with the night
 He may associate joy.—Once more, farewell,
 Sweet Nightingale! Once more, my friends! farewell.

THE FOSTER MOTHER'S TALE.

A DRAMATIC FRAGMENT.

The following Scene, as unfit for the stage, was taken from the tragedy in the year 1797, and published in the Lyrical Ballads.

Enter TERESA and SELMA.

Ter. 'Tis strange; he spake of you familiarly,
 As mine and Albert's common foster-mother.

Sel. Now blessings on the man, whoe'er he be,
 That joined your names with mine! O my sweet Lady,
 As often as I think of those dear times,
 When you two little ones would stand, at eve,
 On each side of my chair, and make me learn
 All you had learnt in the day; and how to talk
 In gentle phrase; then bid me sing to you—
 'Tis more like heaven to come, than what has been!

Ter. But that entrance, mother?

Sel. Can no one hear? It is a perilous tale!

Ter. No one.

Sel. My husband's father told it me,
 Poor old Leoni—angels rest his soul;
 He was a woodman, and could fell and saw
 With lusty arm. You know that huge round beam
 Which props the hanging wall of the old chapel?
 Beneath that tree, while yet it was a tree,
 He found a baby wrapt in mosses, lined
 With thistle-beards, and such small locks of wool
 As hang on brambles. Well, he brought him home,
 And reared him at the then Lord Valdez' cost,
 And so the babe grew up a pretty boy,
 A pretty boy, but most unteachable—
 And never learn'd a prayer, nor told a bead,
 But knew the names of birds, and mocked their notes,

And whistled, as he were a bird himself.
 And all the autumn 'twas his only play
 To gather seeds of wild flowers, and to plant them
 With earth and water on the stumps of trees.
 A Friar, who gathered simples in the wood,
 A grey-haired man, he loved this little boy :
 The boy loved him, and, when the friar taught him,
 He soon could write with the pen ; and from that time
 Lived chiefly at the convent or the castle.
 So he became a very learned youth :
 But O ! poor wretch ! he read, and read, and read,
 Till his brain turned ; and ere his twentieth year
 He had unlawful thoughts of many things :
 And though he prayed, he never loved to pray
 With holy men, nor in a holy place.
 But yet his speech, it was so soft and sweet,
 The late Lord Valdez ne'er was wearied with him.
 And once, as by the north side of the chapel
 They stood together chained in deep discourse,
 The earth heaved under them with such a groan,
 That the wall tottered, and had well nigh fallen
 Right on their heads. My Lord was sorely frightened ;
 A fever seized him, and he made confession
 Of all the heretical and lawless talk
 Which brought this judgment : so the youth was seized,
 And cast into that hole. My husband's father
 Sobbed like a child—it almost broke his heart :
 And once as he was working near his dungeon,
 He heard a voice distinctly ; 'twas the youth's,
 Who sung a doleful song about green fields,
 How sweet it were on lake or wide savanna
 To hunt for food, and be a naked man,
 And wander up and down at liberty.
 He always doted on the youth, and now
 His love grew desperate ; and defying death,
 He made that cunning entrance I described,
 And the young man escaped.

Ter.

"Tis a sweet tale :

Such as would lull a listening child to sleep,
 His rosy face besotted with unwiped tears.
 And what became of him ?

St.

He went on shipboard

With those bold voyagers who made discovery
 Of golden lands. Leoni's younger brother
 Went likewise, and when he returned to Spain,

He told Leoni that the poor mad youth,
 Soon after they arrived in that new world,
 In spite of his dissuasion, seized a boat,
 And all alone set sail by silent moonlight
 Up a great river, great as any sea,
 And ne'er was heard of more: but 'tis supposed,
 He lived and died among the savage men.

KISSES.

CUPID, if storying Legends tell aright,
 Once framed a rich Elixer of Delight.
 A Chalice o'er love-kindled flames he fixed,
 And in it Nectar and Ambrosia mixed:
 With these the magic dews, which Evening brings,
 Brushed from the Idalian star by faery wings:
 Each tender pledge of sacred Faith he joined,
 Each gentler Pleasure of the unspotted mind—
 Day-dreams, whose tints with sportive brightness glow,
 And Hope, the blameless parasite of Woe.
 The eyeless Chemist hoard the process rise,
 The steamy Chalice bubbled up in sighs;
 Sweet sounds transpired, as when the enamoured Dove
 Pours the soft murmuring of responsive Love.
 The finished work might Envy vainly blame,
 And "Kisses" was the precious Compound's name.
 With half the god his Cyprian Mother blest,
 And breathed on Sara's lovelier lips the rest.

1793.

LINES

TO A BEAUTIFUL SPRING IN A VILLAGE.

ONCE more, sweet Stream! with slow foot wandering near,
 I bless thy milky waters cold and clear,
 Escaped the flashing of the noontide hours,
 With one fresh garland of Pierian flowers,
 (Ere from thy zephyr-haunted brink I turn,)—
 My languid hand shall wreath thy mossy urn.
 For not through pathless grove with murmur rude

Thou soothest the sad wood-nymph, Solitude ;
 Nor thine unseen in cavern depths to wail,
 The hermit-fountain of some dripping cell !
 Pride of the Vale ! thy useful streams supply
 The scattered cots and peaceful hamlet nigh.
 The elfin tribe around thy friendly banks
 With infant uproar and soul-soothing pranks,
 Released from school, their little hearts at rest,
 Launch paper navies on thy waveless breast.
 The rustic here at eve with pensive look
 Whistling lorn ditties leans upon his crook,
 Or starting pauses with hope-mingled dread
 To list the much-loved maid's accustomed tread :
 She, vainly mindful of her dame's command,
 Loiters, the long-filled pitcher in her hand.

Unboastful Stream ! thy fount with pebbled falls
 The faded form of past delight recalls,
 What time the morning sun of Hope arose,
 And all was joy ; save when another's woes
 A transient gloom upon my soul imprest,
 Like passing clouds impictured on thy breast.
 Life's current then ran sparkling to the noon,
 Or silvery stole beneath the pensive Moon :
 Ah ! now it works rude brakes and thorns among,
 Or o'er the rough rock bursts and foams along !

LINES ON AN AUTUMNAL EVENING.

O THOU wild Fancy, check thy wing ! No more
 Those thin white flakes, those purple clouds explore !
 Nor there with happy spirits speed thy flight
 Bathed in rich amber-glowing floods of light ;
 Nor in yon gleam, where slow descends the day,
 With western peasants hail the morning ray !
 Ah ! rather bid the perished pleasures move,
 A shadowy train, across the soul of Love !
 O'er Disappointment's wintry desert fling
 Each flower that wreathed the dewy locks of Spring,
 When blushing, like a bride, from Hope's trim bower
 She leapt, awakened by the pattering shower.
 Now sheds the sinking Sun a deeper gleam,

Aid, lovely Sorceress ! aid thy Poet's dream !
With faery wand O bid the Maid arise,
Chaste Joyance dancing in her bright-blue eyes ;
As erst when from the Muses' calm abode
I came, with Learning's meed not unbestowed ;
When as she twined a laurel round my brow,
And met my kiss, and half returned my vow,
O'er all my frame shot rapid my thrilled heart,
And every nerve confessed the electric dart.

O dear Deceit ! I see the maiden rise,
Chaste Joyance dancing in her bright-blue eyes,
When first the lark high soaring swells his throat,
Mocks the tired eye, and scatters the loud note,
I trace her footsteps on the accustomed lawn,
I mark her glancing 'mid the gleams of dawn.
When the bent flower beneath the night dew weeps
And on the lake the silver lustre sleeps,
Amid the paly radiance soft and sad,
She meets my lonely path in moon-beams clad.
With her along the streamlet's brink I rove ;
With her I list the warblings of the grove ;
And seems in each low wind her voice to float,
Lone whispering Pity in each soothing note !

Spirits of Love ! ye heard her name ! Obey
The powerful spell, and to my haunt repair.
Whether on clustering pinions ye are there,
Where rich snows blossom on the Myrtle trees,
Or with fond languishment around my fair
Sigh in the loose luxuriance of her hair ;
O heed the spell, and hither wing your way,
Like far-off music, voyaging the breeze !

Spirits ! to you the infant Maid was given !
Formed by the wondrous Alchemy of Heaven !
No fairer Maid does Love's wide empire know,
No fairer Maid e'er heaved the bosom's snow.
A thousand Loves around her forehead fly ;
A thousand Loves sit melting in her eye ;
Love lights her smile—in Joy's red nectar dips
His myrtle flower, and plants it on her lips.
She speaks ! and hark that passion-warbled song—
Still, Fancy ! still that voice, those notes prolong.

As sweet as when that voice with rapturous falls
Shall wake the softened echoes of Heaven's Halls!

O (have I sighed) were mine the wizard's rod,
Or mine the power of Proteus, changeful god!
A flower-entangled arbour I would seem
To shield my Love from Noontide's sultry beam:
Or bloom a myrtle, from whose odorous boughs
My Love might weave garlands for her brows.
When Twilight stole across the fading vale,
To fan my Love I'd be the Evening Gale;
Mourn in the soft folds of her swelling vest,
And flutter my faint pinions on her breast!
On Seraph wing I'd float a Dream by night,
To soothe my Love with shadows of delight:—
Or soar aloft to be the Spangled Skies,
And gaze upon her with a thousand eyes!

As when the savage, who his drowsy frame
Had basked beneath the Sun's unclouded flame,
Awakes amid the troubles of the air,
The skiey deluge, and white lightning's glare—
Aghast he scours before the tempest's sweep,
And sad recalls the sunny hour of sleep:—
So tossed by storms along Life's wildering way,
Mine eye reverted views that cloudless day,
When by my native brook I wont to rove,
While Hope with kisses nursed the Infant Love.
Dear native brook! like Peace, so placidly
Smoothing through fertile fields thy current meek!
Dear native brook! when first young Poesy
Stared wildly-eager in her noontide dream!
Where blameless pleasures dimple Quiet's cheek,
As water-lilies ripple thy slow stream!
Dear native haunts! where Virtue still is gay,
Where Friendship's fixed star sheds a mellowed ray,
Where Love a crown of thornless Roses wears,
Where softened Sorrow smiles within her tears;
And Memory, with a Vestal's chaste employ,
Unceasing feeds the lambent flame of joy!
No more your sky-larks melting from the sight
Shall thrill the attuned heart-string with delight—
No more shall deck your pensive Pleasures sweet
With wreaths of sober hue my evening seat,
Nor dear to Fancy's eye your varied scene

Of wood, hill, dale, and sparkling brook, between !
Yet sweet to Fancy's ear the warbled song,
That soars on morning's wing your vales among !

Scenes of my Hope ! the aching eye ye leave
Like yon bright hues that paint the clouds of eve !
Tearful and saddening with the saddened blaze
Mine eye the gleam pursues with wistful gaze :
Sees shades on shades with deeper tints impend,
Till chill and damp the moonless night descend.

LINES

WRITTEN AT THE KING'S ARMS, ROSS, FORMERLY THE HOUSE
OF THE "MAN OF ROSS."

RICHER than Miser o'er his countless hoards,
Nobler than Kings, or king-polluted Lords,
Here dwelt the Man of Ross ! O Traveller, hear !
Departed Merit claims a reverent tear.
Friend to the friendless, to the sick man health,
With generous joy he viewed his modest wealth ;
He heard the widow's heaven-breathed prayer of praise,
He marked the sheltered orphan's tearful gaze,
Or where the sorrow-shrivelled captive lay,
Poured the bright blaze of Freedom's noon-tide ray.
Beneath this roof if thy cheered moments pass,
Fill to the good man's name one grateful glass :
To higher zest shall Memory wake thy soul,
And Virtue mingle in the ennobled bowl.
But if, like me, through life's distressful scene
Lonely and sad thy pilgrimage hath been ;
And if thy breast with heart-sick anguish fraught,
Thou journeyest onward tempest-tossed in thought ;
Here cheat thy cares ! in generous visions melt,
And dream of Goodness, thou hast never felt !

LINES ON A FRIEND

WHO DIED OF A FRENZY FEVER INDUCED BY CALUMNIOUS
REPORTS.

EDMUND! thy grave with aching eye I scan,
And inly groan for Heaven's poor outcast—Man!
'Tis tempest all or gloom: in early youth
If gifted with the Ithuriel lance of Truth
We force to start amid her feigned caress
Vice, siren-hag! in native ugliness;
A Brother's fate will haply rouse the tear,
And on we go in heaviness and fear!
But if our fond hearts call to Pleasure's bower
Some pigmy Folly in a careless hour,
The faithless guest shall stamp the enchanted ground,
And mingled forms of Misery rise around:
Heart-fretting Fear, with pallid look aghast,
That courts the future woe to hide the past;
Remorse, the poisoned arrow in his side,
And loud lewd Mirth, to Anguish close allied:
Till Frenzy, fierce-eyed child of moping pain,
Darts her hot lightning-flash athwart the brain.
Rest, injured shade! Shall Slander squatting near
Spit her cold venom in a dead Man's ear?
'Twas thine to feel the sympathetic glow
In Merit's joy, and Poverty's meek woe;
Thine all, that cheer the moment as it flies,
The zoneless Cares, and smiling Courtesies.
Nursed in thy heart the firmer Virtues grew,
And in thy heart they withered! Such chill dew
Wan Indolence on each young blossom shed;
And Vanity her filmy net-work spread
With eye that rolled around in asking gaze,
And tongue that trafficked in the trade of praise.
Thy follies such! the hard world marked them well!
Were they more wise, the proud who never fell?
Rest, injured Shade! the poor man's grateful prayer
On heavenward wing thy wounded soul shall bear.
At twilight gloom thy grave I pass,
And sit me down upon its recent grass,
With introverted eye I contemplate
Similitude of soul, perhaps of—fate.

To me hath Heaven with bounteous hand assigned
 Energic Reason and a shaping mind,
 The daring ken of Truth, the Patriot's part,
 And Pity's sigh, that breathes the gentle heart.
 Sloth-jaundiced all! and from my graspless hand
 Drop Friendship's precious pearls, like hour-glass sand.
 I weep, yet stoop not ' the faint anguish flows,
 A dreamy pang in Morning's feverish dose.

Is this piled earth our Being's passless mound?
 Tell me, cold grave! is death with poppies crowned?
 Tired Sentinel! 'Mid fitful starts I nod,
 And fain would sleep, though pillowed on a clod!

1794.

LINES

COMPOSED WHILE CLIMBING THE LEFT ASCENT OF BROCKLEY
 COOMB, SOMERSETSHIRE, MAY, 1795.

With many a pause and oft reverted eye
 I climb the Coomb's ascent: sweet songsters near
 Warble in shade their wild-wood melody:
 Far off the unvarying Cuckoo soothes my ear.
 Up scour the startling stragglers of the Flock
 That on green plots o'er precipices browse:
 From the deep fissures of the naked rock
 The Yew-tree bursts! Beneath its dark green boughs
 ('Mid which the May-thorn blends its blossoms white)
 Where broad smooth stones jut out in mossy seats,
 I rest:—and now have gained the topmost site.
 Ah! what a luxury of landscape meets
 My gaze! Proud towers, and cots more dear to me,
 Elm-shadow'd fields, and prospect-bounding sea!
 Deep sighs my lonely heart: I drop the tear:
 Enchanting spot! O were my Sara here!

LINES

IN THE MANNER OF SPENSER.

* O PEACE, that on a lilyed bank dost love
 To rest thine head beneath an olive tree,
 I would that from the pinions of thy dove
 One quill withouten pain yplucked might be !
 For O ! I wish my Sara's frowns to flee,
 And fain to her some soothing song would write,
 Lest she resent my rude discourtesy,
 Who vowed to meet her ere the morning light,
 But broke my plighted word—ah ! false and recreant wight !

Last night as I my weary head did pillow
 With thoughts of my dissevered Fair engrost,
 Chill Fancy drooped wreathing herself with willow,
 As though my breast entombed a pining ghost.
 " From some blest couch, young Rapture's bridal boast,
 Rejected Slumber ! hither wing thy way ;
 But leave me with the matin hour, at most !
 As night-closed floweret to the orient ray,
 My sad heart will expand, when I the Maid survey."

But Love, who heard the silence of my thought,
 Contrived a too successful wile, I ween :
 And whispered to himself, with malice fraught—
 " Too long our Slave the Damsel's smiles hath seen :
 To-morrow shall he ken her altered mien !"
 He spake, and ambushed lay, till on my bed
 The morning shot her dewy glances keen,
 When as I 'gan to lift my drowsy head—
 " Now, bard ! I'll work thee woe !" the laughing Elfin said.

Sleep, softly-breathing god ! his downy wing
 Was fluttering now, as quickly to depart ;
 When twanged an arrow from Love's mystic string,
 With pathless wound it pierced him to the heart.
 Was there some magic in the Elfin's dart ?
 Or did he strike my couch with wizard lance ?
 For straight so fair a Form did upwards start

(No fairer decked the bowers of old Romance)
That sleep enamoured grew, nor moved from his sweet
trance!

My Sara came, with gentlest look divine ;
Bright shone her eye, yet tender was its beam :
I felt the pressure of her lip to mine !
Whispering we went, and Love was all our theme—
Love pure and spotless, as at first, I deem,
He sprang from Heaven ! Such joys with sleep did 'bide,
That I the living image of my dream
Fondly forgot. Too late I woke and sigh'd—
" O ! how shall I behold my Love at even-tide ! "

1795.

LINES

TO A FRIEND IN ANSWER TO A MELANCHOLY LETTER.

AWAY, those cloudy looks; that labouring sigh,
The peevish offspring of a sickly hour !
Nor meanly thus complain of Fortune's power,
When the blind gamester throws a luckless die.

Yon setting sun flashes a mournful gleam
Behind those broken clouds, his stormy train :
To-morrow shall the many-coloured main
In brightness roll beneath his orient beam !

Wild, as the autumnal gust, the hand of Time
Flies o'er his mystic lyre : in shadowy dance
The alternate groups of Joy and Grief advance
Responsive to his varying strains sublime !

Bears on its wing each hour a load of Fate ;
The swain, who, lulled by Seine's mild murmurs, led
His weary oxen to their nightly shed,
To-day may rule a tempest-troubled State.

Nor shall not Fortune with a vengeful smile
Survey the sanguinary despot's might,
And haply hurl the pageant from his height
Unwept to wander in some savage isle.

There shiv'ring sad beneath the tempest's frown
Round his tired limbs to wrap the purple vest ;
And mixed with nails and beads, an equal jost !
Barter for food the jewels of his crown.

TO SARA.

ONE kiss, dear maid ! I said and sighed—
Your scorn the little boon denied.
Ah why refuse the blameless bliss ?
Can danger lurk within a kiss ?
Yon viewless Wanderer of the vale,
The Spirit of the Western Gale,
At Morning's break, at Evening's close,
Inhales the sweetness of the Rose,
And hovers o'er the uninjured Bloom
Sighing back the soft perfume.
Vigour to the Zephyr's wing
Her nectar-breathing Kisses fling ;
And Ho the glitter of the Dew
Scatters on the Rose's hue.
Bashful lo ! she bends her head,
And darts a blush of deeper Red !
Too well those lovely lips disclose
The triumphs of the opening Rose ;
O fair ! O graceful ! bid them prove
As passive to the breath of Love.
In tender accents, faint and low,
Well-pleased I hear the whispered " No ! "
The whispered " No "—how little meant !
Sweet Falschhood that endears Consent !
For on those lovely lips the while
Dawns the soft relenting smile,
And tempts with feigned dissuasion coy
The gentle violence of Joy.

TO A YOUNG LADY,

WITH A POEM ON THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

MUCH on my early youth I love to dwell,
 Ere yet I bade that friendly dome farewell,
 Where first, beneath the echoing cloisters pale,
 I heard of guilt and wondered at the tale !
 Yet though the hours flew by on careless wing,
 Full heavily of Sorrow would I sing.
 Age as the star of evening flung its beam
 In broken radiance on the wavy stream,
 My soul amid the pensive twilight gloom
 Mourned with the breeze, O Lee Boo !* o'er thy tomb :
 Where'er I wandered, Pity still was near,
 Breathed from the heart and glistened in the tear :
 No knell that tolled, but filled my anxious eye,
 And suffering Nature wept that one should die ! †

Thus to sad sympathies I soothed my breast,
 Calm, as the rainbow in the weeping West :
 When slumbering Freedom, roused by high Disdain,
 With giant fury burst her triple chain !
 Fierce on her front the blasting Dog-star glowed ;
 Her banners, like a midnight meteor, flowed ;
 Amid the yelling of the storm-rent skies
 She came, and scattered battles from her eyes !
 Then Exultation waked the patriot fire,
 And swept with wild hand the Tyrtman lyre :
 Red from the Tyrant's wound I shook the lance,
 And strode in joy the reeking plains of France !

Fallen is the oppressor, friendless, ghastly, low,
 And my heart aches, though Mercy struck the blow.
 With wearied thought once more I seek the shade,
 Where peaceful Virtue weaves the myrtle braid.
 And O ! if Eyes whose holy glances roll,
 Swift messengers, and eloquent of soul ;

* Lee-Boo, the son of Abba Thule, Prince of the Pelew Islands, came over to England with Captain Wilson, died of the small-pox, and is buried in Rotherhithe church-yard. See Keates' Account.

† Southey's Retrospect.

If Smiles more winning, and a gentler Mien
 Than the love-wildered Maniac's brain hath seen
 Shaping celestial forms in vacant air ;
 If these demand the impassioned Poet's care—
 If Mirth and softened Sense and Wit refined,
 The blameless features of a lovely mind ;
 Then haply shall my trembling hand assign
 No fading wreath to Beauty's saintly shrine.
 Nor, Sara ! thou these early flowers refuse—
 Ne'er lurked the snake beneath their simple hues ;
 No purple bloom the Child of Nature brings
 From Flattery's night-shade : as he feels he sings.

1794.

TO A FRIEND,

TOGETHER WITH AN UNFINISHED POEM.

THUS far my scanty brain hath built the rhyme
 Elaborate and swelling ; yet the heart
 Not owns it. From thy spirit-breathing powers
 I ask not now, my Friend ! the aiding verse,
 Tedious to thee, and from thy anxious thought
 Of dissonant mood. In fancy (well I know)
 From business wandering far and local cares,
 Thou creep'st round a dear-loved Sister's bed
 With noiseless step, and watchest the faint look,
 Soothing each pang with fond solicitude,
 And tenderest tones medicinal of love.
 I too a Sister had, an only Sister—
 She loved me dearly, and I doted on her !
 To her I poured forth all my puny sorrows
 (As a sick Patient in his Nurse's arms)
 And of the heart those hidden maladies
 That shrink ashamed from even Friendship's eye.
 O ! I have woke at midnight, and have wept,
 Because she was not !—Cheerily, dear Charles !
 Thou thy best friend shalt cherish many a year ;
 Such warm presages feel I of high Hope.
 For not uninterested the dear maid
 I've viewed—her soul affectionate yet wise,
 Her polished wit as mild as lambent glories
 That play around a sainted infant's head.

He knows, the Spirit that in secret sees
 (Of whose omniscient and all-spreading Love
 Aught to implore were impotence of mind)*
 That my mute thoughts are sad before His throne.
 Prepared, when He his healing ray vouchsafes,
 To pour forth thanksgiving with lifted heart,
 And praise Him Gracious with a Brother's joy!

1794.

TO A YOUNG ASS,

ITS MOTHER BEING TETHERED NEAR IT.

POOR little Foal of an oppressed Race!
 I love the languid Patience of thy face:
 And oft with gentle hand I give thee bread,
 And clap thy ragged Coat, and pat thy head.
 But what thy dulled Spirits hath dismayed,
 That never thou dost sport along the glade?
 And (most unlike the nature of things young)
 That earthward still thy moveless head is hung?
 Do thy prophetic Fears anticipate,
 Meek Child of Misery! thy future fate?
 The starving meal, and all the thousand aches
 "Which patient Merit of the Unworthy takes?"
 Or is thy sad heart filled with filial pain
 To see thy wretched Mother's shortened Chain?
 And, truly very piteous is her Lot—
 Chained to a Log within a narrow spot,
 Where the close-caten Grass is scarcely seen,
 While sweet around her waves the tempting Green.
 Poor Ass! thy master should have learnt to show
 Pity—best taught by fellowship of Woe!
 For much I fear me that he lives like thee,
 Half famished in a land of Luxury!
 How askingly its footsteps hither bend,
 It seems to say, "And have I then *one* Friend?"

* I utterly recant the sentiment contained in the lines—

"Of whose omniscient and all-spreading Love
 Aught to implore were impotence of mind,"

It being written in Scripture, "Ask, and it shall be given you," and my human reason being, moreover, convinced of the propriety of offering petitions as well as thanksgivings to Deity.—S.T.C., 1797.

Innocent Foal ! thou poor despised Forlorn !
 I hail thee Brother—spite of the fool's scorn !
 And fain would take thee with me, in the Dell
 Of Peace and mild Equality to dwell,
 Where Toil shall call the charmer Health his bride,
 And Laughter tickle Plenty's ribless side !
 How thou wouldst toss thy heels in gamesome play,
 And frisk about, as lamb or kitten gay !
 Yea ! and more musically sweet to me
 Thy dissonant harsh bray of joy would be,
 Than warbled melodies that soothe to rest
 The aching of pale Fashion's vacant breast !

1794.

TO A FRIEND

WHO HAD DECLARED HIS INTENTION OF WRITING NO
 MORE POETRY.

DEAR Charles ! whilst yet thou wert a babe, I ween
 That Genius plunged thee in that wizard fount
 Hight Castalie : and (surtoies of thy faith)
 That Pity and Simplicity stood by,
 And promised for thee, that thou shouldst renounce
 The world's low cares and lying vanities,
 Steadfast and rooted in the heavenly Muse,
 And washed and sanctified to Poesy.
 Yes—thou wert plunged, but with forgetful hand
 Held, as by Thetis erst her warrior son :
 And with those recreant unbaptised heels
 Thou'rt flying from thy bounden ministr'ies—
 So sore it seems and burthensome a task
 To weave unwithering flowers ! But take thou heed :
 For thou art vulnerable, wild-eyed boy,
 And I have arrows* mystically dipt,
 Such as may stop thy speed. Is thy Burns dead ?
 And shall he die unwept, and sink to earth
 " Without the meed of one melodious tear ?"
 Thy Burns, and Nature's own beloved bard,
 Who to the " Illustrious† of his native Land

* *Iliad*, Olymp. II. l. 150.

† Verbatim from Burns' dedication of his Poem to the Nobility and Gentry of the Caledonian Hunt.

So properly did look for patronage."
 Ghost of Mæneas! hide thy blushing face!
 They snatched him from the sickle and the plough—
 To gauge ale-firkins.

Oh! for shame return!

On a bleak rock, midway the Aonian mount,
 There stands a lone and melancholy tree,
 Whose aged branches to the midnight blast
 Make solemn music: pluck its darkest bough,
 Ere yet the unwholesome night-dew be exhaled,
 And weeping wreath it round thy Poet's tomb.
 Then in the outskirts where pollutions grow,
 Pick the rank henbane and the dusky flowers
 Of night-shade, or its red and tempting fruit,
 These with stopped nostril and glove-guarded hand
 Knit in nice intertexture, so to twine,
 The illustrious brow of Scotch Nobility.

1796.

TO A YOUNG FRIEND,

ON HIS PROPOSING TO DOMESTICATE WITH THE AUTHOR.
 COMPOSED IN 1796.

A MOUNT, not wearisome and bare and steep,
 But a green mountain variously up-piled,
 Where o'er the jutting rocks soft mosses creep,
 Or coloured lichens with slow oozing weep;
 Where cypress and the darker yew start wild;
 And 'mid the summer torrent's gentle dash
 Dance brightened the red clusters of the ash;
 Beneath whose boughs, by stillest sounds beguiled,
 Calm Pensiveness might muse herself to sleep;
 Till haply startled by some fleecy dam,
 That rustling on the bushy cliff above,
 With melancholy bleat of anxious love,
 Made meek inquiry for her wandering lamb:
 Such a green mountain 'twere most sweet to climb,
 E'en while the bosom ached with loneliness—
 How heavenly sweet, if some dear friend should bless
 The adventurous toil, and up the path sublime
 Now lead, now follow: the glad landscape round
 Wide and more wide, increasing without bound!

O then 'twere loveliest sympathy, to mark
 The berries of the half-uprooted ash
 Dripping and bright; and list the torrent's dash,—
 Beneath the cypress, or the yew more dark,
 Seated at ease, on some smooth mossy rock;
 In social silence now, and now to unlock
 The treasured heart; arm linked in friendly arm,
 Save if the one, his muse's witching charin
 Muttering brow-bent, at unwatched distance lag;
 Till high o'erhead his beckoning friend appears
 And from the forehead of the topmost crag
 Shouts eagerly: for haply there uprears
 That shadowing pine its old romantic limbs,
 Which latest shall detain the enamoured sight
 Seen from below, when eve the valley dims,
 Tinged yellow with the rich departing light;
 And haply, basined in some unsunned cleft,
 A beauteous spring, the rock's collected tears,
 Sleeps sheltered there, scarce wrinkled by the gale!
 Together thus, the world's vain turmoil left,
 Stretched on the crag, and shadowed by the pine,
 And bending o'er the clear delicious fount,
 Ah! dearest youth! it were a lot divine
 To cheat our noons in moralizing mood,
 While west-winds fanned our temples toil-bedewed:
 Then downwards slope, oft pausing, from the mount,
 To some lone mansion, in some woody dale,
 Where smiling with blue eye, domestic bliss
 Gives this the husband's, that the brother's kiss!
 Thus rudely versed in allegoric lore,
 The Hill of Knowledge I essayed to trace;
 That verdurous hill with many a resting-place,
 And many a stream, whose warbling waters pour
 To glad and fertilize the subject plains;
 That hill with secret springs, and nooks untrod,
 And many a fancy-blest and holy sod
 Where Inspiration, his diviner strains
 Low murmuring, lay; and starting from the rocks
 Stiff evergreens, whose spreading foliage mocks
 Want's barren soil, and the bleak frosts of age,
 And mad Oppression's thunder-clasping rage!
 O meek retiring spirit! we will climb,
 Cheering and cheered, this lovely hill sublime;
 And from the stirring world up-lifted high,
 (While noises, faintly wafted on the wind,

To quiet musings shall attune the mind,
 And oft the melancholy theme supply)
 There, while the prospect through the gazing eye
 Pours all its healthful greenness on the soul,
 We'll laugh at wealth, and learn to laugh at fame,
 Our hope, our knowledge, and our joys the same,
 As neighbouring fountains image, each the whole :
 Then when the mind hath drank its fill of truth
 We'll discipline the heart to pure delight,
 Rekindling sober joy's domestic flame.
 They whom I love shall love thee, honoured youth !
 Now may Heaven realize this vision bright !

TO AN INFANT.

Al! cease thy tears and sobs, my little Life !
 I did but snatch away the unclasped knife :
 Some safer toy will soon arrest thine eye,
 * And to quick laughter change this peevish cry !
 Poor stumbler on the rocky coast of woe,
 Tutored by pain each source of pain to know !
 Alike the foodful fruit and scorching fire
 Awake thy eager grasp and young desire ;
 Alike the Good, the Ill offend thy sight,
 And rouse the stormy sense of shrill affright !
 Untaught, yet wise ! 'mid all thy brief alarms
 Thou closely clingest to thy Mother's arms,
 Nestling thy little face in that fond breast
 Whose anxious heavings lull thee to thy rest !
 Man's breathing Miniature ! thou mak'st me sigh—
 A Babe art thou—and such a Thing am I !
 To anger rapid and as soon appeased,
 For trifles mourning and by trifles pleased,
 Break Friendship's mirror with a tetchy blow,
 Yet snatch what coals of fire on Pleasures altar glow !

* O thou that rearest with celestial aim
 The future Seraph in my mortal frame,
 Thrice holy Faith ! whatever thorns I meet,
 As on I totter with unpractised feet,
 Still let me stretch my arms and cling to thee,
 Meek nurse of souls through their long infancy !

TO AN UNFORTUNATE WOMAN

WHOM THE AUTHOR HAD KNOWN IN THE DAYS OF HER
INNOCENCE.

MYRTLE-LEAF that, ill-besped,
Pinest in the gladsome ray,
Soiled beneath the common tread,
Far from thy protecting spray!

When the rustic o'er his sheaf
Carolled in the yellow vale,
Sad I saw thee, heedless leaf!
Love the dalliance of the gale.

Lightly didst thou, foolish thing
Heave and flutter to his sighs,
While the flatterer, on his wing,
Woody and whispered thee to rise.

Gaily from thy mother-stalk
Wert thou danced and wafted high—
Soon on this unsheltered walk
Flung to fade, to rot, and die.

TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

- SISTER of love-lorn Poets, Philomel!
How many Bards in city garret pent,
While at their window they with downward eye
Mark the faint Lamp-beam on the kennelled mud,
And listen to the drowsy cry of Watchmen,
(Those hoarse unfeathered Nightingales of Time?)
How many wretched bards address thy name,
And Her's, the full-orbed Queen, that shines above.
But I do hear thee, and the high bough mark,
Within whose mild moon-mellowed foliage hid
Thou warblest sad thy pity-pleading strains.
O! I have listened, till my working soul,
Waked by those strains to thousand phantasies,
Absorbed hath ceased to listen! Therefore oft

I hymn thy name ; and with a proud delight
 Oft will I tell thee, Minstrel of the Moon !
 " Most musical, most melancholy " Bird !
 That all thy soft diversities of tone,
 Tho' sweeter far than the delicious airs
 That vibrate from a white-armed Lady's harp,
 What time the languishment of lonely love
 Melts in her eye, and heaves her breast of snow,
 Are not so sweet, as is the voice of her,
 My Sara,—best beloved of human kind !
 When breathing the pure soul of Tenderness
 She thrills me with the husband's promised name !

1794.

TO THE AUTHOR OF POEMS*

PUBLISHED ANONYMOUSLY AT BRISTOL, IN SEPTEMBER, 1795.

* UNBOASTFUL Bard ! whose verse concise yet clear
 Tunes to smooth melody unconquered sense,
 May your fame fadeless live, as " never-sere "
 The Ivy wreathes yon Oak, whose broad defence
 Embowers me from Noon's sultry influence !
 For like that nameless Rivulet stealing by,
 Your modest verse to musing quiet dear,
 Is rich with tints heaven-borrowed ; the charmed eye
 Shall gaze undazzled there, and love the softened sky.
 Circling the base of the Poetic mount
 A stream there is, which rolls in lazy flow
 Its coal-black waters from Oblivion's fount ;
 The vapour-poisoned Birds, that fly too low,
 Fall with dead sweep, and to the bottom go.
 Escaped that heavy stream on pinion fleet
 Beneath the Mountain's lofty frowning brow,
 Ere aught of perilous ascent you meet,
 A meed of mildest charm delays the unlabouring feet.

Not there the cloud-climbed rock, sublime and vast,
 That like some giant king o'erglooms the hill ;
 Nor there the Pine-grova to the midnight blast
 Makes solemn music ! But the unceasing rill
 To the soft Wren or Lark's descending trill.

* Mr Joseph Cottis.

Murmurs sweet under-song mid jasmine bowers.
 In this same pleasant meadow, at your will
 I ween, you wandered—there collecting flowers
 Of sober tint, and herbs of med'cinable powers !

There for the monarch-murdered Soldier's tomb
 You wove the unfinished wreath of saddest hues ;*
 And to that holier chaplet added bloom
 Besprinkling it with Jordan's cleansing dews.†
 But lo ! your Henderson awakes the Muse—‡
 His Spirit beckoned from the Mountain's height !
 You left the plain and soared 'mid richer views !
 So Nature mourned, when sunk the First Day's light,
 With stars, unscen before, spangling her robe of night.

Still soar, my Friend, those richer views among,
 Strong, rapid, fervent, flashing Fancy's beam !
 Virtue and Truth shall love your gentler song,
 But Poesy demands the impassioned theme ;
 Waked by Heaven's silent dews at Eve's mild gleam
 What balmy sweets Pomona breathes around !
 But if the vext air rush a stormy stream,
 Or Autumn's shrill gust moan in plaintive sound,
 With fruits and flowers she loads the tempest-honoured
 ground.

TO THE REV. GEORGE COLERIDGE

OF OTTERY ST MARY, DEVON.

Notus in fratres animi paterni.

Hox. Carm. lib. 1. 2.

A BLESSED lot hath he, who having passed
 His youth and early manhood in the stir
 And turmoil of the world, retreats at length,
 With cares that move, not agitate the heart,
 To the same dwelling where his father dwelt ;
 And haply views his tottering little ones
 Embrace those aged knees and climb that lap,
 On which first kneeling his own infancy
 Lisped its brief prayer. Such, O my earliest Friend !

* War, a Fragment.

† John the Baptist, a Poem.

‡ Monody on John Henderson.

Thy lot, and such thy brothers too enjoy.
At distance did ye climb life's upland road,
Yet cheered and cheering: now fraternal love
Hath drawn you to one centre. Be your days
Holy, and blest and blessing may ye live.

To me the Eternal Wisdom hath dispensed
A different fortune and more different mind—
Me from the spot where first I sprang to light
Too soon transplanted, ere my soul had fixed
Its first domestic loves; and hence through life
Chasing chance-started friendships. A brief while
Some have preserved me from life's pelting ills;
But, like a tree with leaves of feeble stem,
If the clouds lasted, and a sudden breeze
Ruffled the boughs, they on my head at once
Dropped the collected shower; and some most false,
False and fair foliaged as the Manchineel,
Have tempted me to slumber in their shade
E'en 'mid the storm; then breathing subtlest damps,
Mixed their own venom with the rain from Heaven,
That I woke poisoned! But, all praise to Him
Who gives us all things, more have yielded me
Permanent shelter; and beside one friend,
Beneath the impervious covert of one oak,
I've raised a lowly shed, and know the names
Of husband and of father; not unhearing
Of that divine and nightly-whispering voice,
Which from my childhood to maturer years
Spoke to me of predestinated wreaths,
Bright with no fading colours!

Yet at times

My soul is sad, that I have roamed through life
Still most a stranger, most with naked heart
At mine own home and birth-place: chiefly then,
When I remember thee, my earliest friend!
Thee, who didst watch my boyhood and my youth;
Didst trace my wanderings with a father's eye;
And boding evil, yet still hoping good,
Rebuked each fault, and over all my woes
Sorrowed in silence! He who counts alone
The beatings of the solitary heart,
That being knows, how I have loved thee ever,
Loved as a brother, as a son revered thee!

Oh ! 'tis to me an ever new delight,
 To talk of thee and thine : or when the blast
 Of the shrill winter, rattling our crude sash,
 Endears the cleanly hearth, and social bowl ;
 Or when as now, on some delicious eve,
 We in our sweet sequestered orchard-plot
 Sit on the tree crooked earth-ward ; whose old boughs,
 That hang above us in an arborous roof,
 Stirred by the faint gale of departing May,
 Send their loose blossoms slanting o'er our heads !

Nor dost not thou sometimes recall those hours,
 When with the joy of hope thou gav'st thine ear
 To my wild firstling-lays. Since then my song
 Hath sounded deeper notes, such as be seem
 Or that sad wisdom folly leaves behind,
 Or such as, tuned to these tumultuous times,
 Cope with the tempest's swell !

These various strains,
 Which I have framed in many a various mood,
 Accept, my brother ! and (for some perchance
 Will strike discordant on thy milder mind)
 If aught of error or intemperate truth
 Should meet thine ear, think thou that riper age
 Will calm it down, and let thy love forgive it !

1797.

IMITATED FROM OSSIAN.

THE stream with languid murmur creeps,
 In Lumin's flowery vale :
 Beneath the dew the Lily weeps
 Slow-waving to the gale.

"Cease, restless gale !" it seems to say,
 "Nor wake me with thy sighing !
 The honours of my vernal day
 On rapid wings are flying.

"To-morrow shall the Traveller come
 Who late beheld me blooming :
 His searching eye shall vainly roam
 The dreary vale of Lumin."

With eager gaze and wetted cheek
My wonted haunts along,
Thus, faithful Maiden ! thou shalt seek
The Youth of simplest song.

But I along the breeze shall roll
The voice of feeble power ;
And dwell, the Moon-beam of thy soul,
In Slumber's nightly hour.

1794.

IMITATED FROM THE WELSH.

IF, while my passion I impart,
You deem my words untrue,
O place your hand upon my heart—
Feel how it throbs for you.

Ah no ! reject the thoughtless claim
In pity to your Lover !
That thrilling touch would aid the flame,
It wishes to discover.

DOMESTIC PEACE.

TELL me, on what holy ground
May Domestic Peace be found—
Halcyon Daughter of the skies !
Far on fearful wings she flies,
From the pomp of sceptred State,
From the Rebel's noisy hate,
In a cottaged vale She dwells
Listening to the Sabbath bells !
Still around her steps are seen
Spotless Honour's meeker mien,
Love, the sire of pleasing fears,
Sorrow smiling through her tears,
And conscious of the past employ
Memory, bosom-spring of joy.

1794.

MONODY

ON THE DEATH OF CHATTERTON.

WHEN faint and sad o'er Sorrow's desert wild
 Slow journeys onward poor Misfortune's child;
 When fades each lovely form by fancy dress'd,
 And inly pines the self-consuming breast
 (No scourge of scorpions in thy right arm dread,
 No helmet terrors nodding o'er thy head),
 Assume, O Death! the cherub wings of Peace,
 And bid the heart-sick wanderer's anguish cease!

Thee, CHATTERTON! yon unblest stones protect
 From want, and the bleak freezings of neglect!
 Escap'd the sore wounds of affliction's rod
 Meek at the throne of mercy, and of God,
 Perchance, thou raisest high th' enraptur'd hymn

Amid the blaze of Seraphim!

Yet oft ('tis nature's call)
 I weep, that heaven-born genius so should fall;
 And oft, in fancy's saddest hour, my soul
 Averted shudders at the poison'd bowl.

Now groans my sickening heart, as still I view

Thy corse of livid hue:

And now a flash of indignation high
 Darts thro' the tear, that glistens in mine eye!

Is this the land of song-ennobled line?

Is this the land, where Genius ne'er in vain

Pour'd forth his lofty strain?

Ah me! yet Spenser, gentlest bard divine,

Beneath chill disappointment's shade,

His weary limbs in lonely anguish laid:

And o'er her darling dead

Pity hopeless hung her head,

While "mid the pelting of that merciless storm,"

Sunk to the cold earth Otway's famish'd form!

Sublime of thought, and confident of fame,

From vales where Avon winds the Minstrel* came.

* Avon, a river near Bristol, the birthplace of Chatterton.

Light-hearted youth ! he hastes along,
And meditates the future song,
How dauntless *Aëlla* fray'd the Dacian foes ;
See, as floating high in air
Glitter the sunny visions fair,
His eyes dance rapture, and his bosom glows !

Yes ! clad in nature's rich array,
And bright in all her tender hues,
Sweet tree of hope ! thou loveliest child of spring,
Most fair didst thou disclose thine early bloom,
Loading the west-winds with its soft perfume !
And fancy, elfin form of gorgeous wing,
On every blossom hung her fostering dews,
That, changeful, wanton'd to the orient day !
But soon upon thy poor unshelter'd head
Did penury her sickly mildew shed :
And soon the scathing Light'ning bade thee stand
In frowning horror o'er the blighted land !

Ah ! where are fled the charms of vernal Grace,
And Joy's wild gleams, light-flashing o'er thy face
Youth of tumultuous soul, and haggard eye !
Thy wasted form, thy hurried steps I view,
On thy cold forehead starts the anguish'd dew :
And dreadful was that bosom-rending sigh !
Such were the struggles of the gloomy hour,
When Care, of wither'd brow,
Prepar'd the poison's power :
Already to thy lips was rais'd the bowl,
When near thee stood Affection meek
(Her bosom bare, and wildly pale her cheek):
Thy sullen gaze she bade thee roll
On scenes that well might melt thy soul ;
Thy native cot she flash'd upon thy view,
Thy native cot, where still, at close of day,
Peace smiling sate, and listen'd to thy lay ;
Thy Sister's shrieks she bade thee hear,
And mark thy Mother's tear ;
See, see her breast's convulsive throes,
Her silent agony of woe !
Ah ! dash the poison'd chalice from thy hand !
And thou had'st dash'd it, at her soft command,
But that Despair and Indignation rose,
And told again the story of thy woes ;

Told the keen insult of th' unfeeling heart ;
 The dread dependence on the low-born mind ;
 Told every pang, with which thy soul must smart,
 Neglect, and grinning Scorn, and Want combin'd !
 Recoiling quick, thou bad'st the friend of pain
 Roll the black tide of Death thro' every freezing vein !

Ye woods ! that wave o'er Avon's rocky steep,
 To Fancy's ear sweet is your murmur'ing deep !
 For *here* she loves the cypress wreath to wave ;
 Watching, with wistful eye, the sad'ning tints of eve.
 Here, far from men, amid this pathless grove,
 In solemn thought the Minstrel wont to rove,
 Like star-beam on the slow sequester'd tide
 Lone-glittering, thro' the high tree branching wide.
 And here, in Inspiration's eager hour,
 When most the big soul feels the mad'ning pow'r,
 These wilds, these caverns roaming o'er,
 Round which the screaming sea-gulls soar,
 With wild unequal steps he pass'd along,
 Oft pouring on the winds a broken song :
 Anon, upon some rough rock's fearful brow
 Would pause abrupt—and gaze upon the waves below.

Poor Chatterton ! *he* sorrows for thy fate
 Who would have prais'd and lov'd thee, ere too late,
 Poor Chatterton ! farewell ! of darkest hues
 This chaplet cast I on thy unshap'd tomb ;
 But dare no longer on the sad theme muse ;
 Lest kindred woes persuade a kindred doom :
 For oh ! big gall-drops, shook from Folly's wing,
 Have blacken'd the fair promise of my spring ;
 And the stern Fate transpierc'd with viewless dart
 The last pale Hope, that shiver'd at my heart !
 Hence, gloomy thoughts ! no more my soul shall dwell
 On joys that were ! No more endure to weigh
 The shame and anguish of the evil day,
 Wisely forgetful ! O'er the ocean swell
 Sublime of Hope I seek the cottag'd dell,
 Where Virtue calm with careless step may stray ;
 And, dancing to the moon-light roundelay,
 The wizard Passion weaves an holy spell !

O Chatterton ! that thou wert yet alive !
 Sure thou would'st spread the canvas to the gale,

And love, with us, the tinkling team to drive
 O'er peaceful Freedom's undivided dale,
 And we, at sober eve, would round thee throng,
 Hanging, enraptur'd, on thy stately song!
 And greet with smiles the young-eyed Poesy
 All deftly mask'd, as hoar Antiquity.
 Alas vain Phantasies! the fleeting brood
 Of Woe self-solac'd in her dreamy mood!
 Yet will I love to follow the sweet dream,
 Where Susquehannah pours his untam'd stream;
 And on some hill, whose forest-frowning side
 Waves o'er the murmurs of his calmer tide,
 Will raise a solemn Cenotaph to thee,
 Sweet Harper of time-shrouded Minstrelsy!
 And there, sooth'd sadly by the dirgeful wind,
 Muse on the sore ills I had left behind. •

1794.

ODE TO SARA.

WRITTEN AT SHURTON BARS, NEAR BRIDGEWATER, SEPTEMBER
 1795, IN ANSWER TO A LETTER FROM BRISTOL.

(The first stanza alludes to a passage in the letter.)

Nor travels my meandering eye
 The starry wilderness on high;
 Nor now with curious sight
 I mark the glow-worm, as I pass,
 Move with "green radiance" through the grass,
 An emerald of light.

O ever present to my view!
 My wafted spirit is with you,
 And soothes your boding fears:
 I see you all oppressed with gloom
 Sit lonely in that cheerless room—
 Ah me! You are in tears!

Beloved woman! did you fly
 Chilled Friendship's dark disliking eye,
 Or Mirth's untimely din?
 With cruel weight these trifles press
 A temper sore with tenderness,
 When aches the Void within.

But why with sable wand unblest
Should Fancy rouse within my breast
Dim-visaged shapes of Dread ?
Untenanted its beauteous clay
My Sara's soul has winged its way,
And hovers round my head !

I felt it prompt the tender dream,
When slowly sank the day's last gleam ;
You roused each gentler sense,
As sighing o'er the blossom's bloom
Meek Evening wakes its soft perfume
With viewless influence.

And hark, my Love ! The sea-breeze moans
Through yon reft house ! O'er rolling stones
In bold ambitious sweep,
The onward-surgings tides supply
The silence of the cloudless sky
With mimic thunders deep.

Dark reddening from the channelled Isle*
(Where stands one solitary pile
Unslated by the blast)
The watchfire, like a sullen star
Twinkles to many a dozing tar
Rude cradled on the mast,

Even there, beneath that lighthouse tower—
In the tumultuous evil hour
Ere Peace with Sarah came,
Time was, I should have thought it sweet
To count the echoings of my feet,
And watch the troubled flame.

And there in black soul-jaundiced fit
A sad gloom-pampered Man to sit,
And listen to the roar :
When mountain surges bellowing deep
With an uncouth monster leap
Plunged foaming on the shore.

Then by the lightning's blaze to mark
Some toiling tempest-shattered bark ;

* The Holmes, in the Bristol Channel.

Her vain distress-guns hear ;
And when a second sheet of light
Flashed o'er the blackness of the night—
To see no vessel there !

But Fancy now more gaily sings ;
Or if awhile she droop her wings,
As sky-larks 'mid the corn,
On summer fields she grounds her breast :
The oblivious poppy o'er her nest
Nods, till returning morn.

O mark those smiling tears, that swell
The opened rose ! From heaven they fell,
And with the sun-beam blend.
Blest visitations from above,
Such are the tender woes of Love
Fostering the heart they bend !

When stormy Midnight howling round
Beats on our roof with clattering sound,
To me your arms you'll stretch :
Great God ! you'll say—To us so kind,
O shelter from this loud bleak wind
The houseless, friendless wretch !

The tears that tremble down your cheek
Shall bathe my kisses chaste and meek
In Pity's dew divine ;
And from your heart the sighs that steal
Shall make your rising bosom feel
The answering swell of mine !

How oft, my Love ! with shapings sweet
I paint the moment we shall meet !
With eager speed I dart—
I seize you in the vacant air,
And fancy, with a husband's care
I press you to my heart !

'Tis said, in Summer's evening hour
Flashes the golden-coloured flower
A fair electric flame :
And so shall flash my love-charged eye
When all the heart's big ecstasy
Shoots rapid through the frame !

ODE TO THE DEPARTING YEAR.*

Ἰὸν, ἰὸν, ὦ ὦ κακὰ.

Ἵπ' αὖ μὲ δεινὸς ὁδομαντίας πόνος
Στροβιλῖ, ταραάσσων φροίμοις ἱφηνίοις.

* * * * *

Τὸ μίλλον ἦξι. Καὶ σύ μ' ἐν τάχει παρὼν
Ἄγαν γ' ἀληθόμαντιν δικτιόρας ἱρεῖς.

Æschyl. Agam. 1225.

ARGUMENT.

THE Ode commences with an address to the Divine Providence, that regulates into one vast harmony all the events of time, however calamitous some of them may appear to mortals. The second Strophe calls on men to suspend their private joys and sorrows, and devote them for a while to the cause of human nature in general. The first Epode speaks to the Empress of Russia, who died of an apoplexy on the 17th of November, 1796; having just concluded a subsidiary treaty with the Kings combined against France. The first and second Antistrophe describe the image of the Departing Year, as in a vision, and introduce the Planetary angel of the earth preparing to address the Supreme Being. The second Epode prophecies, in anguish of spirit, the downfall of this country.

STROPHE I.

SPIRIT who sweepest the wild harp of Time!
It is most hard, with an untroubled ear
Thy dark inwoven harmonies to hear!
Yet, mine eye fixed on Heaven's unchanging clime,
Long had I listened, free from mortal fear,
With inward stillness, and a bowed mind;
When lo! far onwards waving on the wind,
I saw the skirts of the departing Year!
Starting from my silent sadness
Then with no unholy madness
Ere yet the entered world forbade my sight,
I raised the impetuous song, and solemnised his flight.

STROPHE II.

Hither, from the recent tomb,
From the prison's direr gloom,

This Ode was composed on the 24th, 25th, and 26th days of December, 1796;
it was first published on the last day of that year.

From Poverty's heart-wasting anguish,
 From distemper's midnight anguish ;
 Or where his two bright torches blending,
 Love illumines manhood's maze ;
 Or where o'er cradled infants bending
 Hope has fixed her wishful gaze ;
 Hither, in perplexed dance,
 Ye Woes ! ye young-eyed Joys ! advance !

By Time's wild harp, and by the hand
 Whose indefatigable sweep
 Raises its fateful strings from sleep,
 I bid you haste, a mixed tumultuous band !
 From every private bower,
 And each domestic hearth,
 Hasto for one solemn hour ;
 And with a loud and yet a louder voice,
 O'er Nature struggling in portentous birth,
 Weep and rejoice !
 Still echoes the dread name* that o'er the earth
 Let slip the storm, and woke the brood of hell :
 And now advance in saintly jubilee
 Justice and Truth ! They too have heard thy spell !
 They too obey thy name, divinest Liberty !

EPODE I.

I marked Ambition in his war-array !
 I heard the mailed Monarch's troublous cry—
 " Ah ! wherefore does the Northern Conqueress stay !
 Groans not her chariot on its onward way ?"
 Fly, mailed Monarch, fly !
 Stunned by Death's twice mortal mace,
 No more on murder's lurid face
 The insatiate hag shall gloat with drunken eye !
 Manes of the unnumbered slain !
 Ye that gasped on Warsaw's plain !
 Ye that erst at Ismail's tower,
 When human ruin choked the streams,
 Fell in conquest's glutted hour,
 'Mid women's shrieks and infants' screams !
 Spirits of the uncoffined slain,
 Sudden blasts of triumph swelling,

* Liberty, which at the commencement of the French Revolution was both the occasion and the pretext of unnumbered crimes.

Oft, at night, in misty train,
 Rush around her narrow dwelling !
 The exterminating fiend is fled—
 (Foul her life, and dark her doom)
 Mighty armies of the dead
 Dance, like death-fires, round her tomb !
 Then with prophetic song relate,
 Each some tyrant-murderer's fate !

ANTISTROPHE I.

Departing Year ! 'twas on no earthly shore
 My soul beheld thy vision ! Where alone,
 Voiceless and stern, before the cloudy throne,
 Aye Memory sits ; thy vest profaned with gore,
 With many an unimaginable groan
 Thou storiedst thy sad hours ! Silence ensued,
 Deep silence o'er the ethereal multitude,
 Whose wreathed locks with snow-white glories shone,
 Then, his eye wild ardours glancing,
 From the choired gods advancing
 The Spirit of the Earth made reverence meet,
 And stood up, beautiful, before the cloudy seat.

On every Harp, on every tongue,
 While the mute enchantment hung ;
 Like thunder from a midnight cloud,
 Spake the sudden spirit loud.
 " Thou in stormy blackness throning
 Love and uncreated Light,
 By the Earth's unsolaced groaning,
 Seize thy terrors, Arm of might !
 By peace with proffered insult scared,
 Masked hate and envying scorn !
 By years of havoc yet unborn !
 And hunger's bosom to the frost-winds bared !
 But chief by Afric's wrongs,
 Strange, horrible, and foul !
 By what deep guilt belongs
 To the deaf Synod, ' full of gifts and lies !'
 By wealth's insensate laugh ! by torture's howl !
 Avenger, rise !
 For ever shall the bloody Island scowl,
 For aye unbroken shall her cruel bow
 Shoot Famine's arrows o'er thy ravaged world.

Hark ! how wide Nature joins her groans below !
Rise, God of Nature ! rise."

EPODE II.

The voice had ceased, the vision fled ;
Yet still I gasped and reeled with dread.
And ever, when the dream of night
Renews the phantom to my sight,
Cold sweat-drops gather on my limbs ;
My ears throb hot ; my eye-balls start ;
My brain with horrid tumult swims ;
Wild is the tempest of my heart ;
And my thick and struggling breath
Imitates the toil of death !
No stranger agony confounds
The soldier on the war-field spread,
When all foredone with toil and wounds,
Death-like he dozes among heaps of dead !
(The strife is o'er, the day-light fled,
And the night-wind clamours hoarse
See ! the startful wretch's head
Lies pillowed on a brother's corse !)

Oh, doomed to fall, enslaved and vile,
O Albion ! O my mother Isle !
Thy valleys, fair as Eden's bowers,
Glitter green with sunny showers ;
Thy grassy uplands' gentle swells
Echo to the bleat of flocks ;
(Those grassy hills, those glittering dells
Proudly ramparted with rocks)
And Ocean mid his uproar wild
Speaks safety to his island-child.
Hence for many a fearless age
Has social Quiet loved thy shore ;
Nor ever sworded warrior's rage
Or sacked thy towers, or stained thy fields with gore.

Abandoned of Heaven ! mad avarice thy guide,
At cowardly distance, yet kindling with pride—
Mid thy herds and thy corn-fields secure thou hast stood,
And joined the loud yellings of famine and blood !
The nations curse thee ! and with eager wondering
Shall hear Destruction, like a vulture, scream
Strange-eyed Destruction ! who with many a dream

Of central fires through nether seas upthundering
 Soothes her fierce solitude ; yet as she lies
 By livid fount, or red volcanic stream,
 If ever to her lidless dragon-eyes,
 O Albion ! thy predestined ruins rise,
 The fiend-hag on her perilous couch doth leap,
 Muttering distempered triumph in her charmed sleep.

Away, my soul, away !

In vain, in vain the birds of warning sing—
 And hark ! I hear the famished brood of prey
 Flap their lank pennons on the groaning wind !

Away, my soul, away !

I unpartaking of the evil thing,
 With daily prayer and daily toil
 Soliciting for food my scanty soil,
 Have wailed my country with a loud Lament.
 Now I recentre my immortal mind
 In the blest sabbath of high self-content ;
 Cleansed from the fears and anguish that bedim
 God's Image, sister of the Seraphim.

FRANCE. AN ODE.

I.

YE Clouds ! that far above me float and pause,
 Whose pathless march no mortal may control !
 Ye Ocean-Waves ! that, wheresoe'er ye roll,
 Yield homage only to eternal laws !
 Ye Woods ! that listen to the night-birds' singing,
 Midway the smooth and perilous slope reclined,
 Save when your own imperious branches swinging,
 Have made a solemn music of the wind !
 Where, like a man beloved of God,
 Through glooms, which never woodman trod,
 How oft, pursuing fancies holy,
 My moonlight way o'er flowering weeds I wound,
 Inspired, beyond the guess of folly,
 By each rude shape and wild unconquerable sound !
 O ye loud Waves ! and O ye Forests high !
 And O ye clouds that far above me soared !
 Thou rising Sun ! thou blue rejoicing Sky !

Yea, every thing that is and will be free !
 Bear witness for me, wheresoe'er ye be,
 With what deep worship I have still adored
 The spirit of divinest Liberty.

II.

When France in wrath her giant-limbs upreared,
 And with that oath, which smote air, earth and sea,
 Stamped her strong foot and said she would be free,
 Bear witness for me, how I hoped and feared !
 With what a joy my lofty gratulation
 Unawed I sang, amid a slavish band :
 And when to whelm the disenchanting nation,
 Like fiends embattled by a wizard's wand,
 The Monarchs marched in evil day,
 And Britain joined the dire array ;
 Though dear her shores and circling ocean,
 Though many friendships, many youthful loves
 Had swol'n the patriot emotion
 And flung a magic light o'er all her hills and groves ;
 Yet still my voice, unaltered, sang defeat
 To all that braved the tyrant-quelling lance,
 And shame too long delayed and vain retreat !
 For ne'er, O Liberty ! with partial aim
 I dimmed thy light or damped thy holy flame ;
 But blessed the pæans of delivered France,
 And hung my head and wept at Britain's name.

III.

" And what," I said, " though Blasphemy's loud scream
 With that sweet music of deliverance strove !
 Though all the fierce and drunken passions wove
 A dance more wild than e'er was maniac's dream !
 Ye storms, that round the dawning east assembled,
 The Sun was rising, though ye hid his light !"
 And when, to soothe my soul, that hoped and trembled,
 The dissonance ceased, and all seemed calm and bright ;
 When France her front deep-scar'd and gory
 Concealed with clustering wreaths of glory ;
 When, insupportably advancing,
 Her arm made mockery of the warrior's tramp ;
 While timid looks of fury glancing,
 Domestic treason, crushed beneath her fatal stamp,
 Writhed like a wounded dragon in his gore ;

Then I reproached my fears that would not flee ;
 " And soon," I said, " shall Wisdom teach her lore
 In the low huts of them that toil and groan !
 And, conquering by her happiness alone,
 Shall France compel the nations to be free,
 Till Love and Joy look round, and call the Earth their own."

IV.

Forgive me, Freedom ! O forgive those dreams !
 I hear thy voice, I hear thy loud lament,
 From bleak Helvetia's icy cavern sent—
 I hear thy groans upon her blood-stained streams !
 Heroes, that for your peaceful country perished,
 And ye that, fleeing, spot your mountain-snows
 With bleeding wounds ; forgive me, that I cherished
 One thought that ever blessed your cruel foes !
 To scatter rage, and traitorous guilt,
 Where Peace her jealous home had built ;
 A patriot-race to disinherit
 Of all that made their stormy wilds so dear ;
 And with inexpressible spirit
 To taint the bloodless freedom of the mountaineer—
 O France, that mockest Heaven, adulterous, blind,
 And patriot only in pernicious toils,
 Are these thy boasts, Champion of human kind ?
 To mix with Kings in the low lust of sway,
 Yell in the hunt, and share the murderous prey ;
 To insult the shrine of Liberty with spoils
 From freemen torn ; to tempt and to betray ?

V.

The Sensual and the Dark rebel in vain,
 Slaves by their own compulsion ! In mad game
 They burst their manacles and wear the name
 Of Freedom, graven on a heavier chain !
 O Liberty ! with profitless endeavour
 Have I pursued thee, many a weary hour ;
 But thou nor swell'st the victor's strain, nor ever
 Didst breathe thy soul in forms of human power.
 Alike from all, howe'er they praise thee,
 (Nor prayer, nor boastful name delays thee,)
 Alike from Priestcraft's harpy minions,
 And factious Blasphemy's obscener slaves,
 Thou speedest on thy subtle pinions,
 The guide of homeless winds, and playmate of the waves !

And there I felt thee !—on that sea-cliff's verge,
 Whose pines, scarce travelled by the breeze above,
 Had made one murmur with the distant surge !
 Yes, while I stood and gazed, my temples bare,
 And shot my being through earth, sea, and air,
 Possessing all things with intensest love,
 O Liberty ! my spirit felt thee there.

1797.

RELIGIOUS MUSINGS;

A DESULTORY POEM, WRITTEN ON THE CHRISTMAS EVE OF 1794.

ARGUMENT.

Introduction. Person of Christ. His prayer on the Cross. The progress of his Doctrines on the mind of the Individual. Character of the elect. Superstition. Digression to the present War. Origin and Uses of Government and Property. The present state of Society. French Revolution. Millennium. The final Destruction. Conclusion.

THIS is the time, when most divine to hear,
 The voice of adoration rouses me,
 As with a Cherub's trump : and high upborne,
 Yea, mingling with the choir, I seem to view
 The vision of the heavenly multitude,
 Who hymned the song of peace o'er Bethlehem's fields !
 Yet thou more bright than all the angel host,
 That harbingered thy birth, Thou, Man of Woes !
 Despised Galilean ! For the great
 Invisible (by symbols only seen)
 With a peculiar and surpassing light
 Shines from the visage of the oppressed good man,
 When heedless of himself the scourged Saint
 Mourns for the oppressor. Fair the vernal mead,
 Fair the high grove, the sea, the sun, the stars,
 True impress each of their creating Sire !
 Yet nor high grove, nor many-coloured mead,
 Nor the green Ocean with his thousand isles,
 Nor the starred azure, nor the sovran Sun,
 E'er with such majesty of portraiture
 Imaged the supreme beauty uncreate,
 As thou, meek Saviour ! at the fearful hour
 When thy insulted anguish winged the prayer
 Harped by Archangels, when they sing of mercy !
 Which when the Almighty heard from forth his throne

Diviner light filled Heaven with ecstasy!
 Heaven's hymnings paused: and Hell her yawning mouth
 Closed a brief moment.

Lovely was the death
 Of Him whose life was Love! Holy with power
 He on the thought-benighted Sceptic beamed
 Manifest Godhead, melting into day
 What floating mists of dark idolatry
 Broke and misshaped the omnipresent Sire:
 And first by Fear uncharmed the drowsed Soul.
 Till of its nobler nature it 'gan feel
 Dim recollections; and thence soared to Hope,
 Strong to believe whate'er of mystic good
 The Eternal dooms for his immortal sons.
 From Hope and firmer Faith to perfect Love
 Attracted and absorbed: and centred there
 God only to behold, and know, and feel,
 Till by exclusive consciousness of God
 All self-annihilated it shall make
 God its identity: God all in all!
 We and our Father one!

And blest are they,
 Who in this fleshly World, the elect of Heaven,
 Their strong eye darting through the deeds of men,
 Adore with steadfast unpresuming gaze
 Him Nature's essence, mind, and energy!
 And gazing, trembling, patiently ascend
 Treading beneath their feet all visible things
 As steps, that upward to their Father's throne
 Lead gradual—else nor glorified nor loved.
 They nor contempt embosom nor revenge:
 For they dare know of what may seem deform
 The Supreme Fair sole operant: in whose sight
 All things are pure, his strong controlling Love
 Alike from all educing perfect good.
 Theirs too celestial courage, inly armed—
 Dwarfing Earth's giant brood, what time they muse
 On their great Father, great beyond compare!
 And marching onwards view high o'er their heads
 His waving banners of Omnipotence.

Who the Creator love, created might
 Dread not: within their tents no terrors walk.

For they are holy things before the Lord
 Aye unprofaned, though Earth should league with Hell ;
 God's altar grasping with an eager hand
 Fear, the wild-visaged, pale, eye-starting wretch,
 Sure-refuged hears his hot pursuing fiends
 Yell at vain distance. Soon refreshed from Heaven
 He calms the throb and tempest of his heart.
 His countenance settles ; a soft solemn bliss
 Swims in his eye—his swimming eye upraised :
 And Faith's whole armour glitters on his limbs !
 And thus transfigured with a dreadless awe,
 A solemn hush of soul, meek he beholds
 All things of terrible seeming : yea, unmoved
 Views e'en the immitigable ministers
 That shower down vengeance on these latter days.
 For kindling with intenser Deity
 From the celestial Mercy-seat they come,
 And at the renovating wells of Love
 Have filled their vials with salutary wrath,
 To sickly Nature more medicinal
 Than what soft balm the weeping good man pours
 Into the lone despoiled traveller's wounds !

Thus from the Elcet, regenerate through faith,
 Pass the dark Passions and what thirsty Cares
 Drink up the Spirit, and the dim regards
 Self-centre. Lo they vanish ! or acquire
 New names, new features—by supernal grace
 Enrobed with Light, and naturalised in Heaven.
 As when a shepherd on a vernal morn
 Through some thick fog creeps timorous with slow foot,
 Darkling he fixes on the immediate road
 His downward eye : all else of fairest kind
 Hid or deformed. But lo ! the bursting Sun !
 Touched by the enchantment of that sudden beam
 Straight the black vapour melteth, and in globes
 Of dewy glitter gems each plant and tree ;
 On every leaf, on every blade it hangs !
 Dance glad the new-born intermingling rays,
 And wide around the landscape streams with glory !

There is one Mind, one omnipresent Mind,
 Omnific. His most holy name is Love.
 Truth of subliming import ! with the which
 Who feeds and saturates his constant soul,

He from his small particular orbit flies,
 With blest outstarting! From Himself he flies,
 Stands in the sun, and with no partial gaze
 Views all creation; and he loves it all,
 And blesses it, and calls it very good!
 This is indeed to dwell with the most High!
 Cherubs and rapture-trembling Seraphim
 Can press no nearer to the Almighty's Throne.
 But that we roam unconscious, or with hearts
 Unfeeling of our universal Sire,
 And that in his vast family no Cain
 Injures uninjured (in her best-aimed blow
 Victorious murder a blind suicide),
 Haply for this some younger Angel now
 Looks down on human nature: and, behold!
 A sea of blood bestrewed with wrecks, where mad
 Embattling interests on each other rush
 With unhelmed rage!

'Tis the sublime of man,
 Our noontide majesty, to know ourselves
 Parts and proportions of one wondrous whole!
 This fraternises man, this constitutes
 Our charities and bearings. But 'tis God
 Diffused through all, that doth make all one whole;
 This the worst superstition, him except
 Aught to desire, Supreme Reality!
 The plenitude and permanence of bliss!
 O Fiends of superstition! not that oft
 The erring priest hath stained with brother's blood
 Your grisly idols, not for this may wrath
 Thunder against you from the Holy One!
 But o'er some plain that steameth to the sun,
 Peopled with death; or where more hedious Trade
 Loud-laughing packs his bales of human anguish;
 I will raise up a mourning, O ye Fiends!
 And curse your spells, that film the eye of Faith,
 Hiding the present God; whose presence lost,
 The moral world's cohesion, we become
 An anarchy of Spirits! Toy-bewitched,
 Made blind by lusts, disherited of soul,
 No common centre Man, no common sire
 Knoweth! A sordid solitary thing,
 'Mid countless brethren with a lonely heart
 Through courts and titles the smooth savage roams

Feeling himself, his own low self, the whole ;
 When he by sacred sympathy might make
 The whole one self ! self that no alien knows !
 Self, far diffused as Fancy's wing can travel !
 Self, spreading still ! Oblivious of its own,
 Yet all of all possessing ! This is Faith !
 This the Messiah's destined victory !
 But first offences needs must come ! Even now*
 (Black Hell laughs horrible—to hear the scoff !)
 Thee to defend, meek Galilean ! Thee
 And thy mild laws of Love unutterable,
 Mistrust and enmity have burst the bands
 Of social peace ; and listening treachery lurks
 With pious fraud to snare a brother's life ;
 And childless widows o'er the groaning land
 Wail numberless ; and orphans weep for bread
 Thee to defend, dear Saviour of mankind !
 Thee, Lamb of God ! Thee blameless Prince of peace !
 From all sides rush the thirsty brood of War,—
 Austria, and that foul Woman of the North,
 The lustful murtheress of her wedded lord !
 And he, connatural mind ! (whom in their songs
 So bards of elder time had haply feigned)
 Some Fury fondled in her hate to man,
 Bidding her serpent hair in mazy surge
 Lick his young face, and at his mouth imbreathe
 Horrible sympathy ! And leagued with these
 Each petty German princeling, nursed in gore !
 Soul-hardened barterers of human blood !
 Death's prime slave-merchants ! Scorpion-whips of Fate !
 Nor least in savagery of holy zeal,
 Apt for the yoke, the race degenerate,
 Whom Britain erst had blushed to call her sons !
 Thee to defend the Moloch priest prefers
 The prayer of hate, and bellows to the herd
 That Deity, accomplice Deity

* January 21st, 1794, in the debate on the address to his Majesty, on the speech from the Throne, the Earl of Guilford moved an amendment to the following effect :—" That the House hoped his Majesty would seize the earliest opportunity to conclude a peace with France," &c. This motion was opposed by the Duke of Portland, who " considered the war to be merely grounded on one principle—the preservation of the Christian Religion." May 30th, 1794, the Duke of Bedford moved a number of resolutions, with a view to the establishment of a peace with France. He was opposed (among others) by Lord Abingdon, in these remarkable words : " The best road to Peace, my Lords, is War ! and War carried on in the same manner in which we are taught to worship our Creator, namely, with all our souls, and with all our minds, and with all our hearts, and with all our strength."

In the fierce jealousy of wakened wrath
 Will go forth with our armies and our fleets
 To scatter the red ruin on their foes !
 O blasphemy ! to mingle fiendish deeds
 With blessedness !

Lord of unsleeping Love,*
 From everlasting Thou ! We shall not die.
 These, even these, in mercy didst thou form,
 Teachers of Good through Evil, by brief wrong
 Making Truth lovely, and her future might
 Magnetic o'er the fixed untrembling heart.
 In the primeval age a dateless while
 The vacant Shepherd wandered with his flock,
 Pitching his tent where'er the green grass waved.
 But soon Imagination conjured up
 A host of new desires : with busy aim,
 Each for himself, Earth's eager children toiled.
 So Property began, twy-streaming fount,
 Whence Vice and Virtue flow, honey and gall.
 Hence the soft couch, and many-coloured robe,
 The timbrel, and arch'd dome and costly feast.
 With all the inventive arts, that nursed the soul
 To forms of beauty, and by sensual wants
 Unsensualised the mind, which in the means
 Learnt to forget the grossness of the end,
 Best pleased with its own activity.
 And hence Disease that withers manhood's arm,
 The daggered Envy, spirit-quenching Want,
 Warriors, and Lords, and Priests—all the sore ills
 That vex and desolate our mortal life.
 Wide-wasting ills ! yet each the immediate source
 Of mightier good. Their keen necessities
 To ceaseless action goading human thought
 Have made Earth's reasoning animal her Lord ;
 And the pale-featured Sage's trembling hand
 Strong as a host of armed Deities,
 Such as the blind Ionian fabled erst.

From avarice thus, from luxury and war
 Sprang heavenly science ; and from science freedom.
 O'er wakened realms Philosophers and Bards

* Art thou not from everlasting. O Lord, my God, mine Holy One ! We shall
 not die. O Lord thou hast ordained them for judgment, &c.—*Isaiah lxxv.*

Spread in concentric circles ; they whose souls,
Conscious of their high dignities from God,
Brook not wealth's rivalry ! and they who, long
Enamoured with the charms of order, hate
The unseemly disproportion : and whoc'er
Turn with mild sorrow from the victor's car
And the low puppetry of thrones, to muse
On that blest triumph, when the patriot Sage
Called the red lightnings from the o'er-rushing cloud
And dashed the beauteous terrors on the earth
Smiling majestic. Such a phalanx ne'er
Measured firm paces to the calming sound
Of Spartan flute ! Those on the fated day,
When, stung to rage by pity, eloquent men
Have roused with pealing voice, the unnumbered tribes
That toil and groan and bleed, hungry and blind,—
These, hushed awhile, with patient eye serene
Shall watch the mad career of the storm ;
Then o'er the wild and wavy chaos rush
And tame the outrageous mass, with plastic might
Moulding confusion to such perfect forms,
As erst were wont,—bright visions of the day !—
To float before them, when, the summer noon,
Beneath some arch'd romantic rock reclined
They felt the sea breeze lift their youthful locks ;
Or in the month of blossoms, at mild eve,
Wandering with desultory feet inhaled
The wafted perfumes, and the flocks and woods
And many-tinted streams and setting sun
With all his gorgeous company of clouds
Ecstatic gazed ! then homeward as they strayed
Cast the sad eye to earth, and inly mused
Why there was misery in a world so fair.
Ah ! far removed from all that glads the sense,
From all that softens or ennobles Man,
The wretched Many ! Bent beneath their loads
They gape at pageant Power, nor recognise
Their cots' transmuted plunder ! From the tree
Of Knowledge, ere the vernal sap had risen
Rudely disbranched ! Blest Society !
Fittest depicted by some sun-scorched waste,
Where oft majestic through the tainted noon
The Simoom sails, before whose purple pomp
Who falls not prostrate, dies ! And where by night
Fast by each precious fountain on green herbs

The lion couches ; or hyena dips
 Deep in the lucid stream his bloody jaws ;
 Or serpent plants his vast moon-glittering bulk,
 Caught in whose monstrous twine Behemoth* yells,
 His bones loud-crashing !

O ye numberless,
 Whom foul oppression's ruffian gluttony
 Drives from life's plenteous feast ! O thou poor wretch
 Who, nursed in darkness and made wild by want,
 Roamest for prey, yea thy unnatural hand
 Dost lift to deeds of blood ! O pale-eyed form,
 The victim of seduction, doomed to know
 Polluted nights and days of blasphemy ;
 Who in loathed orgies with lewd vassailers
 Must gaily laugh, while thy remembered home
 Gnaws like a viper at thy secret heart !
 O aged woman ! ye who weekly catch
 The morsel tossed by law-forced charity,
 And die so slowly, that none call it murder !
 O loathly suppliants ! ye, that unreceived
 Totter heart-broken from the closing gates
 Of the full Lazar-house : or, gazing, stand
 Sick with despair ! O ye to glory's field
 Forced or ensnared, who, as ye gasp in death,
 Bleed with new wounds beneath the vulture's beak !
 O thou poor widow, who in dreams dost view
 Thy husband's mangled corse, and from short doze
 Start'st with a shriek ; or in thy half-thatched cot
 Waked by the wintry night-storm, wet and cold
 Cow'r'st o'er thy screaming baby ! Rest awhile,
 Children of wretchedness ! More groans must rise,
 More blood must stream, or ere your wrongs be full.
 Yet is the day of retribution nigh :
 The Lamb of God hath opened the fifth seal :
 And upward rush on swiftest wing of fire
 The innumerable multitude of Wrongs
 By man on man inflicted ! Rest awhile,
 Children of wretchedness ! The hour is nigh ;
 And lo ! the great, the rich, the mighty Men,
 The Kings and the chief Captains of the World,
 With all that, fixed on high like stars of Heaven,

* Behemoth, in Hebrew, signifies wild beasts in general. Some believe it is the elephant, some the hippopotamus ; some affirm it is the wild bull. Poetically, it designates any large quadruped.

Shot baleful influence, shall be cast to earth,
 Vile and down-trodden, as the untimely fruit
 Shook from the fig-tree by a sudden storm.
 Even now the storm begins : * each gentle name,
 Faith and meek Piety, with fearful joy
 Tremble far-off—for lo ! the giant Frenzy,
 Uprooting empires with his whirlwind arm,
 Mocketh high Heaven ; burst hideous from the cell
 Where the old Hag, unconquerable, huge,
 Creation's eyeless drudge, black ruin, sits
 Nursing the impatient earthquake.

O return !

Pure Faith ! meek Piety ! The abhorred Form
 Whose scarlet robe was stiff with earthly pomp,
 Who drank iniquity in cups of gold,
 Whose names were many and all blasphemous,
 Hath met the horrible judgment ! Whence that cry ?
 The mighty army of foul Spirits shrieked
 Disherited of earth ! For she hath fallen
 On whose black front was written Mystery ;
 She that reeled heavily, whose wine was blood ;
 She that worked whoredom with the Demon Power,
 And from the dark embrace all evil things
 Brought forth and nurtured : mitred Atheism !
 And patient Folly who on bended knee
 Gives back the steel that stabbed him ; and pale Fear
 Haunted by ghastlier shapings than surround
 Moon-blasted Madness when he yells at midnight !
 Return pure Faith ! return meek Piety !
 The kingdoms of the world are yours : each heart
 Self-governed, the vast family of Love
 Raised from the common earth by common toil
 Enjoy the equal produce. Such delights
 As float to earth, permitted visitants !
 When in some hour of solemn jubilee
 The massy gates of Paradise are thrown
 Wide open, and forth come in fragments wild
 Sweet echoes of unearthly melodies,
 And odours snatched from beds of amaranth,
 And they, that from the crystal river of life
 Spring up on freshened wing, ambrosial gales !
 The favoured good man in his lonely walk
 Perceives them, and his silent spirit drinks

* Alluding to the French Revolution.

Strange bliss which he shall recognise in heaven.
 And such delights, such strange beatitudes
 Seize on my young anticipating heart
 When that blest future rushes on my view!
 For in his own and in his Father's might
 The Saviour comes! While as the Thousand Years
 Lead up their mystic dance, the Desert shouts!
 Old Ocean claps his hands! The mighty Dead
 Rise to new life, whoe'er from earliest time
 With conscious zeal had urged Love's wondrous plan,
 Coadjutors of God. To Milton's trump
 The high groves of the renovated Earth
 Unbysom their glad echoes: inly hushed,
 Adoring Newton his serener eye
 Raises to Heaven; and he of mortal kind
 Wisest, he* first who marked the ideal tribes
 Up the fine fibres through the sentient brain.
 Lo! Priestley there, patriot, and saint, and sage,
 Him, full of years, from his loved native land
 Statesmen blood-stained and priests idolatrous
 By dark lies maddening the blind multitude
 Drove with vain hate. Calm, pitying he retired,
 And mused expectant on these promised years.

O Years! the blest pre-eminence of Saints!
 Ye sweep athwart my gaze, so heavenly bright,
 The wings that veil the adoring Seraph's eyes,
 What time he bends before the Jasper Throne †
 Reflect no lovelier hues! Yet ye depart,
 And all beyond is darkness! Heights most strange
 Whence Fancy falls, fluttering her idle wing.
 For who of woman born may paint the hour,
 When seized in his mid course, the Sun shall wane
 Making noon ghastly! Who of woman born
 May image in the workings of his thought,
 How the black-visaged, red-eyed Fiend outstretched ‡
 Beneath the unsteady feet of Nature groans,
 In feverous slumbers—destined then to wake,
 When fiery whirlwinds thunder his dread name
 And Angels shout, Destruction! How his arm
 The last great Spirit lifting high in air

* David Hartley.

† Rev. chap. iv., verses 2 and 3.—“And immediately I was in the Spirit; and behold, a Throne was set in Heaven and one sat on the Throne. And he that sat was to look upon like a jasper and a sardine stone,” &c.

‡ The final destruction impersonated.

Shall swear by Ifim, the over-living One,
Time is no more !

Believe thou, O my soul,
Life is a vision shadowy of Truth ;
And vice, and anguish, and the wormy grave,
Shapes of a dream ! The veiling clouds retire,
And lo ! the Throne of the redeeming God
Forth flashing unimaginable day
Wraps in one blaze earth, heaven, and deepest hell.

Contemplant Spirits ! ye that hover o'er
With untired gaze the immeasurable fount
Ebullient with creative Deity !
And ye of plastic power, that interfused
Roll through the grosser and material mass
In organizing surge ! 'Holies of God !
(And what if Monads of the infinite mind,)
I haply journeying my immortal course
Shall sometime join your mystic choir. Till then
I discipline my young novice thought
In ministeries of heart-stirring song,
And aye on Meditation's heaven-ward wing
Soaring aloft I breathe the empyreal air
Of Love, omnific, omnipresent Love,
Whose day-spring rises glorious in my soul
As the great Sun, when he his influence
Sheds on the frost-bound waters—The glad stream
Flows to the ray and warbles as it flows.

FEARS IN SOLITUDE.

WRITTEN IN APRIL, 1798, DURING THE ALARM OF AN INVASION

A GREEN and silent spot, amid the hills,
A small and silent dell ! O'er stiller place
No singing sky-lark ever poised himself.
The hills are heathy, save that swelling slope,
Which hath a gay and gorgeous covering on,
All golden with the never-bloomless furze,
Which now blooms most profusely : but the dell,
Bathed by the mist, is fresh and delicate

As vernal corn-field, or the unripe flax,
When, through its half-transparent stalks, at eve,
The level sunshine glimmers with green light.
Oh ! 'tis a quiet spirit-healing nook !
Which all, methinks, would love ; but chiefly he,
The humble man, who, in his youthful years,
Knew just so much of folly, as had made
His early manhood more securely wise !
Here he might lie on fern or withered heath,
While from the singing-lark (that sings unseen
The minstrelsy that solitude loves best),
And from the sun, and from the breezy air,
Sweet influences trembled o'er his frame ;
And he, with many feelings, many thoughts,
Made up a meditative joy, and found
Religious meanings in the forms of nature !
And so, his senses gradually wrapt
In a half sleep, he dreams of better worlds,
And dreaming hears thee still, O singing-lark ;
That singest like an angel in the clouds !

My God ! it is a melancholy thing
For such a man, who would full fain preserve
His soul in calmness, yet perforce must feel
For all his human brethren—O my God !
It weighs upon the heart, that he must think
What uproar and what strife may now be stirring
This way or that way o'er these silent hills—
Invasion, and the thunder and the shout,
And all the crash of onset ; fear and rage,
And undetermined conflict—even now,
Even now, perchance, and in his native isle :
Carnage and groans beneath this blessed sun !
We have offended, Oh ! my countrymen !
We have offended very grievously,
And been most tyrannous. From east to west
A groan of accusation pierces Heaven !
The wretched plead against us ; multitudes
Countless and vehement, the sons of God,
Our brethren ! Like a cloud that travels on,
Steamed up from Cairo's swamps of pestilence,
Even so, my countrymen ! have we gone forth
And borne to distant tribes slavery and pangs,
And, deadlier far, our vices, whose deep taint
With slow perdition murders the whole man,
His body and his soul ! Meanwhile, at home,

All individual dignity and power
 Engulfed in courts, committees, institutions,
 Associations and societies,
 A vain, speech-mouthing, speech-reporting guild,
 One benefit-club for mutual flattery,
 We have drunk up, demure as at a grace,
 Pollutions from the brimming cup of wealth;
 Contemptuous of all honourable rule,
 Yet bartering freedom and the poor man's life
 For gold, as at a market! The sweet words
 Of Christian promise, words that even yet
 Might stem destruction, were they wisely preached,
 Are muttered o'er by men, whose tones proclaim
 How flat and wearisome they feel their trade:
 Rank scoffers some, but most too indolent
 To deem them falsehoods or to know their truth.
 Oh! blasphemous! the book of life is made
 A superstitious instrument, on which
 We gabble o'er the oaths we mean to break;
 For all must swear—all and in every place,
 College and wharf, council and justice-court;
 All, all must swear, the briber and the bribed,
 Merchant and lawyer, senator and priest,
 The rich, the poor, the old man and the young;
 All, all make up one scheme of perjury,
 That faith doth reel; the very name of God
 Sounds like a juggler's charm; and, bold with joy,
 Forth from his dark and lonely hiding-place,
 (Portentous sight!) the owlet Atheism,
 Sailing on obscene wings athwart the noon,
 Drops his blue-fringed lids, and holds them close,
 And hooting at the glorious sun in Heaven,
 Cries out, "Where is it?"

Thankless too for peace,
 (Peace long preserved by fleets and perilous seas,
 Secure from actual warfare, we have loved
 To swell the war-whoop, passionate for war!
 Alas! for ages ignorant of all
 Its ghastlier workings, (famine or blue plague,
 Battle, or siege, or flight through wintry snows.)
 We, this whole people, have been clamorous
 For war and bloodshed; animating sports,
 The which we pay for as a thing to talk of,
 Spectators and not combatants! No guess

Anticipative of a wrong unfelt,
No speculation or contingency,
However dim and vague, too vague and dim
To yield a justifying cause ; and forth,
(Stuffed out with big preamble, holy names,
And adjurations of the God in Heaven,)
We send our mandates for the certain death
Of thousands, and ten thousands ! Boys and girls,
And women, that would groan to see a child
Pull off an insect's leg, all read of war,
The best amusement for our morning-meal !
The poor wretch, who has learnt his only prayers
From curses, who knows scarcely words enough
To ask a blessing from his Heavenly Father,
Becomes a fluent phraseman, absolute
And technical in victories and defeats,
And all our dainty terms for fratricide ;
Terms which we trundle smoothly o'er our tongues
Like mere abstractions, empty sounds to which
We join no feeling and attach no form !
As if the soldier died without a wound ;
As if the fibres of this godlike frame
Were gored without a pang ; as if the wretch,
Who fell in battle, doing bloody deeds,
Passed off to Heaven, translated and not killed ;
As though he had no wife to pine for him,
No God to judge him ! Therefore, evil days
Are coming on us, O my countrymen !
And what if all-avenging Providence,
Strong and retributive, should make us know
The meaning of our words, force us to feel
The desolation and the agony
Of our fierce doings !

Spare us yet awhile,
Father and God ! O ! spare us yet awhile !
Oh ! let not English women drag their flight
Fainting beneath the burthen of their babes,
Of the sweet infants, that but yesterday
Laughed at the breast ! Sons, brothers, husbands, all
Who ever gazed with fondness on the forms
Which grew up with you round the same fire-side,
And all who ever heard the sabbath-bells
Without the infidel's scorn, make yourselves pure !
Stand forth ! be men ! repel an impious foe ;

Impious and false, a light yet cruel race,
 Who laugh away all virtue, mingling mirth
 With deeds of murder; and still promising
 Freedom, themselves too sensual to be free
 Poison life's amities, and cheat the heart
 Of faith and quiet hope, and all that soothes
 And all that lifts the spirit! Stand we forth;
 Render them back upon the insulted ocean,
 And let them toss as idly on its waves
 As the vile sea-weed, which some mountain-blast
 Swept from our shores! And oh! may we return
 Not with a drunken triumph, but with fear,
 Repenting of the wrongs with which we stung
 So fierce a foe to frenzy!

I have told,
 O Britons! O my brethren! I have told
 Most bitter truth, but without bitterness.
 Nor deem my zeal or factious or mistimed;
 For never can true courage dwell with them
 Who, playing tricks with conscience, dare not look
 At their own vices. We have been too long
 Dupes of a deep delusion! Some, belike,
 Groaning with restless enmity, expect
 All change from change of constituted power;
 As if a Government had been a robe,
 On which our vice and wretchedness were tagged
 Like fancy-points and fringes, with the robe
 Pulled off at pleasure. Fondly these attach
 A radical causation to a few
 Poor drudges of chastising Providence,
 Who borrow all their hues and qualities
 From our own folly and rank wickedness,
 Which gave them birth and nursed them. Others, meanwhile,
 Dote with a mad idolatry; and all
 Who will not fall before their images,
 And yield them worship, they are enemies
 Even of their country!

Such have I been deemed—
 But, O dear Britain! O my Mother Isle!
 Needs must thou prove a name most dear and holy
 To me, a son, a brother, and a friend,
 A husband, and a father! who revere
 All bonds of natural love, and find them all

Within the limits of thy rocky shores.
 O native Britain! O my Mother Isle!
 How shouldst thou prove aught else but dear and holy
 To me, who from thy lakes and mountain-hills,
 Thy clouds, thy quiet dales, thy rocks and seas,
 Have drunk in all my intellectual life,
 All sweet sensations, all ennobling thoughts,
 All adoration of the God in nature,
 All lovely and all honourable things,
 Whatever makes this mortal spirit feel
 The joy and greatness of its future being?
 There lives nor form nor feeling in my soul
 Unborrowed from my country. O divine
 And beauteous island! thou hast been my sole
 And most magnificent temple, in the which
 I walk with awe, and sing my stately songs,
 Loving the God that made me!

May my fears,
 My filial fears, be vain! and may the vaunts
 And menace of the vengeful enemy
 Pass like the gust, that roared and died away
 In the distant tree: which heard, and only heard
 In this low dell, bowed not the delicate grass.

But now the gentle dew-fall sends abroad
 The fruit-like perfume of the golden furze:
 The light has left the summit of the hill,
 Though still a sunny gleam lies beautiful,
 Aslant the ivied beacon. Now farewell,
 Farewell, awhile, O soft and silent spot!
 On the green sheep-track, up the heathy hill,
 Homeward I wind my way; and lo! recalled
 From bodings that have well nigh wearied me
 I find myself upon the brow, and pause
 Startled! And after lonely sojourning
 In such a quiet and surrounded nook,
 This burst of prospect, here the shadowy main,
 Dim tinted, there the mighty majesty
 Of that huge amphitheatre of rich
 And elmy fields, seems like society—
 Conversing with the mind, and giving it
 A livelier impulse and a dance of thought!
 And now, beloved Stowey! I behold
 Thy church-tower, and, methinks, the four huge elms

Clustering, which mark the mansion of my friend;
And close behind them, hidden from my view,
Is my own lowly cottage, where my babe
And my babe's mother dwell in peace! With light
And quickened footsteps thitherward I tend,
Remembering thee, O green and silent dell!
And grateful, that by nature's quietness
And solitary musings, all my heart
Is softened, and made worthy to indulge
Love, and the thoughts that yearn for human kind.

1798.

LEWTI,

OR THE CIRCASSIAN LOVE CHAUNT.

At midnight by the stream I roved,
To forget the form I loved.
Image of Lewti! from my mind
Depart; for Lewti is not kind.

The Moon was high, the moonlight gleam
And the shadow of a star
Heaved upon Tamaha's stream;
But the rock shone brighter far,
The rock half sheltered from my view
By pendent boughs of tressy yew—
So shines my Lewti's forehead fair,
Gleaming through her sable hair.
Image of Lewti! from my mind
Depart; for Lewti is not kind.

I saw a cloud of palest hue,
Onward to the moon it passed;
Still brighter and more bright it grew,
With floating colours not a few,
Till it reached the moon at last:
Then the cloud was wholly bright,
With a rich and amber light!
And so with many a hope I seek,
And with such joy I find my Lewti;
And even so my pale wan cheek
Drinks in as deep a flush of beauty!

Nay, treacherous image! leave my mind,
If Lewti never will be kind.

The little cloud—it floats away,
Away it goes; away so soon?
Alas! it has no power to stay:
Its hues are dim, its hues are grey—
Away it passes from the moon!
How mournfully it seems to fly,
Ever fading more and more,
To joyless regions of the sky—
And now 'tis whiter than before!
As white as my poor cheek will be,
When, Lewti! on my couch I lie,
* A dying man for love of thee.
Nay, treacherous image! leave my mind—
And yet, thou didst not look unkind.

I saw a vapour in the sky,
Thin, and white and very high;
I ne'er beheld so thin a cloud:
Perhaps the breezes that can fly
Now below and now above,
Have snatched aloft the lawny shroud
Of Lady fair—that died for love.
For maids, as well as youths, have perished
From fruitless love too fondly cherished.
Nay, treacherous image! leave my mind—
For Lewti never will be kind.

Hush! my heedless feet from under
Slip the crumbling banks for ever:
Like echoes to a distant thunder,
They plunge into the gentle river,
The river-swans have heard my tread,
And startle from their reedy bed.
O beauteous birds! methinks ye measure
* Your movements to some heavenly tune!
O beauteous birds! 'tis such a pleasure
To see you move beneath the moon,
I would it were your true delight
To sleep by day and wake all night.

I know the place where Lewti lies,
When silent night has closed her eyes!

It is a breezy jasmine-bower,
The nightingale sings o'er her head :

Had I the enviable power
To creep unseen with noiseless tread,
Then should I view her bosom white,
Heaving lovely to the sight,
As these two swans together heave
On the gently swelling wave.

Oh ! that she saw me in a dream,
And dreamt that I had died for care ;
All pale and wasted I would seem,
Yet fair withal, as spirits are !
I'd die indeed, if I might see
Her bosom heave, and heave for me !
Soothe, gentle image ! soothe my mind !
To-morrow Lewti may be kind.

1795.

LOVE.

ALL thoughts, all passions, all delights,
Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
All are but ministers of Love,
And feed his sacred flame.

Oft in my waking dreams do I
Live o'er again that happy hour,
When midway on the mount I lay,
Beside the ruined tower.

The moonshine, stealing o'er the scene,
Had blended with the lights of eve ;
And she was there, my hope, my joy,
My own dear Genevieve !

She lean'd against the armed man,
The statue of the armed knight ;
She stood and listened to my harp
Amid the lingering light.

Few sorrows hath she of her own.
My hope ! my joy ! my Genevieve !

She loves me best, whene'er I sing
The songs that make her grieve.

I played a soft and doleful air,
I sang an old and moving story—
An old rude song, that suited well
That ruin wild and hoary.

She listened with a fitting blush,
With downcast eyes and modest grace ;
For well she knew, I could not choose
But gaze upon her face.

I told her of the Knight that wore
Upon his shield a burning brand ;
And that for ten long years he wooed
The Lady of the Land.

I told her how he pined : and ah !
The deep, the low, the pleading tone
With which I sang another's love,
Interpreted my own.

She listened with a fitting blush,
With downcast eyes, and modest grace :
And she forgave me, that I gazed
Too fondly on her face !

But when I told the cruel scorn
That crazed that bold and lovely Knight,
And that he crossed the mountain-woods,
Nor rested day nor night ;

That sometimes from the savage den,
And sometimes from the darksome shade,
And sometimes starting up at once
In green and sunny glade,—

There came and looked him in the face
An angel beautiful and bright ;
And that he knew it was a Fiend,
This miserable Knight !

And that, unknowing what he did,
He leaped amid a murderous band,

And saved from outrage worse than death
The Lady of the Land ;—

And how she wept, and clasped his knees ;
And how she tended him in vain—
And ever strove to expiate
The scorn that crazed his brain ;—

And that she nursed him in a cave ;
And how his madness went away,
When on the yellow forest-leaves
A dying man he lay ;—

His dying words—but when I reached
That tenderest strain of all the ditty,
My faltering voice and pausing harp
Disturbed her soul with pity !

All impulses of soul and sense
Had thrilled my guileless Genevieve,
The music and the doleful tale,
The rich and balmy eve ;

And hopes, and fears that kindle hope,
An undistinguishable throng,
And gentle wishes long subdued,
Subdued and cherished long !

She wept with pity and delight,
She blushed with love, and maiden shame ;
And like the murmur of a dream,
I heard her breathe my name.

Her bosom heaved—she stepped aside,
As conscious of my look she stept—
Then suddenly, with timorous eye
She fled to me and wept.

She half inclosed me with her arms,
She pressed me with a meek embrace ;
And bending back her head, looked up,
And gazed upon my face.

'Twas partly love, and partly fear,
And partly 'twas a bashful art,

That I might rather feel than see
The swelling of her heart.

I calmed her fears, and she was calm,
And told her love with virgin pride;
And so I won my Genevieve,
My bright and beauteous Bride.

REFLECTIONS

ON HAVING LEFT A PLACE OF RETIREMENT.

Sermoni propria.—HOR.

Low was our pretty Cot: our tallest rose
Peeped at the chamber-window. We could hear
At silent noon and eve, and early morn,
The sea's faint murmur. In the open air
Our myrtles blossomed; and across the porch
Thick jasmīns twined: the little landscape round
Was green and woody, and refreshed the eye.
It was a spot which you might aptly call
The valley of Seclusion! Once I saw
(Following his Sabbath-day by quietness)
A wealthy son of commerce saunter by,
Bristow's citizen: methought, it calmed
His thirst of idle gold, and made him muse
With wiser feelings: for he paused, and looked
With a pleased sadness, and gazed all around,
Then eyed our Cottage, and gazed round again,
And sighed, and said; it was a Blessed Place.
And we were blessed. Oft with patient ear
Long-listening to the viewless sky-lark's note
(Viewless, or haply for a moment seen
Gleaming on sunny wings) in whispered tones
I've said to my beloved, "Such, sweet girl!
The inobtrusive song of happiness,
Unearthly minstrelsy! then only heard
When the soul seeks to hear; when all is hushed!
And the heart listens!"

But the time, when first
From that low dell, steep up the stony mount
I climbed with perilous toil and reached the top,
Oh! what a goodly scene! Here the bleak mount,

The bare bleak mountain speckled thin with sheep;
 Gray clouds, that shadowing spot the sunny fields;
 And river, now with bushy rocks o'erbrowed,
 Now winding bright and full, with naked banks;
 And seats, and lawns, the Abbey and the wood,
 And cots, and hamlets, and faint city-spire;
 The Channel there, the Islands and white sails,
 Dim coasts, and cloud-like hills, and shoreless Ocean—
 It seemed like Omnipresence! God, methought,
 Had built him there a temple: the whole World
 Seemed imaged in its vast circumference,
 No wish profaned my overwhelmed heart.
 Blest hour! It was a luxury,—to be!

Ah! quiet dell! dear Cot, and mount sublime!
 I was constrained to quit you. Was it right,
 While my unnumbered brethren toiled and bled,
 That I should dream away the entrusted hours
 On rose-leaf beds, pampering the coward heart
 With feelings all too delicate for use?
 Sweet is the tear that from some Howard's eye
 Drops on the cheek of one he lifts from earth:
 And he that works me good with unmoved face,
 Does it but half: he chills me while he aids,
 My benefactor, not my brother man!
 Yet even this, this cold beneficence
 Seizes my praise, when I reflect on those
 The sluggard Pity's vision-weaving tribe!
 Who sigh for wretchedness, yet shun the wretched,
 Nursing in some delicious solitude
 Their slothful loves and dainty sympathies!
 I therefore go, and join head, heart, and hand,
 Active and firm, to fight the bloodless fight
 Of science, freedom, and the truth in Christ.

Yet oft when after honourable toil
 Rests the tired mind, and waking loves to dream,
 My spirit shall revisit thee, dear Cot!
 Thy jasmine and thy window-peeping rose,
 And myrtles fearless of the mild sea-air.
 And I shall sigh fond wishes—sweet abode!
 Ah!—had none greater! And that all had such!
 It might be so—but the time is not yet.
 Speed it, O Father!—Let thy kingdom come!

ON OBSERVING A BLOSSOM ON THE FIRST OF
FEBRUARY, 1796.

(WRITTEN NEAR SHEFFIELD.)

SWEET Flower! that peeping from thy russet stem
Unfoldest timidly, (for in strange sort
This dark, fricze-coated, hoarse, teeth-chattering Month
Hath borrowed Zephyr's voice, and gazed upon thee
With blue voluptuous eye,) alas, poor Flower!
These are but flatteries of the faithless year.
Perchance, escaped its unknown polar cave,
E'en now the keen North-East is on its way.
Flower that must perish! shall I liken thee
To some sweet girl of too, too rapid growth
Nipped by consumption 'mid untimely charms?
Or to Bristowa's bard,* the wondrous boy!
An aramant, which earth scarce seemed to own,
Blooming in Poverty's drear wintry waste,
Till disappointment came, and pelting wrong
Beat it to Earth? or with indignant grief
Shall I compare thee to poor Poland's hope,
Bright Flower of Hope killed in the opening bud?
Farewell, sweet blossom! better fate be thine
And mock my boding! Dim similitudes
Weaving in moral strains, I've stolen one hour
From black anxiety that gnaws my heart
For her who droops far off on a sick-bed;
And the warm wooings of this sunny day
Tremble along my frame, and harmonise
The attempered brain, that even the saddest thoughts
Mix with some sweet sensations, like harsh tunes
Played deftly on a soft-toned instrument.

FROST AT MIDNIGHT.

THE frost performs its secret ministry,
Unhelped by any wind. The owl's cry
Came loud—and hark, again! loud as before,
The inmates of my cottage, all at rest,

* Chatterton.

Have left me to that solitude, which suits
Abstruser musings : save that at my side
My cradled infant slumbers peacefully.
'Tis calm indeed ! so calm, that it disturbs
And vexes meditation with its strange
And extreme silentness. Sea, hill, and wood,
This populous village ! Sea, and hill, and wood,
With all the numberless goings on of life
Inaudible as dreams ! the thin blue flame
Lies on my low burnt fire, and quivers not :
Only that film, which fluttered on the grate,
Still flutters there, the sole unquiet thing.
Mothinks, its motion in this hush of nature
Gives it dim sympathies with me who live,
Making it a companionable form,
To which the living spirit in our frame
That loves not to behold a lifeless thing,
Transfuses its own pleasures, its own will.

How oft, at school, with most believing mind,
Presageful, have I gazed upon the bars,
To watch that fluttering stranger ! and as oft
With unclosed lids, already had I dreamt
Of my sweet birth-place, and the old church-tower,
Whose bells, the poor man's only music, rang
From morn to evening, all the hot Fair-day,
So sweetly, that they stirred and haunted me
With a wild pleasure, falling on mine ear
Most like articulate sounds of things to come !
So gazed I, till the soothing things I dreamt
Lulled me to sleep, and sleep prolonged my dreams !
And so I brooded all the following morn,
Awed by the stern preceptor's face, mine eye
Fixed with mock study on my swimming book :
Save if the door half opened, and I snatched
A hasty glance, and still my heart leaped up,
For still I hoped to see the stranger's face,
Townsmen, or aunt, or sister more beloved,
My play-mate when we both were clothed alike !

Dear babe, that sleepest cradled by my side,
Whose gentle breathings, heard in this deep calm,
Fill up the interspersed vacancies
And momentary pauses of the thought
My babe so beautiful ! it thrills my heart

With tender gladness, thus to look at thee,
 And think that thou shalt learn far other lore
 And in far other scenes ! For I was reared
 In the great city, pent 'mid cloisters dim,
 And saw nought lovely but the sky and stars.
 But thou, my babe ! shalt wander like a breeze
 By lakes and sandy shores, beneath the crags
 Of ancient mountain, and beneath the clouds,
 Which image in their bulk both lakes and shores
 And mountain crags : so shalt thou see and hear
 The lovely shapes and sounds intelligible
 Of that eternal language, which thy God
 Utters, who from eternity doth teach
 Himself in all, and all things in himself.
 Great universal Teacher ! he shall mould
 Thy spirit, and by giving make it ask.

Therefore all seasons shall be sweet to thee,
 Whether the summer clothe the general earth
 With greenness, or the redbreast sit and sing
 Betwixt the tufts of snow on the bare branch
 Of mossy apple-tree, while the nigh thatch
 Smokes in the sun-thaw ; whether the eve-drops fall
 Heard only in the trances of the blast,
 Or if the secret ministry of frost
 Shall hang them up in silent icicles,
 Quietly shining to the quiet Moon.

1798.

MELANCHOLY.

A FRAGMENT.

STRETCH'D on a mouldered Abbey's broadest wall,
 Where ruining ivies propped the ruins steep—
 Her folded arms wrapping her tattered pall,
 Had Melancholy mus'd herself to sleep.

The fern was press'd beneath her hair,
 The dark green adder's tongue was there ;
 And still as past the flagging sea-gale weak,
 The long lank leaf bowed fluttering o'er her cheek.

That pallid cheek was flushed : her eager look
 Beamed eloquent in slumber ! lily wrought,
 Imperfect sounds her moving lips forsook,
 And her bent forehead worked with troubled thought.
 Strange was the dream——

1794.

COMPOSED DURING ILLNESS AND IN ABSENCE.

Dim Hour ! that sleep'st on pillowing clouds afar,
 O rise, and yoke the turtles to thy car !
 Bend o'er the traces, blame each lingering dove,
 And give me to the bosom of my Love !
 My gentle Love ! caressing and carest,
 With heaving heart shall cradle me to rest ;
 Shed the warm tear-drop from her smiling eyes,
 Lull with fond woo, and med'cine me with sighs ;
 While finely-flushing float her kisses meek,
 Like melted rubies, o'er my pallid cheek.
 Chill'd by the night, the drooping rose of May
 Mourns the long absence of the lovely Day :
 Young Day, returning at her promised hour,
 Weeps o'er the sorrows of her fav'rite flower,—
 Weeps the soft dew, the balmy gale she sighs,
 And darts a trembling lustre from her eyes.
 New life and joy th' expanding flow'ret feels :
 His pitying mistress mourns, and mourning heals !

SONNET I.

My heart has thanked thee, Bowles ! for those soft strains
 Whose sadness soothes me, like the murmuring
 Of wild-bees in the sunny showers of spring !
 For hence not callous to the mourner's pains
 Through Youth's gay prime and thornless paths I went :
 And when the darker day of life began,
 And I did roam a thought-bewildered man,
 Their mild and manliest melancholy lent
 A mingled charm, such as the pang consigned
 To slumber, though the big tear it renewed ;

Bidding a strange mysterious Pleasure brood
Over the wavy and tumultuous mind,
As made the soul enamour'd of her woe.
No common praise, dear Bard, to thee I owe.

SONNET II.

As late I lay in slumber's shadowy vale,
With wetted cheek and in a mourner's guise,
I saw the sainted form of Freedom rise:
She spake! not sadder moans the autumnal gale—
“Great Son of Genius! sweet to me thy name,
Ere in an evil hour with altered voice
Thou had'st Oppression's hireling crew rejoice,
Blasting with wizard spell my laurelled fame.
Yet never, Burke! thou drank'st Corruption's bowl!
Thee stormy Pity, and the cherished lure
Of Pomp, and proud Precipitance of soul
Wildered with meteor fires. Ah, spirit pure!
That error's mist had left thy purged eye:
So might I clasp thee with a Mother's joy!”

SONNET III.

Not always should the tear's ambrosial dew
Roll its soft anguish down thy furrowed cheek!
Not always heaven-breathed tones of suppliance meek
Besseem thee, Mercy! Yon dark Scowler view,
Who with proud words of dear-loved Freedom came—
More blasting than the mildew from the South!
And kissed his country with Iscariot mouth
(Ah! foul apostate from his Father's fame!)
Then fixed her on the cross of deep distress,
And at safe distance marks the thirsty lance
Pierce her big side! But O! if some strange trance
The eyelids of thy stern-browed Sister press,
Seize, Mercy! thou more terrible the brand,
And hurl her thunderbolts with fiercer hand!

SONNET IV.

THOUGH roused by that dark Vizir Riot rude
Have driven our Priestley o'er the ocean swell ;
Though Superstition and her wolfish brood
Bay his mild radiance, impotent and fell ;
Calm in his halls of brightness he shall dwell !
For lo ! Religion at his strong behest
Starts with mild anger from the Papal spell,
And flings to earth her tinsel-glittering vest,
Her mitred state and cumbrous pomp unholy ;
And Justice wakes to bid the Oppressor wail
Insulting aye the wrongs of patient Folly :
And from her dark retreat by Wisdom won
Meek Nature slowly lifts her matron veil
To smile with fondness on her gazing son !

SONNET V.

WHEN British Freedom for a happier land
Spread her broad wings, that fluttered with affright,
Erskine ! thy voice she heard, and paused her flight
Sublime of hope ! For dreadless thou didst stand
(Thy censor glowing with the hallowed flame)
A hireless Priest before the insulted shrine,
And at her altar pour the stream divine
Of unmatched eloquence. Therefore thy name
Her sons shall venerate, and cheer thy breast
With blessings heaven-ward breathed. And when the
doom
Of Nature bids thee die, beyond the tomb
Thy light shall shine : as sunk beneath the West
Though the great Summer Sun eludes our gaze,
Still burns wide Heaven with his distended blaze.

SONNET VI.

IT was some Spirit, Sheridan ! that breathed
O'er thy young mind such wildly various power !
My soul hath marked thee in her shaping hour,
Thy temples with Illymettian flow'rets wreathed :
And sweet thy voice, as when o'er Laura's bier
Sad music trembled through Vauclusa's glade ;
Sweet, as at dawn the love-lorn Serenade
That wafts soft dreams to Slumber's listening ear.
Now patriot Rage and Indignation high
Swell the full tones ! And now thine eye-beams dance
Meanings of Scorn and Wit's quaint revelry !
Writhes inly from the bosom-probing glance
The Apostate by the brainless rout adored,
As erst that elder Fiend beneath great Michael's sword.

SONNET VII.

O WHAT a loud and fearful shriek was there,
As though a thousand souls one death-groan poured !
Ah me ! they saw beneath a hireling's sword
Fallen Kosciusko ! Through the burdened air
(As pauses the tired Cossac's barbarous yell
Of triumph) on the chill and midnight gale
Rises with frantic burst or sadder swell
The dirge of murdered Hope ! while Freedom pale
Bends in such anguish o'er her destined bier,
As if from eldest time some Spirit meek
Had gathered in a mystic urn each tear
That trickled down a Patriot's furrowed cheek,
And she had drained the sorrows of the bowl
Ev'n till she reeled intoxicate of soul.

SONNET VIII.

As when far off the warbled strains are heard
That soar on Morning's wing the vales among,
Within his cage the imprisoned matin bird
Swell the full chorus with a generous song :
He bathes no pinion in the dewy light,
No Father's joy, no Lover's bliss he shares,
Yet still the rising radiance cheers his sight :
His fellow's freedom soothes the captive's cares !
Thou, Fayette ! who didst wake with startling voice
Life's better sun from that long wintry night,
Thus in thy Country's triumphs shalt rejoice,
And mock with raptures high the dungeon's might ;
For lo ! the morning struggles into day,
And Slavery's spectres shriek and vanish from the ray !

SONNET IX.

NOT Stanhope ! with the Patriot's doubtful name
I mock thy worth—Friend of the Human Race !
Since, scorning Faction's low and partial aim,
Aloof thou wendest in thy stately pace,
Thyself redeeming from that leprous stain,
Nobility : and aye unterrified
Pourest thine Abdiel warnings on the train
That sit complotting with rebellious pride
'Gainst her,* who from the Almighty's bosom leapt
With whirlwind arm, fierce Minister of Love !
Wherefore, ere Virtue o'er thy tomb hath wept,
Angels shall lead thee to the Throne above :
And thou from forth its clouds shalt hear the voice.
Champion of Freedom and her God ! rejoice !

* Gallic Liberty.

SONNET X.

THOU gentle look, that didst my soul beguile,
Why hast thou left me? Still in some fond dream
Revisit my sad heart, auspicious Smile!
As falls on closing flowers the lunar beam:
What time, in sickly mood, at parting day
I lay me down and think of happier years;
Of joys, that glimmered in Hope's twilight ray,
Then left me darkling in a vale of tears.
O pleasant days of Hope—for ever gone!—
Could I recall you!—but that thought is vain.
Availeth not Persuasion's sweetest tone
To lure the fleet-winged Travellers back again:
Yet fair, though faint, their images shall gleam
Like the bright Rainbow on a willowy stream.

SONNET XI.

PALE Roamer through the night! thou poor Forlorn!
Remorse that man on his death-bed possesses,
Who in the credulous hour of tenderness
Betrayed, then cast thee forth to want and scorn!
The world is pitiless: the chaste one's pride
Mimic of Virtue scowls on thy distress:
Thy Loves, and they that envied thee, deride:
And Vice alone will shelter wretchedness!
O! I could weep to think, that there should be
Cold-bosomed lewd ones, who endure to place
Foul offerings on the shrine of misery,
And force from famine the caress of Love;
May He shed healing on thy sore disgrace,
He, the great Comforter that rules above!

SONNET XII.

SWEET Mercy ! how my very heart has bled
To see thee, poor Old Man ! and thy gray hairs
Hoar with the snowy blast : while no one cares
To clothe thy shrivelled limbs and palsied head.
My Father ! throw away this tattered vest
That mocks thy shivering ! take my garment—use
A young man's arm ! I'll melt these frozen dews
That hang from thy white beard and numb thy breast.
My Sara too shall tend thee, like a Child :
And thou shalt talk, in our fireside's recess,
Of purple pride, that scowls on wretchedness.
He did not so, the Galilean mild,
Who met the Lazar turned from rich men's doors,
And called him Friend, and healed his noisome Sores !

SONNET XIII.

TO THE AUTUMNAL MOON.

MILD Splendour of the various-vested Night !
Mother of wildly-working visions ! hail !
I watch thy gliding, while with watery light
Thy weak eye glimmers through a fleecy veil ;
And when thou lovest thy pale orb to shroud
Behind the gathered blackness lost on high ;
And when thou dartest from the wind-rent cloud
Thy placid lightning o'er the awakened sky.
Ah such is Hope ! as changeful and as fair !
Now dimly peering on the wistful sight ;
Now hid behind the dragon-winged Despair :
But soon emerging in her radiant might
She o'er the sorrow-clouded breast of Care
Sails, like a meteor kindling in its flight.

SONNET XIV.

THOU bleedest, my poor Heart ! and thy distress
Reasoning I ponder with a scornful smile,
And probe thy sore wound sternly, though the while
Sworn be mine eye and dim with heaviness.
Why didst thou listen to Hope's whisper bland ?
Or, listening, why forget the healing tale,
When Jealousy with feverous fancies pale
Jarred thy fine fibres with a maniac's hand ?
Faint was that Hope, and rayless !—yet 'twas fair,
And soothed with many a dream the hour of rest :
Thou shouldst have loved it most, when most opprest,
And nursed it with an agony of care,
Even as a Mother her sweet infant heir
That wan and sickly droops upon her breast !

SONNET XV.

TO THE AUTHOR OF "THE ROBBERS."

SCHILLER ! that hour I would have wished^{*} to die,
If through the shuddering midnight I had sent
From the dark dungeon of the tower time-rent
That fearful voice, a famished Father's cry—
Lest in some after moment aught more mean
Might stamp me mortal ! A triumphant shout
Black Horror screamed, and all her goblin rout
Diminished shrunk from the more withering scene !
Ah ! Bard tremendous in sublimity !
Could I behold thee in thy loftier mood
Wandering at eve with finely frenzied eye
Beneath some vast old tempest-swinging wood !
Awhile with mute awe gazing I would brood :
Then weep aloud in a wild ecstasy !

SONNET TO THE RIVER OTTER.

DEAR native brook! wild streamlet of the West!

How many various-fated years have past,

What happy, and what anguished hours, since last

I skimmed the smooth thin stone along thy breast,

Numbering its light leaps! yet so deep imprest

Sink the sweet scenes of childhood, that mine eyes

I never shut amid the sunny blaze,

But straight with all their tints thy waters rise,

Thy crossing plank, thy margin's willow maze,

And bedded sand that, veined with various dyes,

Gleamed through thy bright transparence! to the gaze,

Visions of childhood! oft have ye beguiled

Lone manhood's cares, yet waking fondest sighs

Ah! that once more I were a careless child!

SONNET

COMPOSED ON A JOURNEY HOMEWARD; THE AUTHOR HAVING
RECEIVED INTELLIGENCE OF THE BIRTH OF A SON,

September 20, 1796.

OFT o'er my brain does that strange fancy roll

Which makes the present (while the flash doth last)

Seem a mere semblance of some unknown past

Mixed with such feelings as perplex the soul

Self-questioned in her sleep; and some have said

We lived, ere yet this robe of flesh we wore.*

O my sweet baby! when I reach my door,

If heavy looks should tell me thou art dead

(As sometimes, through excess of hope, I fear),

I think that I should struggle to believe

Thou wert a spirit, to this nether sphere

Sentenced for some more venial crime to grieve;

Did'st scream, then spring to meet Heaven's quick reprieve,

While we wept idly o'er thy little bier!

* Ἡς σου ἡμῶν ἡ ψὺχῃ πρὶν ἐν τῷδε τῇ ἀνθρωπίνῃ σφιδῇ γινέσθαι.

Plat. in Phædon.

SONNET

TO A FRIEND WHO ASKED HOW I FELT WHEN THE NURSE
FIRST PRESENTED MY INFANT TO ME.

CHARLES! my slow heart was only sad, when first
I scanned that face of feeble infancy :
For dimly on my thoughtful spirit burst
All I had been, and all my child might be !
But when I saw it on its mother's arm,
And hanging at her bosom (she the while
Bent o'er its features with a tearful smile),
Then I was thrilled and melted, and most warm
Impressed a father's kiss : and all beguiled
Of dark remembrance and presageful fear,
I seemed to see an angel-form appear—
'Twas even thine, beloved woman mild !
So for the mother's sake the child was dear,
And dearer was the mother for the child.

NOTES.

THE ANCIENT MARINER.

p. 1. "*The Ancient Mariner*" was founded on a strange dream which a friend of Coleridge had, who fancied he saw a skeleton ship with figures in it. The idea of *shooting an albatross* was the suggestion of Mr Wordsworth, who had been reading Shelvocke's Voyages.

PICCOLOMINI.

p. 74. *The cloud doth gather, the greenwood roar.*

I found it not in my power to translate this song with *literal* fidelity, preserving at the same time the *Alcald* movement; and have therefore added the original with a prose translation. Some of my readers may be more fortunate.

THEKLA (*spielt und singt*).

Der Eichwald brauset, die Wolken ziehn,
Das Mägdlein wandelt an Ufers Grün,
Es bricht sich die Welle mit Macht, mit Macht,
Und sie singt hinaus in die finstre Nacht,
Das Auge von Weinen getrübet:
Das Herz ist gestorben, die Welt ist leer,
Und weiter giebt sie dem Wunsche nichts mehr.
Du Heilige, rufe dein Kind zurück,
Ich habe genossen das irdische Glück,
Ich habe gelebt und geliebet.

Literal Translation.

THEKLA (*plays and sings*).

The oak-forest bellows, the clouds gather, the damsel walks to and fro on the green of the shore; the wave breaks with might, with might, and she sings out into the dark night, her eye discoloured with weeping: the heart is dead, the world is empty, and further gives it nothing more to the wish. Thou Holy One, call thy child home. I have enjoyed the happiness of this world, I have lived and have loved.

I cannot but add here an imitation of this song, with which the author of "The Tale of Rosamund Gray and Blind Margaret" has favoured me, and which appears to me to have caught the happiest manner of our old ballads.

The clouds are blackening, the storms threatening,
The cavern doth mutter, the greenwood moan;
Billows are breaking, the damsel's heart aching,
Thus in the dark night she singeth alone,
Her eye upward roving:
The world is empty, the heart is dead surely,
In this world plainly all seemeth amiss;
To thy heaven, Holy One, take home thy little one,
I have partaken of all earth's bliss,
Both living and loving.

p. 118. *This age and after-ages speak my name.*

Could I have hazarded such a Germanism, as the use of the word after world for posterity,—*"Es spreche Welt und Nachwelt meinen Nahmen"* might have been rendered with more literal fidelity:—Let world and after-world speak out my name, &c.

p. 118. *Make thy flesh shudder, and thy whole heart sicken.*

I have not ventured to affront the fastidious delicacy of our age with a literal translation of this line—

"werth
Die Eingeweide schauernd aufzuregen."

p. 167. *Thy heart's wild impulse only dost thou follow.*

I have here ventured to omit a considerable number of lines. I fear that I should not have done amiss had I taken this liberty more frequently. It is, however, incumbent on me to give the original with a literal translation:—

Weh denen die auf dich vertraun, an dich
Die sich're Hütte ihres Glückes lehnen,
Gelockt von deiner gastlichen Gestalt!
Schnell, unverhofft, bei nächstlich stiller Weile
Gährt's in dem tück'schen Feuerschlundo, ladet
Sich aus mit tobender Gewalt, und weg
Treibt über alle Pflanzungen der Menschen
Der wilde Strom in grausender zerstörung.

WALLENSTEIN.

Du schilderst deines Vaters Herz. Wie du's
Beschreibst so ist's in seinem Eingeweide,
In dieser schwarzen Heuchler-Brust gestaltet.
O mich hat Höllekunst getäuscht. Mir sandte
Der Abgrund den verstocktesten der Geister,
Den lügekundigsten herauf, und stellt' ihn
Als Freund an meine Seite. Wer vermag
Der Hülle Macht zu widerstehn! Ich zog
Don Basiliken auf an meinem Busen,
Mit meinem Herzblut nährt ich ihn, er sog

Sich schwelgend voll an meiner Liebe Brüsten,
 Ich hatte nimmer Arges gegen ihn;
 Weit offen liess ich des Gedankens Thore,
 Und warf die Schlüssel weiser Vorsicht weg,
 Am Sternenhimmel, &c.

LITERAL TRANSLATION.

Alas! for those who place their confidence on thee, against thee lean the secure hut of their fortune, allured by thy hospitable form. Suddenly, unexpectedly, in a moment still as night, there is a fermentation in the treacherous gulf of fire; it discharges itself with raging force, and away over all the plantations of men drives the wild stream in frightful devastation.

WALLENSTEIN.

Thou art portraying thy father's heart. As thou describest, even so is it shaped in his entrails, in this black hypocrite's breast. O, the art of hell has deceived me! The abyss sent up to me the most spotted of the spirits, the most skilful in lies, and placed him as a friend at my side. Who may withstand the power of hell? I took the basilisk to my bosom, with my heart's blood I nourished him; he sucked himself glut-full at the breasts of my love. I never harboured evil towards him; wide open did I leave the door of my thoughts; I threw away the key of wise foresight. In the starry heaven, &c.

We find a difficulty in believing this to have been written by Schiller.

p. 204.

His spirit 'tis that calls me.

The soliloquy of Thekla consists in the original of twenty-six lines, twenty of which are in rhyme of irregular recurrence. I thought it prudent to abridge it. Indeed, the whole scene between Thekla and Lady Neubrunn might, perhaps, have been omitted without injury to the play.

p. 206.

There is a busy motion in the heaven

These four lines are expressed in the original with exquisite felicity.

Am Himmel ist geschäftige Bewegung.
 Des Thurmes Fahne lagt der Wind, schnell geht
 Der Wolken Zug, die Mondes-sichel wankt,
 Und durch die Nacht zucht ungewisse Helle.

The word "moon-sickle" reminds me of a passage in Harris, as quoted by Johnson, under the word "falcated." "The enlightened part of the moon appears in the form of a sickle or reaping-hook, which is while she is moving from the conjunction to the opposition, or from the new moon to the full; but from full to a new again, the enlightened part appears gibbous, and the dark *falcated*."

The words "wanken" and "schweben" are not easily translated. The English words, by which we attempt to render them, are either vulgar or pedantic, or not of sufficiently general application.

REMORSE

p. 242.

You are a Painter

The following lines I have preserved in this place, not so much as explanatory of the picture of the assassination, as to gratify my own feelings, the passage being no mere fancy portrait; but a slight, yet not unfaithful, profile of Sir George Beaumont

Zul (speaking of Alvar in the third person) Such was the noble Spaniard's own relation

He told me, too, how in his early youth,
And his first travels, 'twas his choice or chance
To make long sojourn in sea-welded Venice,
There won the love of that divine old man,
Courtied by mightiest kings, the famous Titian!
Who, like a second and more lovely Nature,
By the sweet victory of lines and colours
Changed the blank canvas to a magic mirror,
That made the absent present, and to shadows
Gave light, depth, substance, bloom, yea thought and motion.
He loved the old man, and revered his art
And thought of noblest birth and ample fortune,
The young enthusiast thought it no scorn,
But an inalienable ornament,
To be his pupil, and with filial zeal
By practice to appropriate the sage lessons,
Which the gay smiling old man gladly gave
The art, he honoured thus, requited him
And in the following and calamitous years
Beguiled the hours of his captivity

Ala And then he framed this picture! and unaided
By arts unlawful, spell, or talisman!

Alv. A potent spell, a mighty talisman!
The imperishable memory of the deed,
Sustained by love, and grief, and indignation!
So vivid were the forms within his brain,
His very eyes, when shut, made pictures of them!

THE END.

